

★ **TV** *RADIO MIRROR*

DEC.

• **Funny Desmond**
• **Own Story**
• **Husband—**
• **Arnold Stang**
• **at the Clock**
• **Contest**



**MEET
MILLIE**
(Elena Verdugo)



LIBERACE



VIRGINIA DWYER

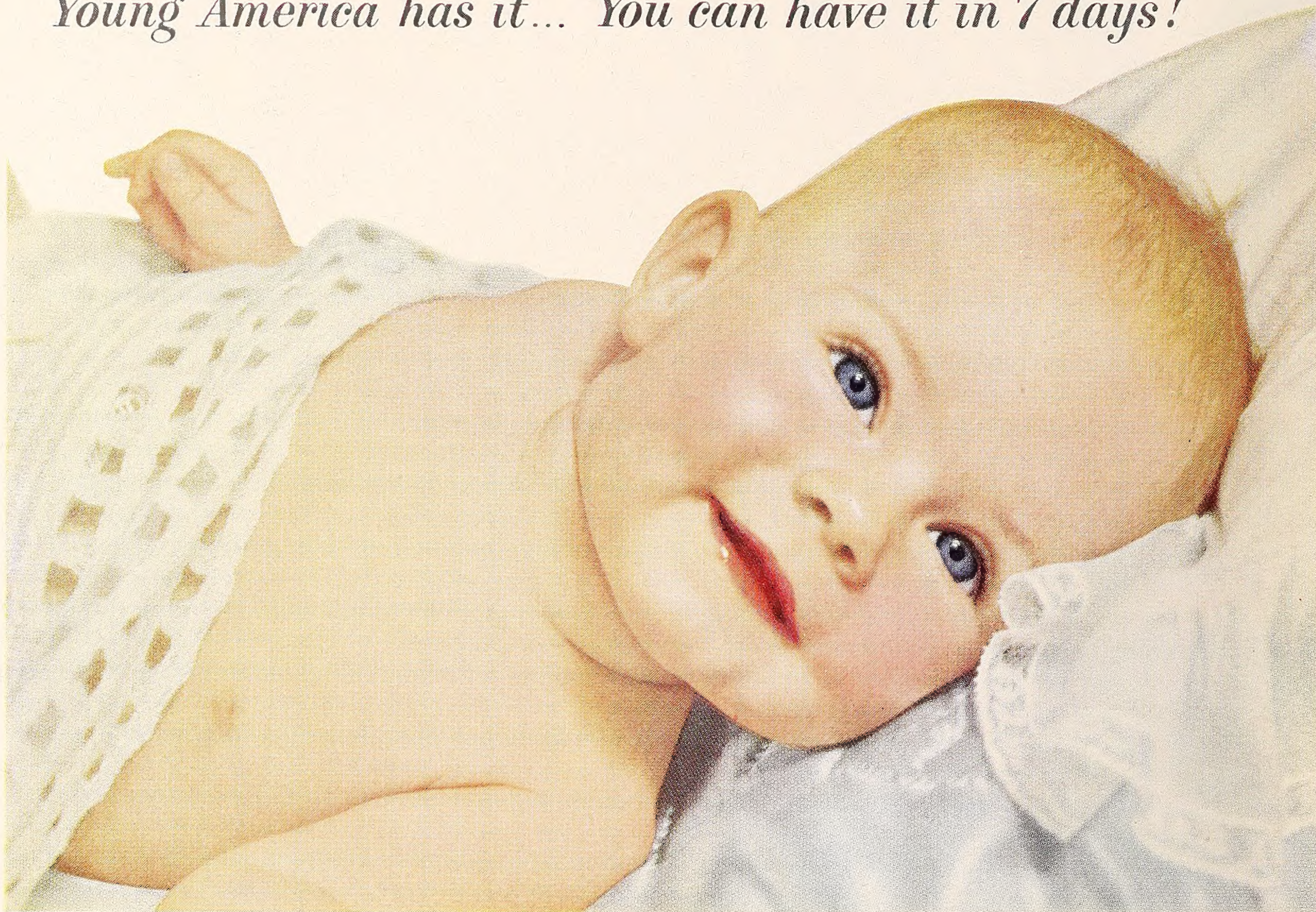


BOB CROSBY

N. Y. radio,
TV listings

That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!



Babies have That Ivory Look . . . why shouldn't you?
Reliable, reassuring mildness . . . that's why Ivory is so gentle on a baby's skin. That's why Ivory is so right for yours. Why, *everybody* knows more doctors advise Ivory for complexion than any other soap.



You can have That Ivory Look in just one week!
It couldn't be easier! Simply change to regular skin care, using pure, mild Ivory Soap. See a change in just 7 days! See *your* skin with a prettier, fresher, younger look . . . That Ivory Look!

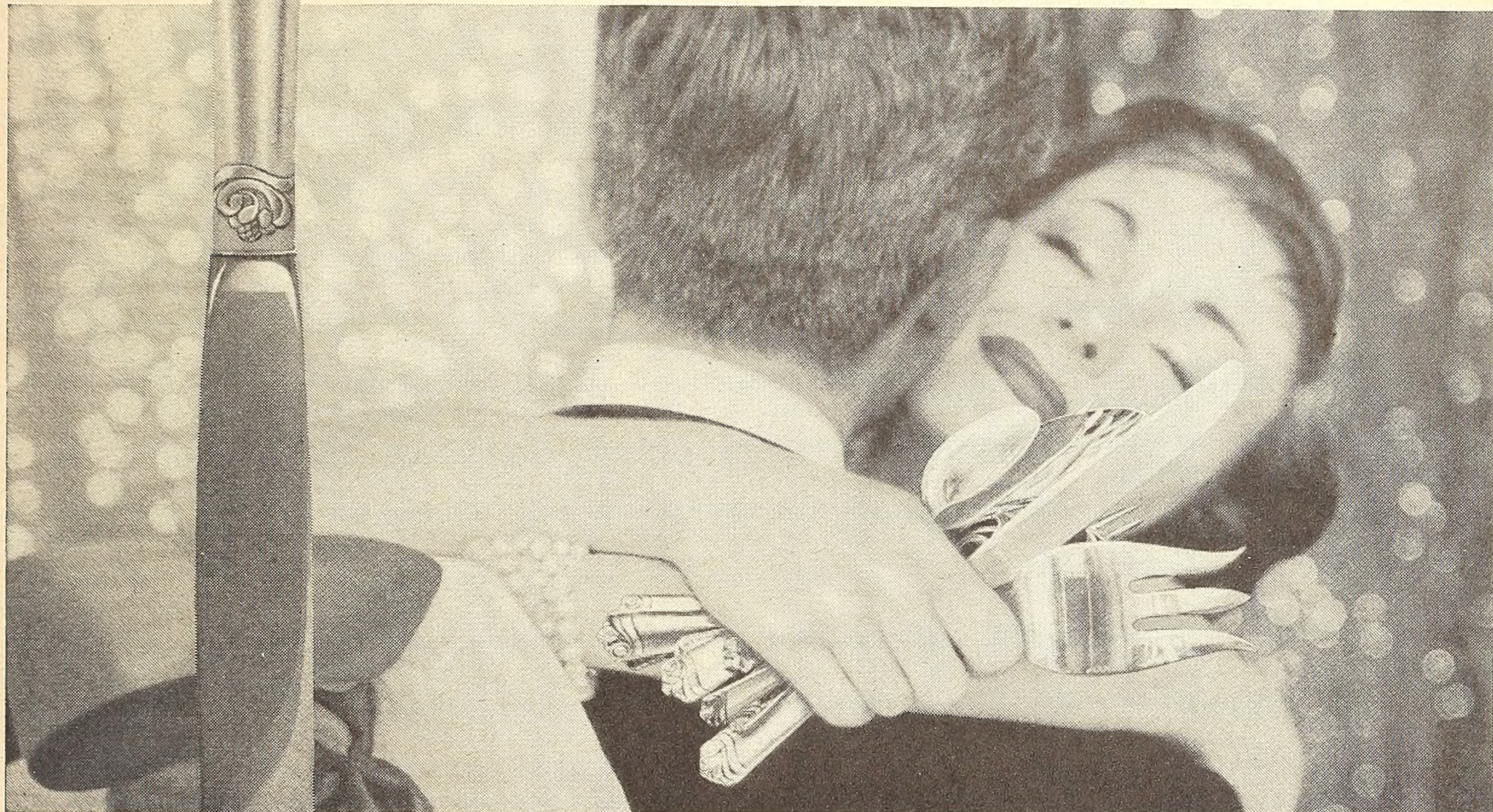
99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...it floats



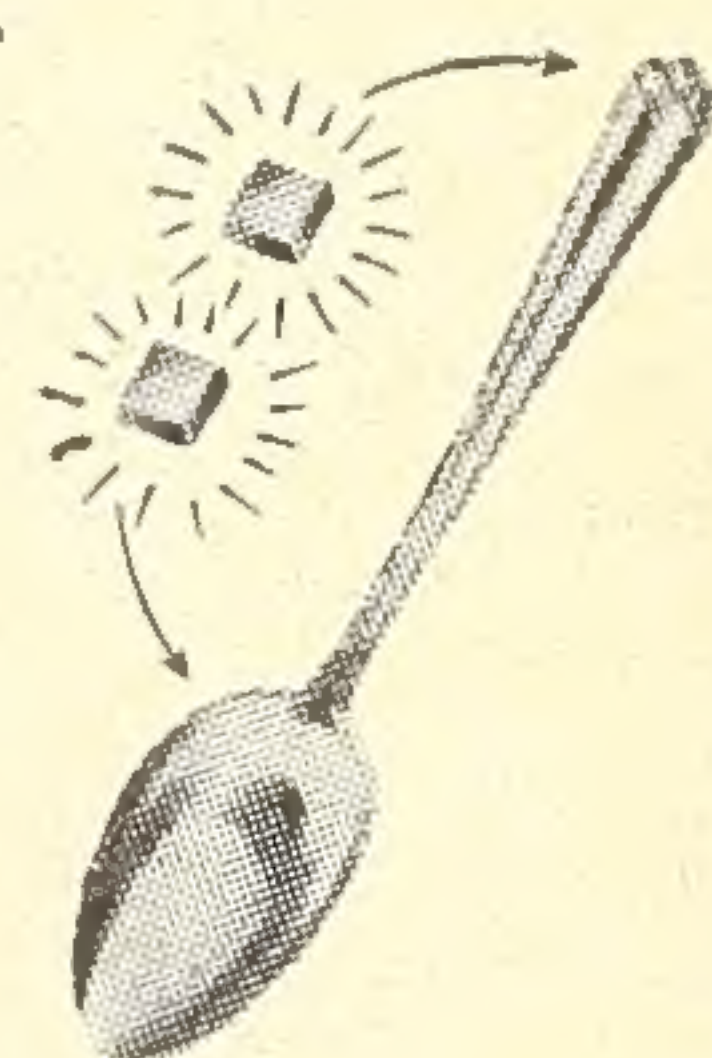
More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Give a lifetime of happiness

The world's most precious silverplate



What is Holmes & Edwards' dazzling difference? An extra helping of precious sterling *inlaid* at the backs of bowls and handles of the most-used pieces . . . *like this:*
To a hard-working spoon this sterling means extra years of silver beauty.
To you it's a guarantee you're giving someone special a Christmas glow that will last a lifetime. Complete service for 8 as low as \$59.75.



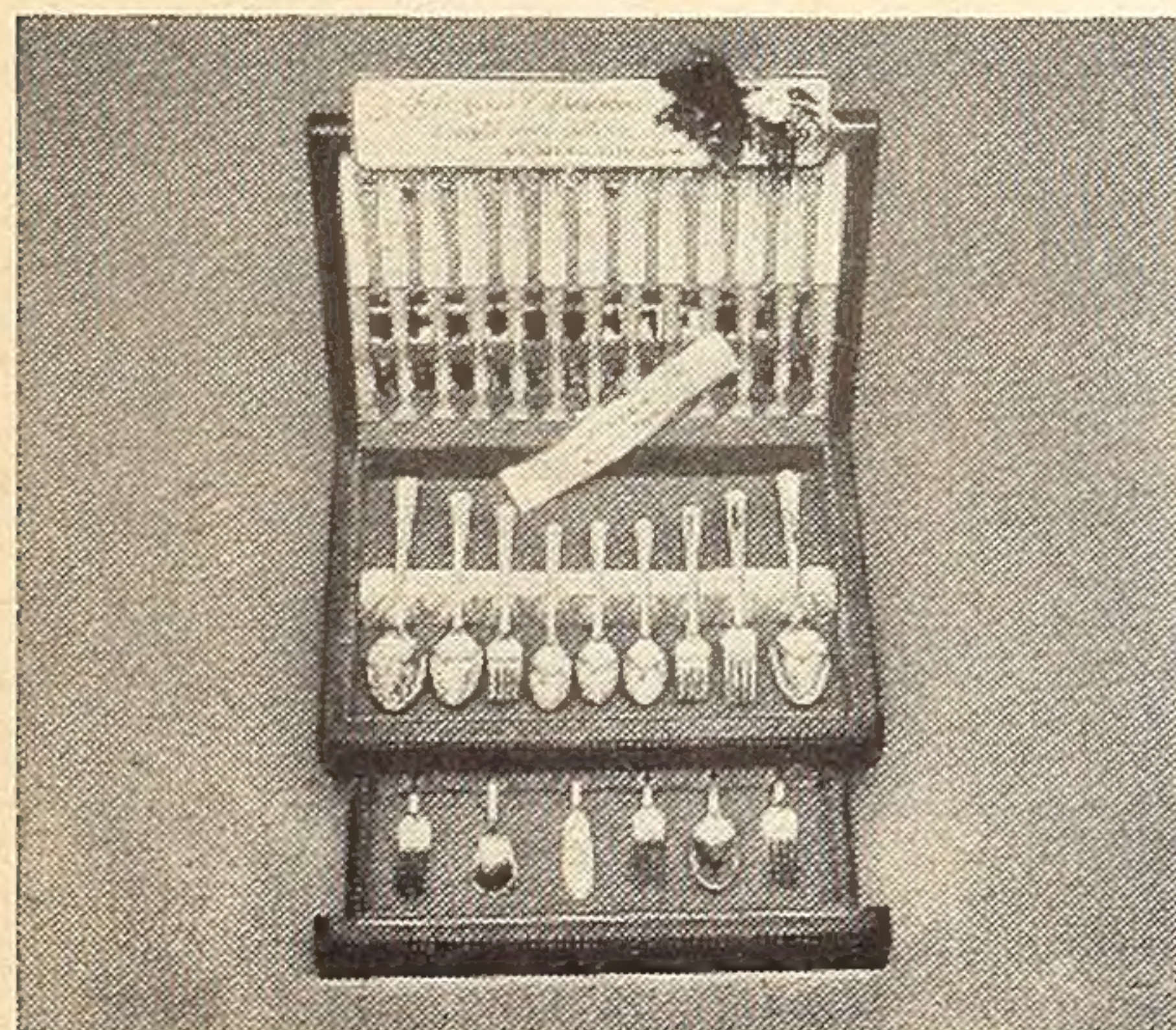
HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE

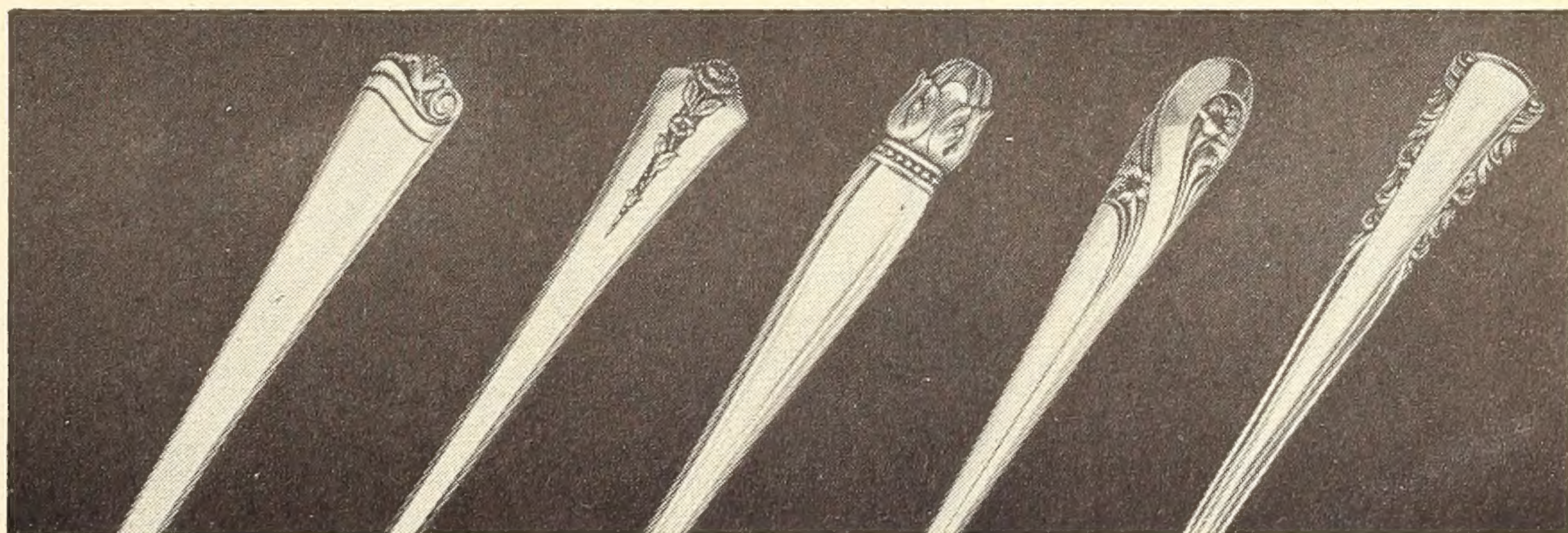
A DIVISION OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

(All patterns made in USA)

**Holiday Drawer Chest
for 12 . . . just \$122.75**

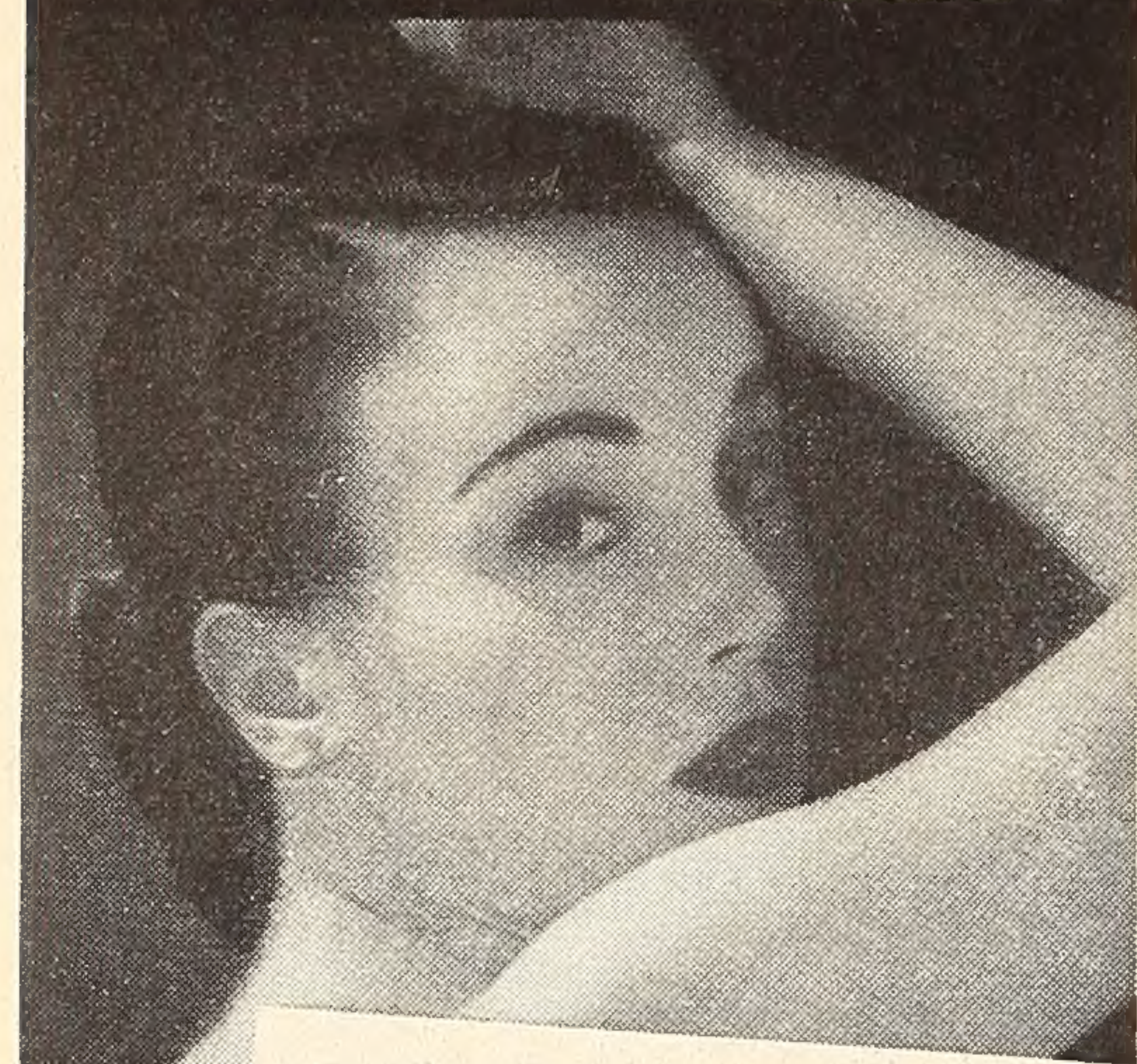


76 pieces . . . a complete service for 12 . . .
in your choice of a smart blond chest or
this chest in fine, traditional cherry finish.



new! modern timeless smart graceful charming
"Bright Future" "Spring Garden" "Danish Princess" "Romance" "May Queen"

ASK YOUR DOCTOR or DRUGGIST



END THAT "Certain Time" Odor Problem

with
"ENNDS"
containing
Darotol

That absorbs odors within
the body—before they start!

Biologically most women, during certain calendar days, emit a particular odor. This has been so since pre-historic times—and the deodorants and perfumes of civilization have sought to cover it.

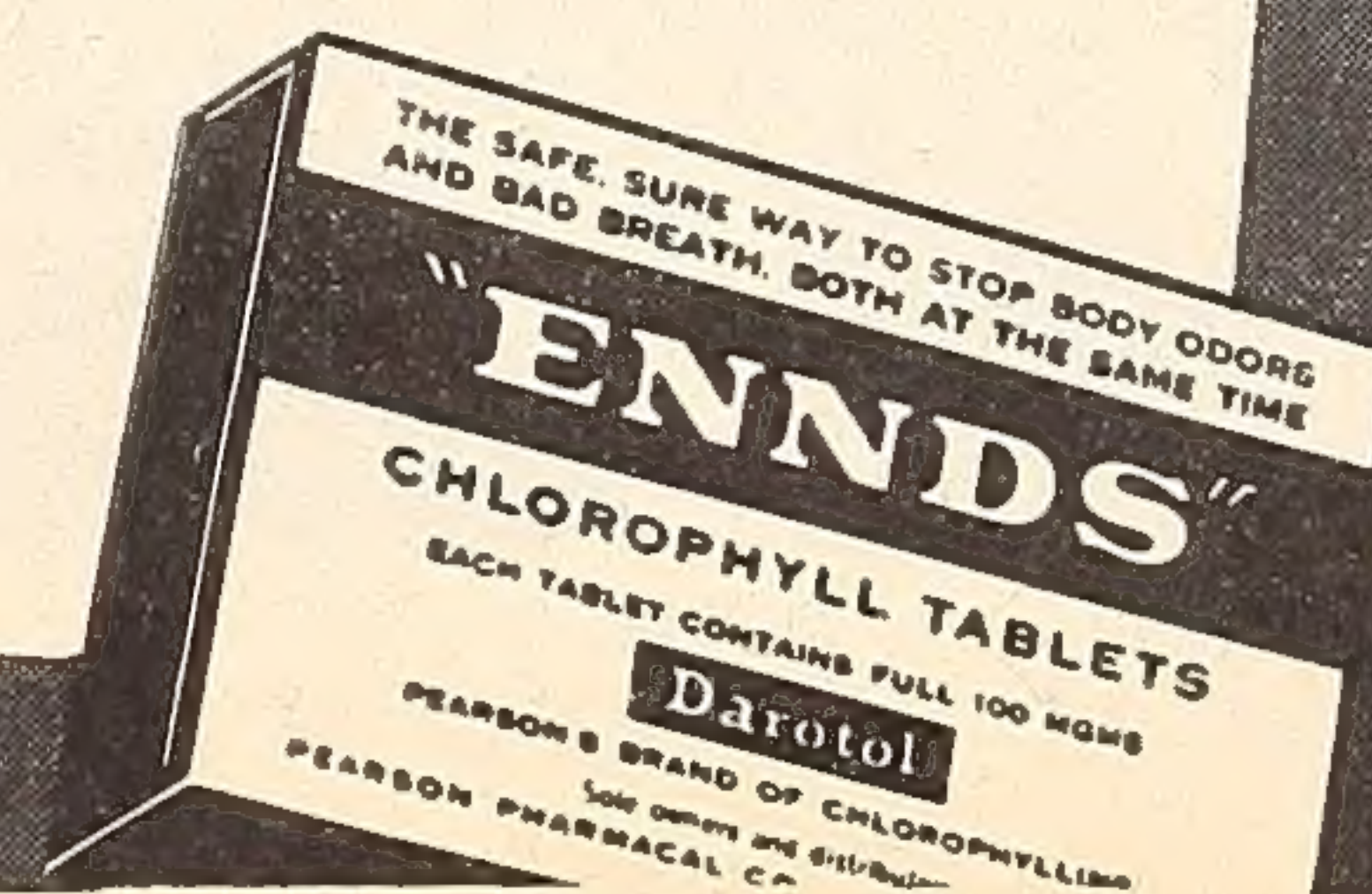
Now, however—after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs "certain time" odors *within* the body. This substance—DAROTOL—is found only in ENNDS tablets.

DAROTOL works by entering the blood stream through the digestive system. It is thus carried to all parts of the body—where it removes the odor from certain organic compounds before they are excreted through the pores as perspiration or as other waste material.

The regular use of ENNDS, not only ends the worry over "certain time" odor, but also purifies and sweetens the breath—keeping it that way for hours.

For the assurance of personal daintiness every day of the year, no woman should be without ENNDS. Ask for ENNDS at drug counters everywhere. Trial size only 49 cents. Larger sizes even more economical. Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About a Woman's Problem of Odor Offense" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS", Dept. TS-A, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.



DECEMBER, 1954

TV RADIO MIRROR

Keystone Edition

VOL. 43, NO. 1

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Cover portrait of Elena Verdugo courtesy of CBS

buy your January copy early • on sale December 7

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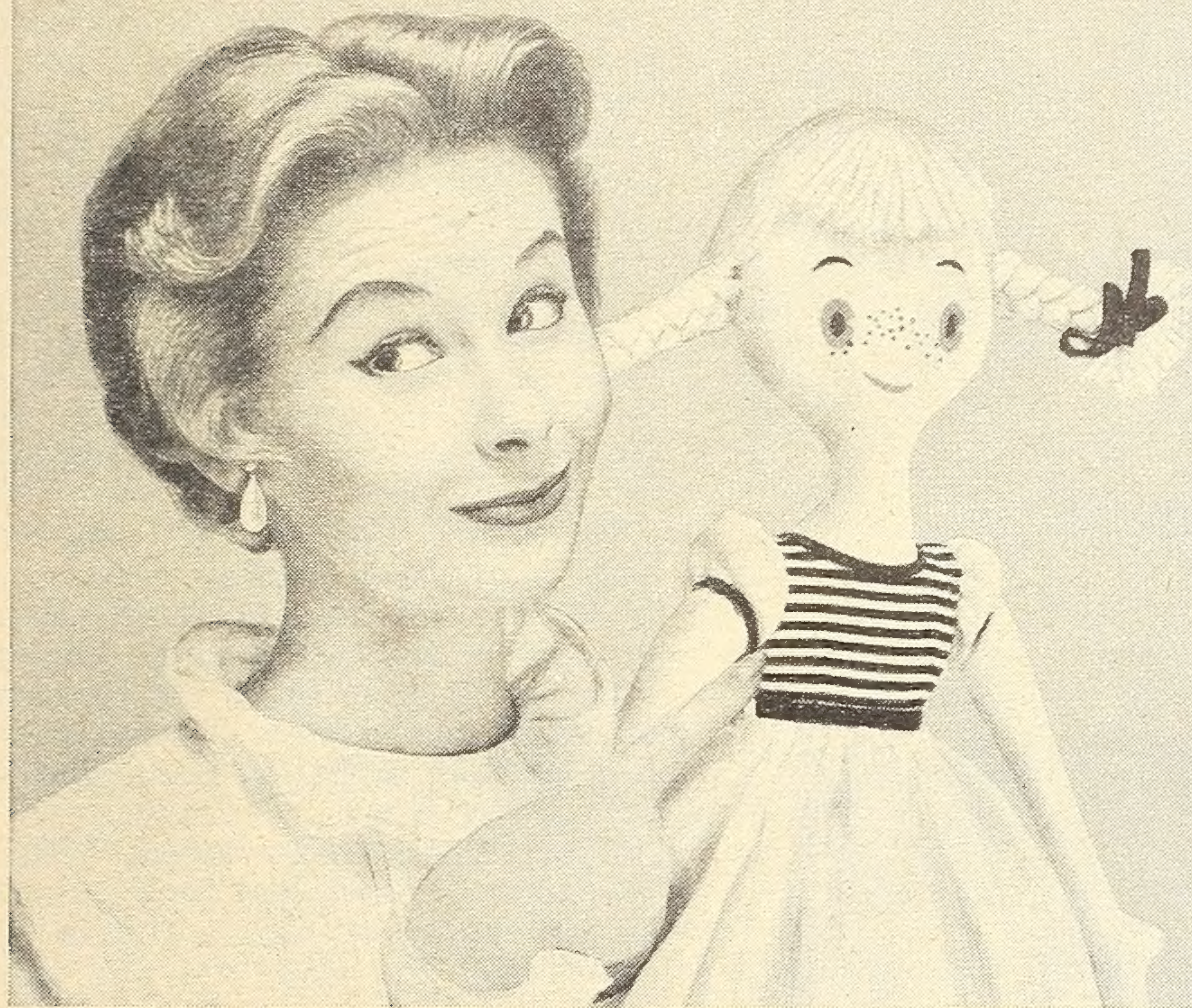
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Helene Curtis has wonderful news for you!

NOW... a Hair Spray with NO LACQUER

never, never stiffens your hair!



Helene Curtis
SUPER SOFT
spray net
BRAND

For all you women who've turned up your pretty noses at a Hair Spray

no lacquer

—really leaves
hair silky
and natural
looking.



no lacquer

—softly makes
your hair
behave. And
even hours
later, just a
wet comb
renews the
"springiness"
of your wave.



no lacquer

—yet it's
perfect for
quick hair-
dos. "Sets"
pin curls in
minutes.



... don't, one minute longer! For here is an excitingly new hair spray without one smidgen of lacquer. Even the perfume is new—an airy, apple-blossom sort of fragrance.

Forget wind, forget weather. Helene Curtis new Super Soft SPRAY NET holds your hair perfectly in place softly. It's so exquisitely soft, you can use it every single day, as often as you like, without even a hint of stiffening or drying.

Super soft? Oh my yes! Yet it keeps that just-had-a-hair-do smoothness all day long. "Sets" your pin curls snugly after a shampoo or for a quick redo. And it really brushes or washes out instantly.

And when you have a professional hair-do, you'll discover it's the hair spray used and preferred by better beauty salons across the country.

Honestly, Super Soft SPRAY NET is the newest, nicest, most delightful thing that could happen to your topknot.

We're just as proud of our Regular SPRAY NET!

Hair that's hard-to-manage... hair that's overdue for a permanent needs the more persuasive control of Regular SPRAY NET. So if you're one of the millions who have used it and loved it—don't change. For Regular SPRAY NET, the finest of its kind, is for you.



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plus tax
SUPER SOFT
OR REGULAR

LIMITED TIME ONLY

FREE!

a generous
purse-size bottle of

Tweed
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with every purchase

of SUPER SOFT or
REGULAR SPRAY NET



Buy SPRAY NET, Regular or Super Soft, and get a gift of Lenthier's TWEED, the one fragrance above all others... to wear any time, anywhere!

WHAT'S NEW FROM

By Jill Warren

■ CBS-TV was most happy to have signed Ethel Merman to star in the musical production, "Panama Hattie," on Wednesday night, November 10, as part of their new *Best Of Broadway* series, seen once a month. "Panama Hattie" will be complete with a big-name cast, dancers, singers, and all that goes with musical comedy à la television. Ethel, of course, as Hattie, is re-creating the role she played in the famous Broadway hit of a few years ago. The *Best Of Broadway* presentation for December, by the way, will be "Arsenic and Old Lace," starring Helen Hayes.

The Metropolitan Opera resumes its Saturday afternoon broadcasts this year on December 4, over ABC Radio. ABC will also carry the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions Of The Air* later in the season.

The Vise is the name of a new half-hour show seen Friday nights over ABC-TV, and it's well worth seeing. A mystery series filmed in England, *The Vise* is done up in the best style of British melodrama. There's an all-English cast, with Ron Randell in the role of host.

CBS Radio has signed Mahalia Jackson to head her own program on Sunday nights, originating in Chicago. Miss Jackson, the fine singer of gospels and hymns, is well-known on records but does not appear in night clubs because of her religious beliefs. On her interesting new half-hour show, she will be accompanied by Mildred Falls at the piano and the Jack Halloran quartet.

If you like sports along with your turkey, you can dial ABC-TV on Thanksgiving Day and see the University of Maryland play the University of Missouri at College Park, Maryland. Then, too, most of the networks are planning Thanksgiving television extravaganzas, for afternoon and evening viewing.

Richard Hayes, the young baritone whose career was zooming along before he entered the Army, is going to be a disc jockey on ABC, even though he's still wearing khaki. With permission from the Army, Richard will fill the air time following the football broadcasts on Saturdays, and then, when he is discharged, he will have a show of his own.

Polly Bergen has been signed by the *Pepsi-Cola Playhouse* to do the beverage commercials, replacing the beauty expert, Anita Colby, who replaced the beauty queen, Arlene Dahl. Polly will continue to sing on *Your Hit Parade*, substituting for Dorothy Collins, who will return after the birth of her baby.



Father Knows Best is now "proving" it on television, over CBS-TV. Robert Young is still Father, Jane Wyatt co-stars as his wife, Elinor Donahue and Lauren Chapin are the older and younger daughters, and Billy Gray is son Bud.

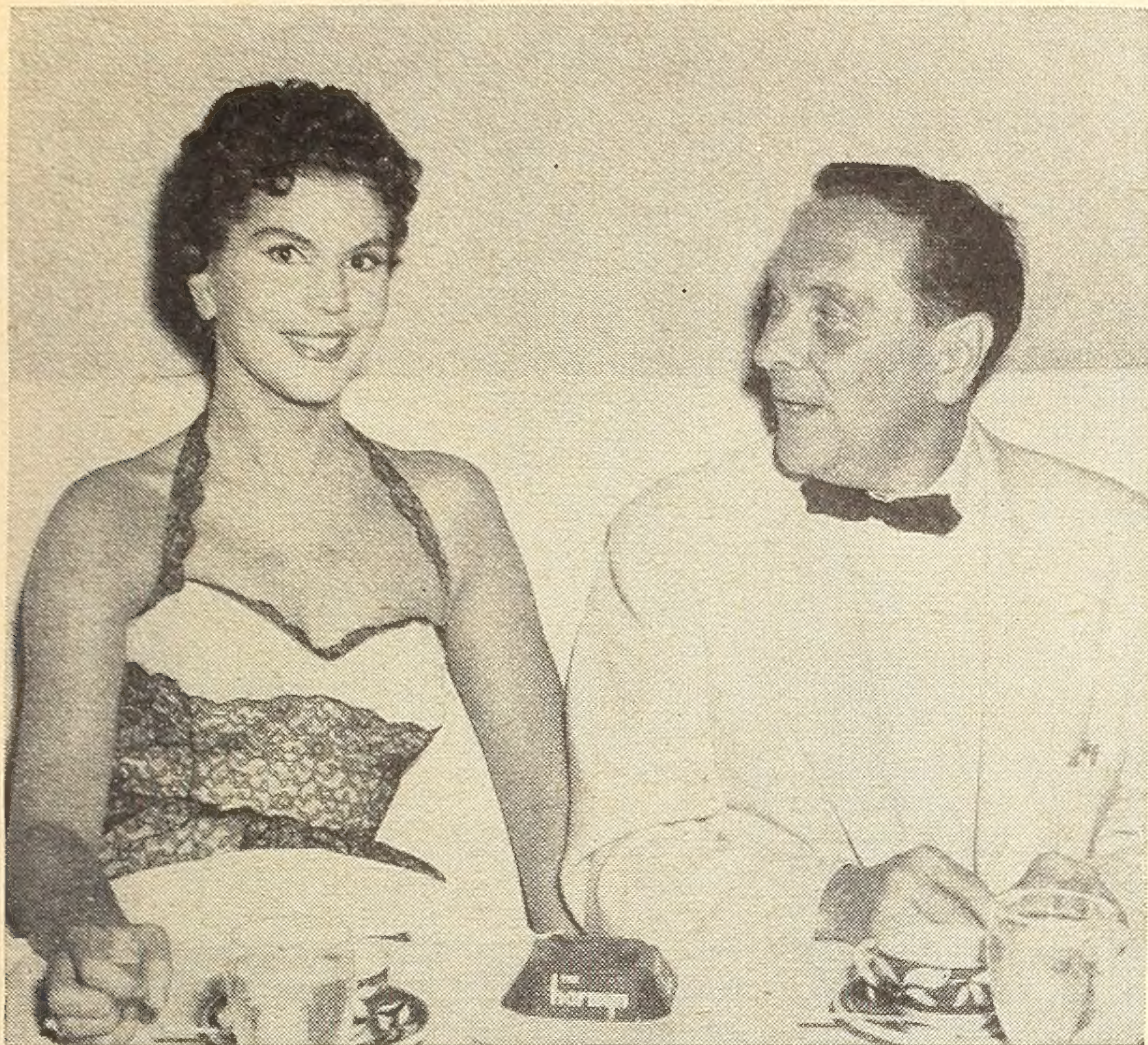


Howdy Doody whispers a fond "get well" to the convalescing Bob Smith.



Polly Bergen doubles on *Your Hit Parade* and *Pepsi-Cola Playhouse*.

COAST TO COAST



McGuire Sister Christine goes Harwyn Clubbing with husband John Teeter, of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund.



It's **A Great Life** on NBC-TV—James Dunn, William Bishop, Michael O'Shea would like to see the man who says it isn't!

If and when Judy Garland makes her television debut, she is asking for \$100,000 in the way of salary, and rumors have it that NBC is willing to pay that amount for her appearance on just one show. Wow! That even tops Betty Hutton's \$50,000 paycheck for her "Satins and Spurs" performance.

More and more movie personalities are getting into television. The latest is Myrna Loy, who has been in semi-retirement. Miss Loy has signed with Carol Irwin, producer of *Mama*, to do a weekly, filmed, situation-comedy show concerning a woman lecturer, portrayed by Miss Loy. The series is being shot in the East and will probably be on the air about the first of next year.

Speaking of movie names, remember Rin Tin Tin, the old-time movie dog star? Though he passed away several years ago, his sons have carried on after him, playing canine roles in films, and now his great grandson—also named Rin Tin Tin—is the star of a new half-hour TV show, *Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin*. The series is filmed and can be seen Friday nights over ABC-TV. Oh, yes, the supporting cast is made up of human beings.

This 'n' That:

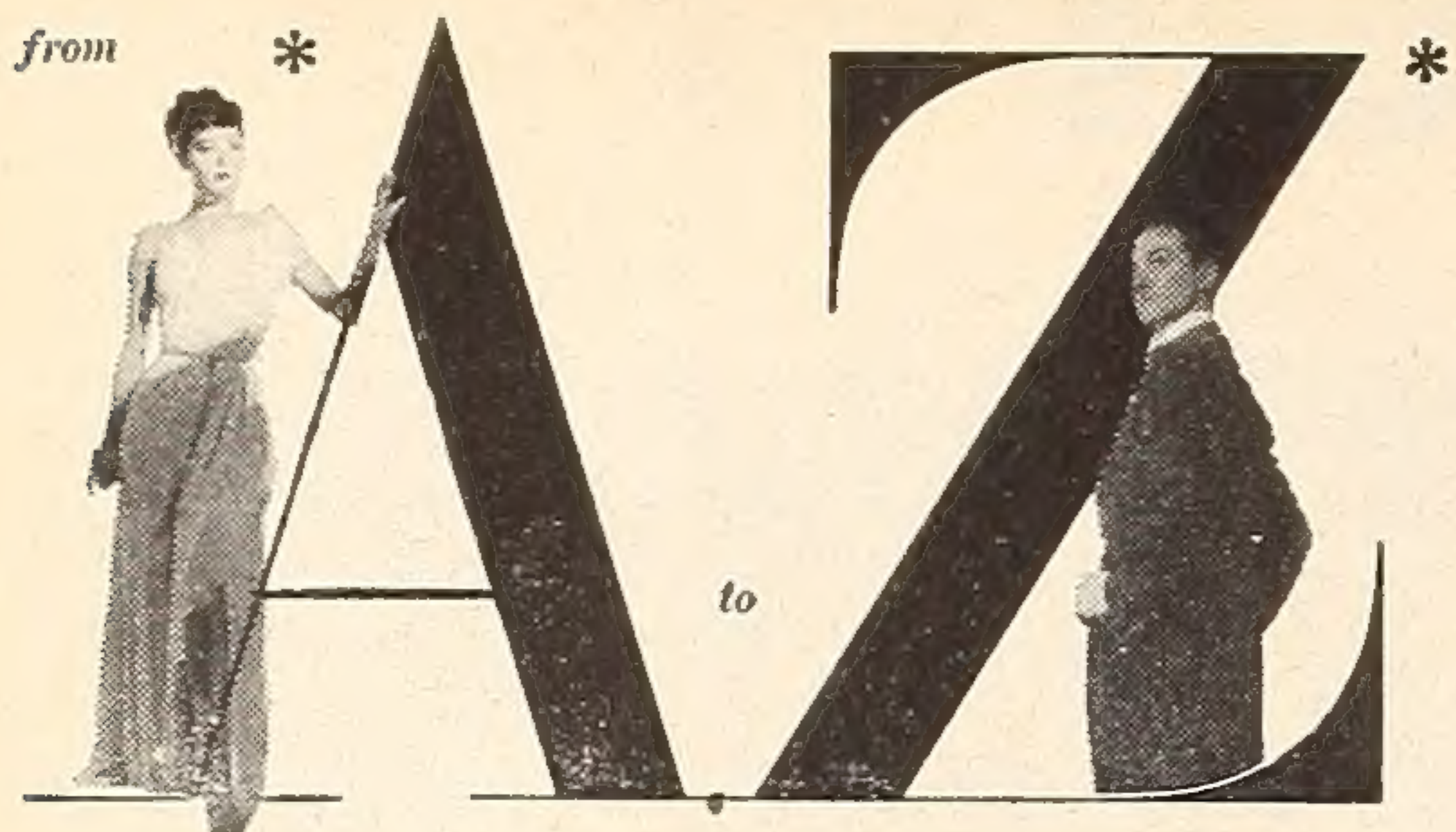
Robert E. "Buffalo Bob" Smith barely got his new network TV show underway when he was stricken with a heart attack at his home in New Rochelle, New York. He was hospitalized and in critical condition, but his

(Continued on page 12)



Burns And Allen got off to a vivid start this season, with a "compatible" colorcast to show off Gracie's twinkle and George's blushes. Georgie is still trying to explain the whole complex system to Gracie—with the usual results.

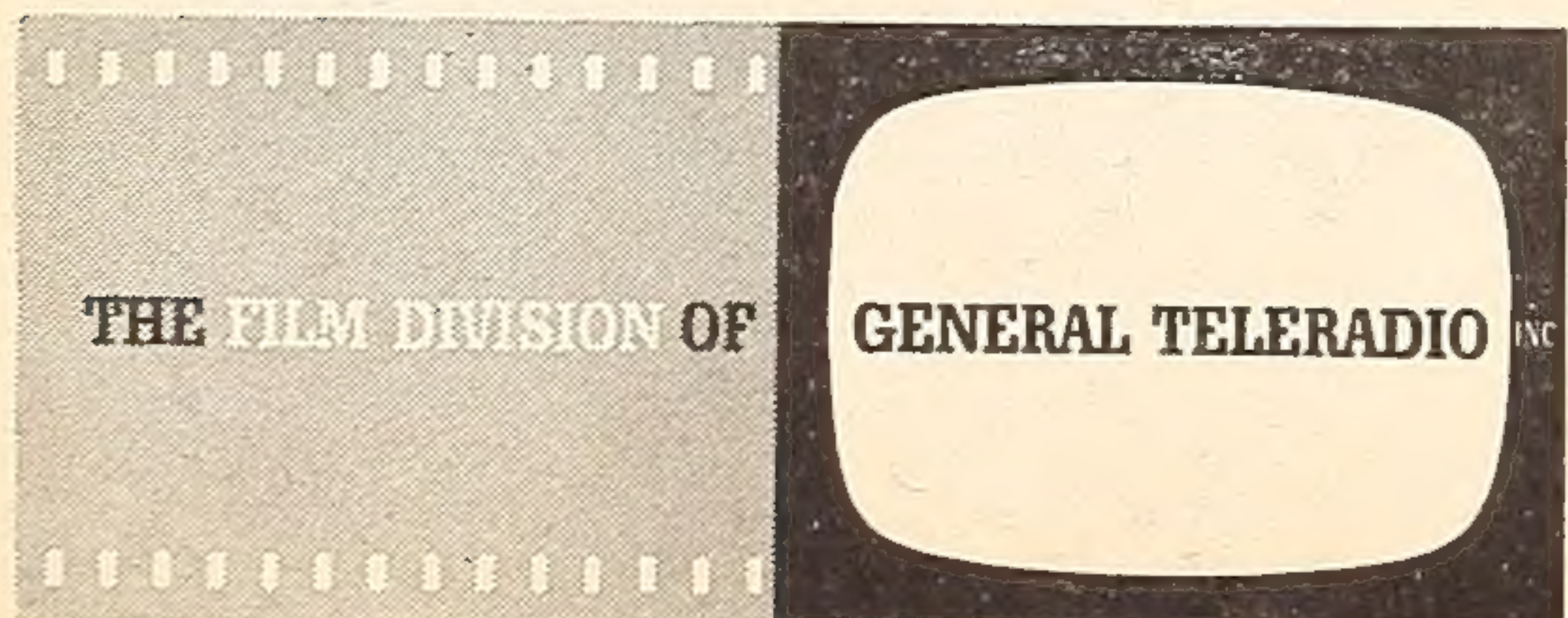
FIRST with the FINEST



***Top stars from Ava to Zachary
(listed on opposite page)
will be seen on
these leading TV stations:**

Station	City	Channel
KOAT-TV	Albuquerque, New Mexico	7
KGNC-TV	Amarillo, Texas	4
WRTV	Asbury Park, New Jersey	58
WSB-TV	Atlanta, Georgia	2
KERO-TV	Bakersfield, California	10
WMAR-TV	Baltimore, Maryland	2
WMT-TV	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	2
WCHS-TV	Charleston, West Virginia	8
WGN-TV	Chicago, Illinois	9
WNBK	Cleveland, Ohio	3
WTVN	Columbus, Ohio	6
KBTW	Denver, Colorado	9
CKLW-TV	Detroit, Michigan	9
KTSM-TV	El Paso, Texas	9
WFIE-TV	Evansville, Indiana	62
KJEO-TV	Fresno, California	47
WGTH-TV	Hartford, Connecticut	18
KGMB-TV	Honolulu, Hawaii	9
KPRC-TV	Houston, Texas	2
WFBM-TV	Indianapolis, Indiana	6
KCMO-TV	Kansas City, Missouri	5
WTSK-TV	Knoxville, Tennessee	26
KHJ-TV	Los Angeles, California	9
WHAS-TV	Louisville, Kentucky	11
KCBD-TV	Lubbock, Texas	11
WMBV-TV	Marinette, Wisconsin	11
WHBQ-TV	Memphis, Tennessee	13
WTMJ-TV	Milwaukee, Wisconsin	4
WCCO-TV	Minneapolis, Minnesota	4
WSM-TV	Nashville, Tennessee	4
WOR-TV	New York, New York	9
WOW-TV	Omaha, Nebraska	6
WCAU-TV	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	10
WDTV	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	2
WHUM-TV	Reading, Pennsylvania	61
KWK-TV	St. Louis, Missouri	4
KFMB-TV	San Diego, California	8
KRON-TV	San Francisco, California	4
KEY-TV	Santa Barbara, California	3
KOMO-TV	Seattle, Washington	4
KHQ-TV	Spokane, Washington	6
WICS-TV	Springfield, Illinois	20
WHEN-TV	Syracuse, New York	8
KWFT-TV	Wichita Falls, Texas	6
KIVA-TV	Yuma, Arizona	11

***For station and channel
numbers in other localities,
watch your local TV listings.**



Information Booth

Where To Write

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you could give me the addresses of CBS, NBC, and ABC, so that I can write for pictures of my favorite stars.
S.C., State Center, Iowa

The networks' New York addresses are: CBS, 485 Madison Ave.; NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; ABC, 7 West 66th St. For programs originating from Hollywood, California, studios, write to CBS, 6121 Sunset Blvd.; NBC, Sunset & Vine; ABC, 1539 No. Vine.

Where's Charlie?

Dear Editor:

Will Charlie Applewhite be appearing on the Milton Berle show? He's my favorite singer and I would like to know where I can write to him. V.S., Nampa, Idaho

Charlie Applewhite will make guest appearances on the Milton Berle programs. You can write to him c/o NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Sports To Spears

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me something about the man who plays Paul Raven in Love Of Life?
B.J.B., Knoxville, Pa.

Richard Coogan, who plays Paul Raven in *Love Of Life*, was born in 1914 into a New Jersey family of ten children—all of whom turned out to be musical. As a child he cherished dreams of a sports career, then switched to acting ambitions and began his professional career in 1936 as a spear carrier in Leslie Howard's production of "Hamlet." During the run of that same production, Richard met the girl he was to marry, former actress and singer Gay Adams. The Coogans now have a five-year-old son, Rickie.

Richard, who recently took a short leave from *Love Of Life* to play the second male lead in the film, "Gunslinger," has appeared on Broadway in "Diamond Lil," "Strange Bedfellows," "Skipper Next to



Richard Coogan



Lugene Sanders

God," and "The Hasty Heart." On radio, he has starred in *Ellery Queen*, *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Fighting Senator* and had his most exciting moment before the microphones playing with Helen Hayes in "Miracle in the Rain." His hobbies include painting, sketching, carpentry and singing and he indulges his knack for impersonations by recording every character in *Love Of Life* on his tape recorder, then playing the tape back as he rehearses his own role.

Riley's Daughter

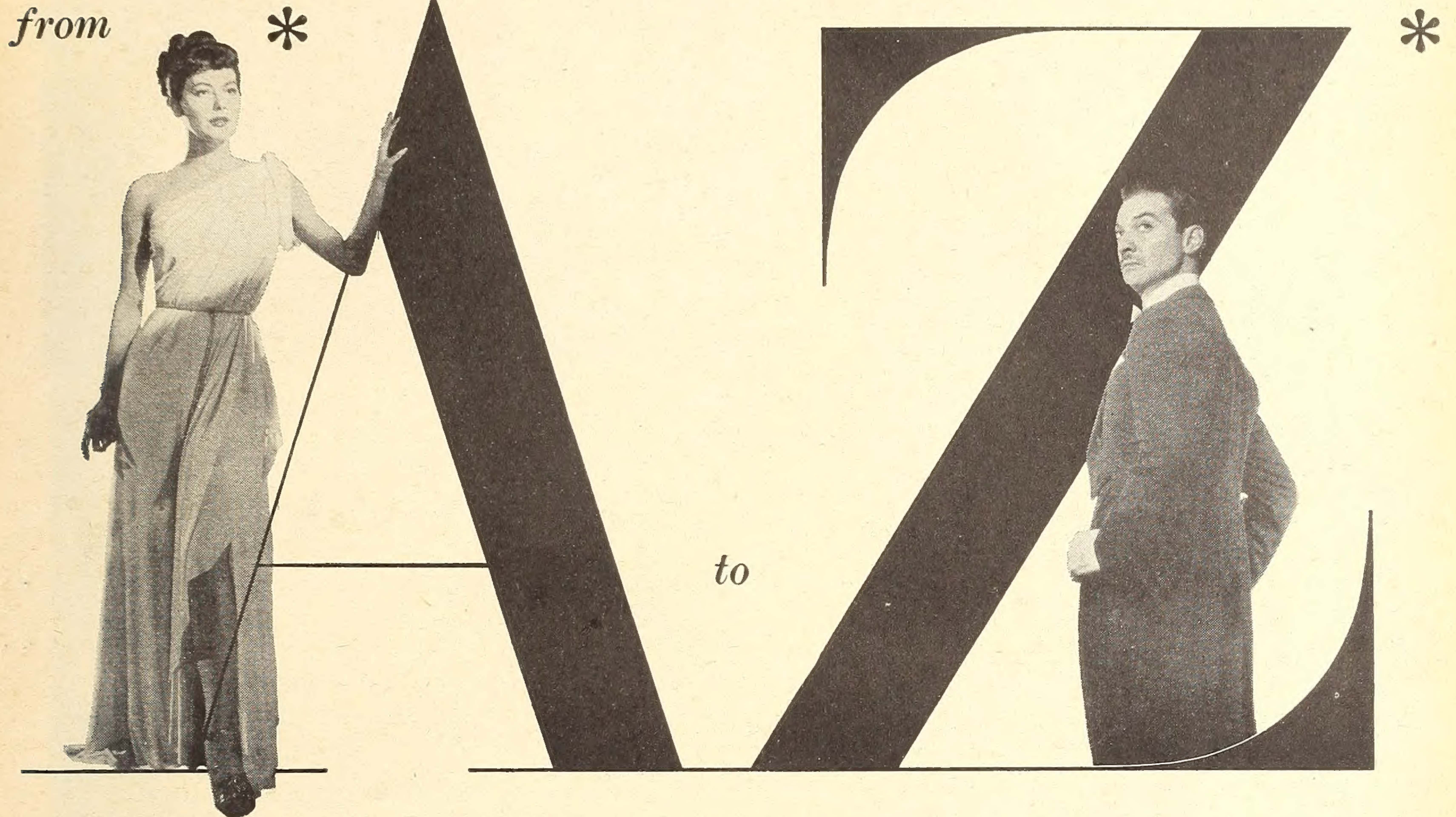
Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information on the young girl who plays Babs in NBC-TV's Life Of Riley? Where can I send for a picture of her? J.C.B., Oneida, Tenn.

Babs Riley is played by Lugene Sanders, who was cast in the role when someone noticed how much she looked like Marjorie Reynolds, who plays Riley's wife Peg. She was born in Oklahoma City in 1934 but, when Lugene was 14, her family moved to Hollywood so that she could enroll at the Hollywood Professional School and start to do little-theater work and radio bit parts. When she was a college freshman, she won her first major role as the lead in the *Corliss Archer* TV show. Aside from her current role as Babs, Lugene carries a full schedule of classes at the University of Southern California and adds to her hectic schedule some household chores as the wife of Marvin Solomon, also a USC student. Marvin and Lugene live in a San Fernando Valley apartment and are making plans to buy their own home. Lugene's name, incidentally, was chosen for her before she was born, with the provision that the "Lu" would be dropped if the baby turned out to be a boy. Recently, she has picked up the nickname "Luigi." For a picture, write to her c/o *The Life Of Riley*, NBC-TV, Sunset & Vine, Hollywood, California.

(Continued on page 11)

FIRST with the FINEST



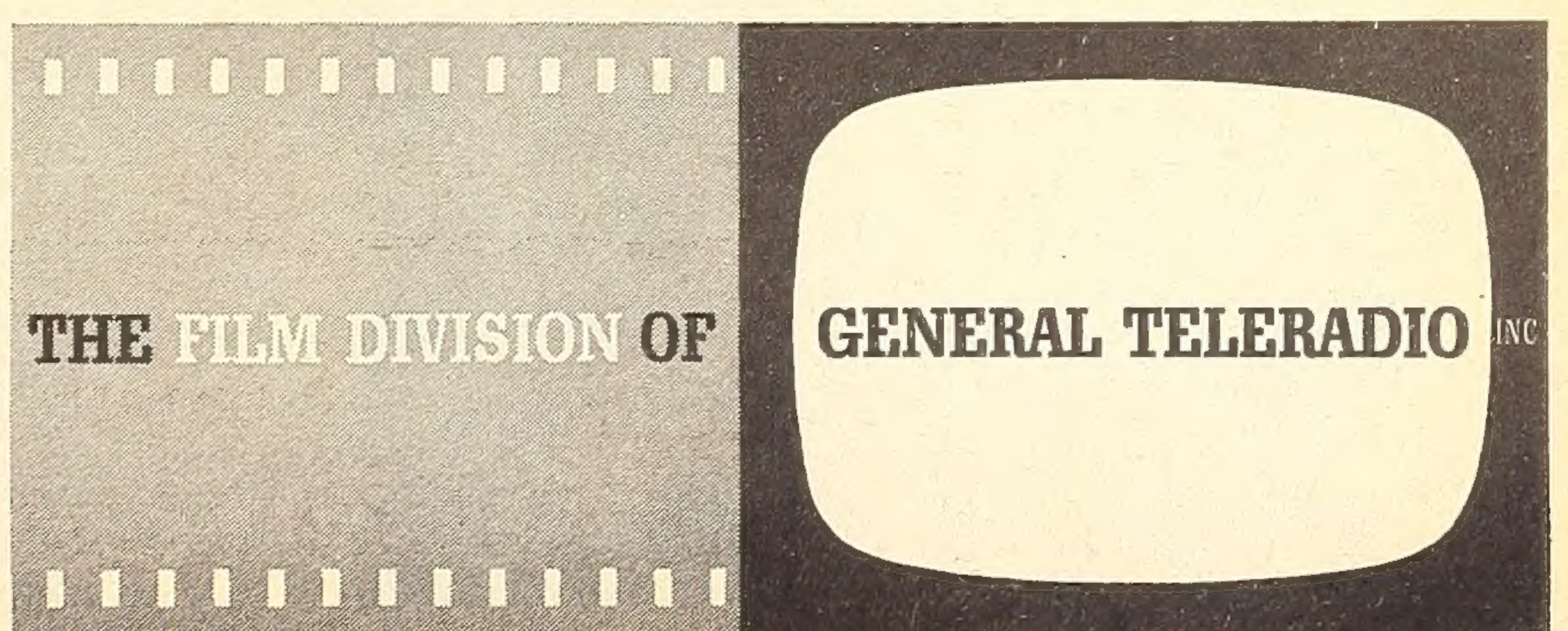
The new Film Division of General Teleradio has acquired the franchise *everybody* was after—30 recent, major-studio feature films, never before seen on TV anywhere. \$45,000,000 of fine motion picture entertainment is now in view on the top TV stations listed on the facing page. See these celebrated motion picture hits and fabulous stars when they come to *your* town:

all these hits...

ARCH OF TRIUMPH	MAGIC TOWN
BODY AND SOUL	MAGNIFICENT DOLL
CASBAH	MIRACLE OF THE BELLS
CAUGHT	MR. PEABODY AND
COUNTESS OF	THE MERMAID
MONTE CRISTO	NO MINOR VICES
DARK MIRROR	NORTHWEST STAMPEDE
DOUBLE LIFE	ONE TOUCH OF VENUS
FABULOUS DORSEYS	THE OTHER LOVE
(after 11/13/54)	PRIVATE AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI
FORCE OF EVIL	RAMROD
FOUR FACES WEST	RUTHLESS
LET'S LIVE A LITTLE	SECRET BEYOND
(after 12/7/54)	THE DOOR
LETTER FROM AN	SENATOR WAS
UNKNOWN WOMAN	INDISCREET
LOST MOMENT	SO THIS IS NEW YORK
LULU BELLE	(after 12/13/54)
MACBETH	THE SCAR (after 12/6/54)

all these stars...

*Ava Gardner	George Montgomery	Olivia De Havilland
Barbara Stanwyck	George Sanders	Orson Welles
Charles Boyer	Ginger Rogers	Robert Cummings
Charles Laughton	Hedy Lamarr	Ronald Colman
Dana Andrews	Ingrid Bergman	Shelley Winters
David Niven	James Stewart	Sonja Henie
Dorothy Lamour	Jane Wyman	Thomas Mitchell
Ella Raines	Joan Bennett	Veronica Lake
Frank Sinatra	Joan Fontaine	William Powell
Fred MacMurray	Joel McCrae	*Zachary Scott



Just call him LUCKY



At home, Bob admires wife Muriel's painting, lends half-note Karen a hand at the piano.



On the air, Bob lets loose with bandleader Jerry Jerome.

*Bob Kennedy has found it takes more
than talent and hard work to be a success*

AFTER some good years in show business and some lean—with the accent on lean—Bob Kennedy finds the present and future looking very rosy, indeed. But at 32, this blond six-footer still makes a point of taking his daily bow in the direction of Lady Luck. "Talent and hard work go hand in hand," Bob's wife Muriel says. "But don't forget that you have to be lucky, too." And Bob, knowing that the fates can be capricious, adds: "Amen!" . . . It's been seventeen years since a teen-aged Bob made his singing debut on New York's Station WNYC, and there have been many ups and downs in between. But today he stars on his own *Bob Kennedy Show*, seen daily from 3 to 5 P.M. on Station WPIX in New York, and his fan mail is something to write home about. In addition, Bob pinch-hit last summer as *Beat The Clock* emcee while Bud Collyer was on vacation, and he currently announces CBS-TV's *Name That Tune*. . . . After Bob's radio debut came church-choir singing, road-show work and study at City College of New York. Bob was singing for supper-club patrons of New York's Fifth Avenue Hotel when he was tapped to understudy Alfred Drake in "Oklahoma!" This proved to be unexciting after a year, so Bob joined the production of "Carousel," then returned to star in "Oklahoma!" when Drake left. Next, there were dribbles of night-club engagements, and then Dame Chance really beamed on Bob during a random singing chore at an upstate New York resort. He met dark-eyed, brown-haired Muriel and they were married a few months later on little more than a firm belief that things were bound to get better. It took a while but, in 1952—a week after daughter Karen was born—Bob won his first major spot on TV as emcee of *Sense And Nonsense*. . . . Today, the Kennedys live quietly and happily in Englewood, New Jersey, and are proud of Bob's basement tool shop and the decorating and painting he and Muriel did. Then, too, the Kennedy home is within easy commuting distance of the WPIX studios and the TV cameras that bring Bob to the many fans who count the *Bob Kennedy Show* as part of their own daily good fortune.

INTRODUCING

Playtex *Living* Bra

Now...the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!



Exclusive
criss-cross sides
self-adjust
for Fabulous Fit!

Sculptured Nylon
gently
cups and ups!

Criss-cross elastic
front dips low,
divides divinely!

Elastic back
sets lower
and stays lower!

“Custom-contoured” to flatter, feel and fit
as if fashioned for you alone!

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the dramatic difference! Because there's never been a bra like the new “custom-contoured” Playtex Living Bra. It lifts, it *lives*, g-i-v-e-s with every motion of your body... for support unmatched by any other bra. The news is in the criss-cross design, the clever use of elastic, those *sculptured* nylon cups. And the straps are *doubled*... can't cut, curl, slip or fray! Wear it once—you'll love it forever!



Look for PLAYTEX LIVING BRA* in the blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Gleaming WHITE, needs *no* ironing! Sizes 32A—40C... \$3.95

*U.S.A., Canadian and Foreign Patents Pending



East and West meet as Ruth interviews India's Mme. Pandit.

WMAL audiences need no introduction to Ruth Crane, Washington's friendly, fascinating



Ruth and her husband Bill Schaefer go a-partying.

LADY of DISTINCTION

RUTH CRANE hails from Missouri, and so—while she is invariably poised, amiable and unpretentious—she can be fairly stubborn in her insistence on not being classed as a “performer” or having her daily *Modern Woman* programs referred to as “shows.” “Makes it sound too staged, artificial,” she explains. “After all, I don’t play a role.”

That she doesn’t play a role, on the air or off, may account for Ruth’s record of more air-hours than any other woman in Washington, her house-full of awards and citations, and her enthusiastic, loyal audiences. Heard on WMAL Radio at noon and seen on WMAL-

TV at 3 P.M., Ruth presides over half-hours of news, fashion, home-making and interviews that are intelligent but never stuffy, informal but never “cozy.” She loves Washington and she fills her shows (oops, *programs*) with a variety of interests that range from protocol to pickle-making.

Ruth’s journey from Springfield, Missouri, to the nation’s capital included a stop-over in Chicago for schooling and the start of her career, and a sojourn in Detroit for fifteen successful years with Station WJR. An attractive, alert woman, she has been Director of Woman’s Programs for WMAL since 1944 and for WMAL-TV since 1947 and, since she is usually president of something, is now in her second year as head of the American Newspaper Women’s Club.

Ruth is married to William H. Schaefer, an automobile manufacturing executive, and the two make a striking couple at Washington theaters and embassy parties—or as they pore over old records in the Library of Congress in their mutual love for Civil War history. The Schaefers live in an eight-room, white brick home which Ruth has decorated partly in Williamsburg blue, partly in salmon pink and white.

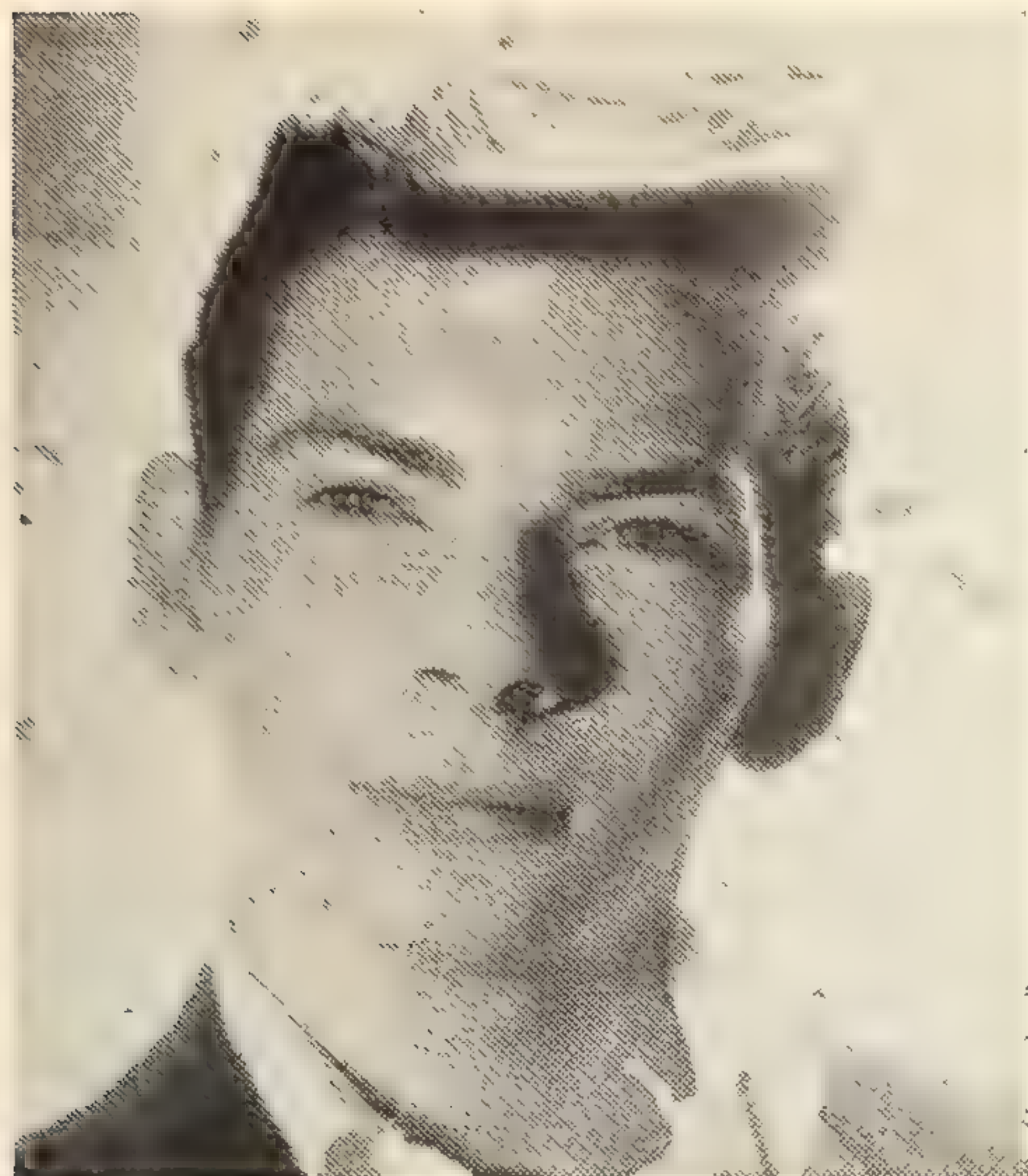
A maker of radio and TV precedents, Ruth clearly proved her pioneer instinct when she left a job she had held for fifteen years to take up a new life in Washington. “The monumental build-up given me when I joined WMAL Radio gave me an acute case of mike-fright,” she recalls, “and on my first program here, I lost my voice!” With her usual adaptability and sense of humor, Ruth has been able to laugh about such TV mishaps as the cookies that ran together and formed a solid sheet of dough when she took them out for all the audience to see. “I’ve never been nervous on television, because I have so much to do,” she says. “I don’t have time to worry about how I look or sound.” She need never worry, because Washingtonians agree that Ruth Crane looks, sounds like—and is—a lady of distinction.



Hobbies for Ruth and Bill include gardening and history.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 6)



Joey Walsh

Teen Talent

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information on Joey Walsh, who is seen on many TV programs and was also in the motion picture, "Hans Christian Andersen?"

A.E.M., Milford, Mass.

A puckish, unspoiled seventeen-year-old with an ability to portray any type of teenager, Joey Walsh has become known as "TV's busiest youngster." The young boy from New York's tough East Side has appeared in over 200 TV shows, given a good account of himself in radio, starred in two films, "Hans Christian Andersen" and "The Juggler," and in two Broadway shows, "The Man" and "The Innocents." It all began when Joey's father, who runs a sight-seeing bus from one of Broadway's busiest corners, implored John Ross, an old friend who was in show business, to try to develop his youngest son. Under Ross's coaching and management, Joey went on to fame but always remained a refreshingly "nice kid." As befits a youngster from the East Side, Joey can handle his dukes (but doesn't try to prove it), is completely at home on a baseball diamond, football field or in a swimming pool and is currently delighted at the skill in juggling he acquired during his role opposite Kirk Douglas in the film "The Juggler." Joey attends the New York Professional School, where his favorite class is in history, and he appears frequently on such programs as *Danger*, *Kraft Theater*, *The Man Behind The Badge*, *Studio One* and *Armstrong Circle Theater*.

Within The Law

Dear Editor:

Please print some information on Reed Hadley, who stars on CBS-TV's *Racket Squad* and *Public Defender*. Where can I write to him? A.H., Point Pleasant, N.J.

Handsome Reed Hadley's realistic portrayals of law-enforcement officers have
(Continued on page 15)

"RAIN DEARS OF THE YEAR"

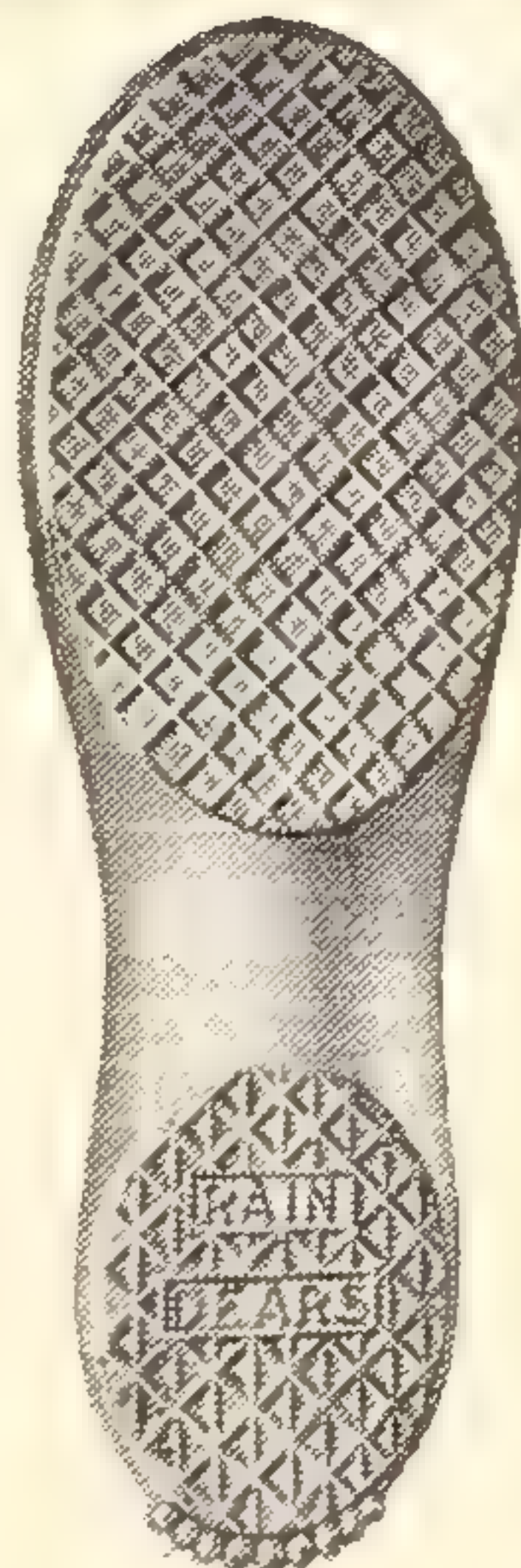


Mamie Van Doren
in
"Francis Joins
the WACS"
A U-I Picture



Kathleen Hughes
in
"Dawn At Socorro"
Color by Technicolor
A U-I Picture

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RAIN DEARS are 100% fully molded, with no seams to come apart. So light on your feet, and so smart on your feet, but sturdy, too! Transparent for extra flattery. About **\$2.00**

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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(Continued from page 5)



Ethel Merman hits the high-C's, via American Airlines—and also CBS-TV's *The Best Of Broadway*, in "Panama Hattie."



June Havoc, a lady lawyer known as *Willy*, poses with one of her best friends and clients, name of "Ranger."



Helen Hayes is the next star on *Best Of Broadway*, in "Arsenic and Old Lace."

doctors say he has improved a great deal. However, he won't be able to return to *Howdy Doody* or his other programs for some time.

Jay Sims, popular radio and TV announcer, and beautiful Barbara Schockley, one of New York's top models, were married in New York City a few weeks ago. Their wedding climaxed a whirlwind courtship of two months. Jay met his bride while announcing a fashion show in which Barbara participated.

Eleanor Holm, the former swimming champion—and more recently better known as the ex-wife of producer Billy Rose—is hard at work preparing a television program about women in sports. The show will be filmed, and such feminine sports queens as Babe Zaharias, Helen Wills Moody and Sonja Henie have already been lined up as guests.

Perry Como had to do without the services of his glamorous secretary, Rory Meyer, for a couple of days when Rory was chosen as "the girl most resembling Ava Gardner." It all had to do with a whoop-dee-doo they had for the opening of Ava's new picture, "The Barefoot Contessa," in New York. The producers ran a contest and, after looking at some five hundred entrants, Rory won. She had a lot of fun, went to the Manhattan premiere of the movie with Ava, and then had to go back to her secretarial job with

Perry—which, by the way, she doesn't think is un-glamorous. Perry's remark, when kidded by his pals about his beautiful Girl Friday was, "I always knew she looked like Ava."

Geraldine Carr, who played Joan Davis' girl friend, Mabel, on *I Married Joan*, was killed in an automobile accident in Hollywood. Her musician-husband, Jess Carneol, who was with her at the time, was seriously injured.

Judy Tyler, who for two years was the Indian princess, Summerfall Winterspring, on the *Howdy Doody* show, has landed a movie job: a feature role in the new Paramount film, "Blue Horizon," which stars Fred MacMurray and Donna Reed. And the part she plays? "A pixie-like Indian girl."

Mulling the Mail:

Miss E. W., Fort Wayne, Indiana: The best place to send for a picture of the late Glenn Miller would be RCA Victor Records, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York. Address your request to Mrs. Glenn Miller, c/o RCA, and mark it "please forward". . . Mrs. M. G., Mountain View, California: Julius La Rosa has been very busy making personal appearances throughout the country, mainly in night clubs and theaters. His movie plans are up in the air at the moment, though there is a chance he may have his own TV show around the first of the year. . . Mr. J. L., Detroit, Michigan: Yes, Eva

Marie Saint has appeared on many radio programs and done extensive television work. Her first motion picture was "On the Waterfront," and she is married to television director Jeffrey Hayden. They live in Greenwich Village, in New York City. . . . Miss A. M., Peoria, Illinois: You are right—Cornel Wilde was originally set to be the host on the Chrysler show on CBS-TV, but he and the sponsor had some differences before the first program, and he was replaced by William Lundigan. . . . Miss M. W., Louisville, Kentucky: No, Jerry Lewis' illness was nothing so serious as what you mention. Actually he was suffering from jaundice, which necessitated a slow but sure recovery. . . . Mr. K.O'L., Burbank, California: Marjie Millar, Ray Bolger's new TV leading lady, is no relation to Marilyn Miller, the late musical-comedy star. Yes, Marjie did appear in the Martin and Lewis movie, "Money from Home". . . . Bret Morrison Fan, Allentown, Pennsylvania: Bret Morrison has played *The Shadow* on the Mutual network show of the same name for many years, but you have the year wrong. Bret has done it since 1943, not since 1933. Previous to 1943, *The Shadow* was portrayed by Orson Welles and John Carradine.

What Ever Happened To . . .

Fran Warren, well-known recording and night-club star, who made many guest appearances on television? Fran hasn't worked too much lately, as she and her husband, Harry Steinman are expecting their first child about the first of the year.

Bob Fosse, the dancer who, with his partner, appeared on the early *Your Hit Parade* television shows? Bob has been in Hollywood and has been clicking nicely as a choreographer-dancer in the movies. He was recently signed by Columbia Pictures for dancing chores in the forthcoming musical, "My Sister Eileen."

Kenny Baker, who was one of the most popular tenors on the air and was featured on the *Jack Benny Program*, among others, during his long career? Kenny went into semi-retirement about six years ago and lived quietly with his family in California. He just recently returned to broadcasting and has his own radio show over Mutual, Monday through Friday.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

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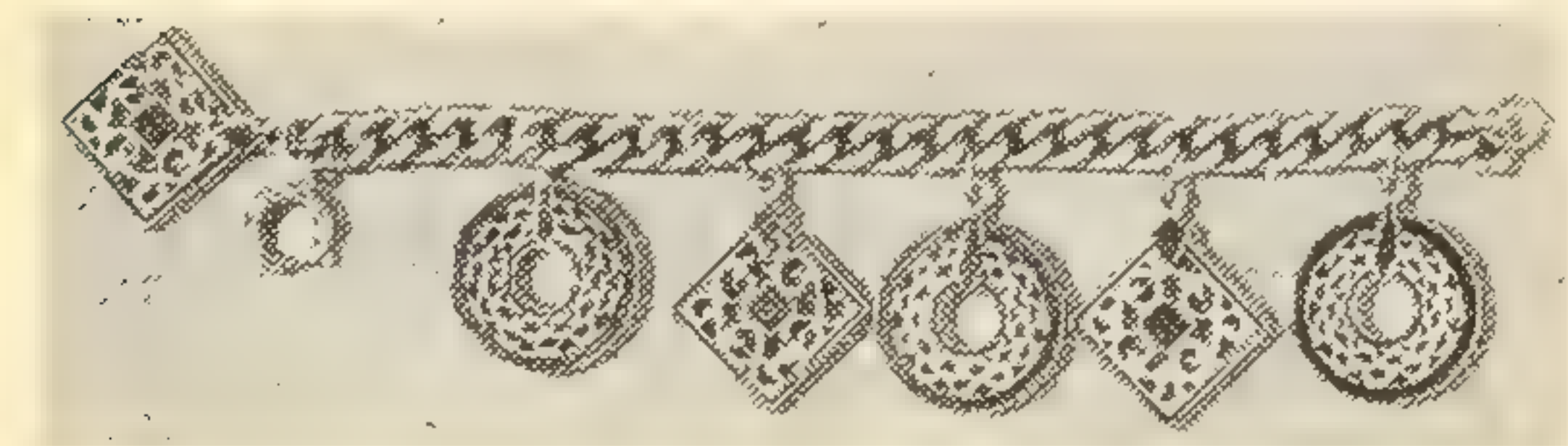
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City.....

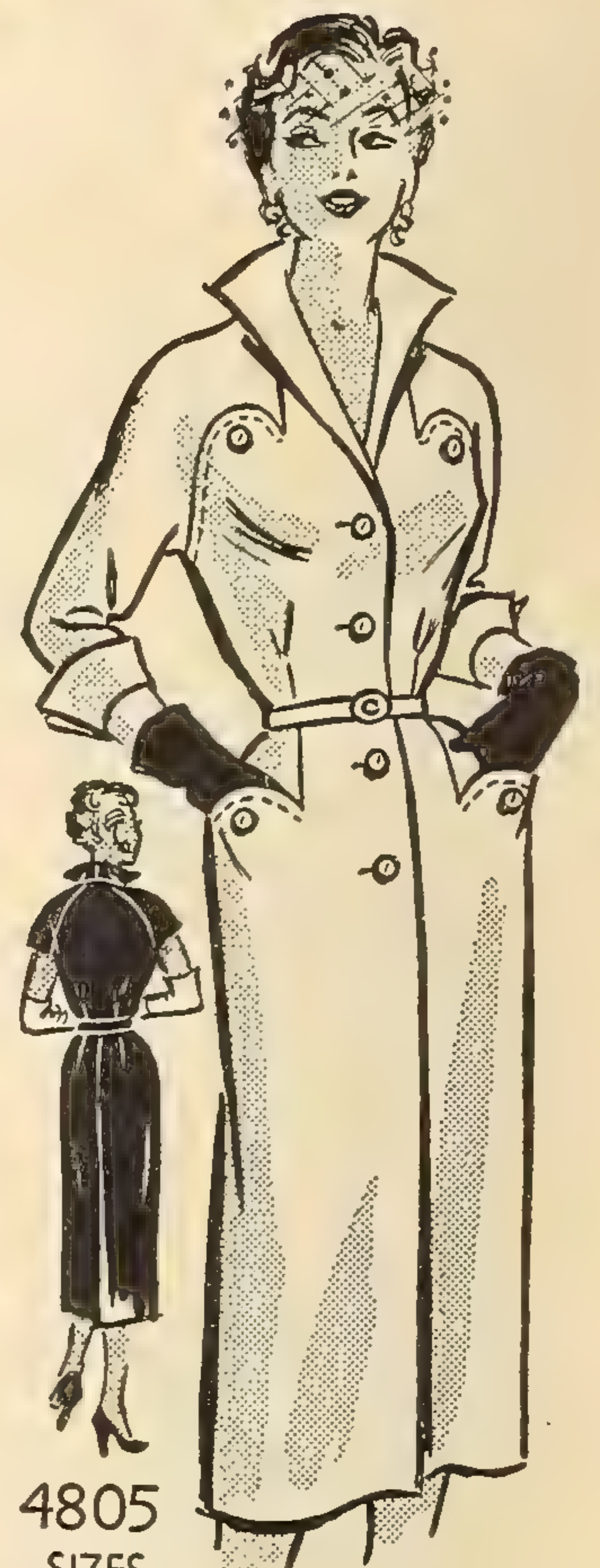
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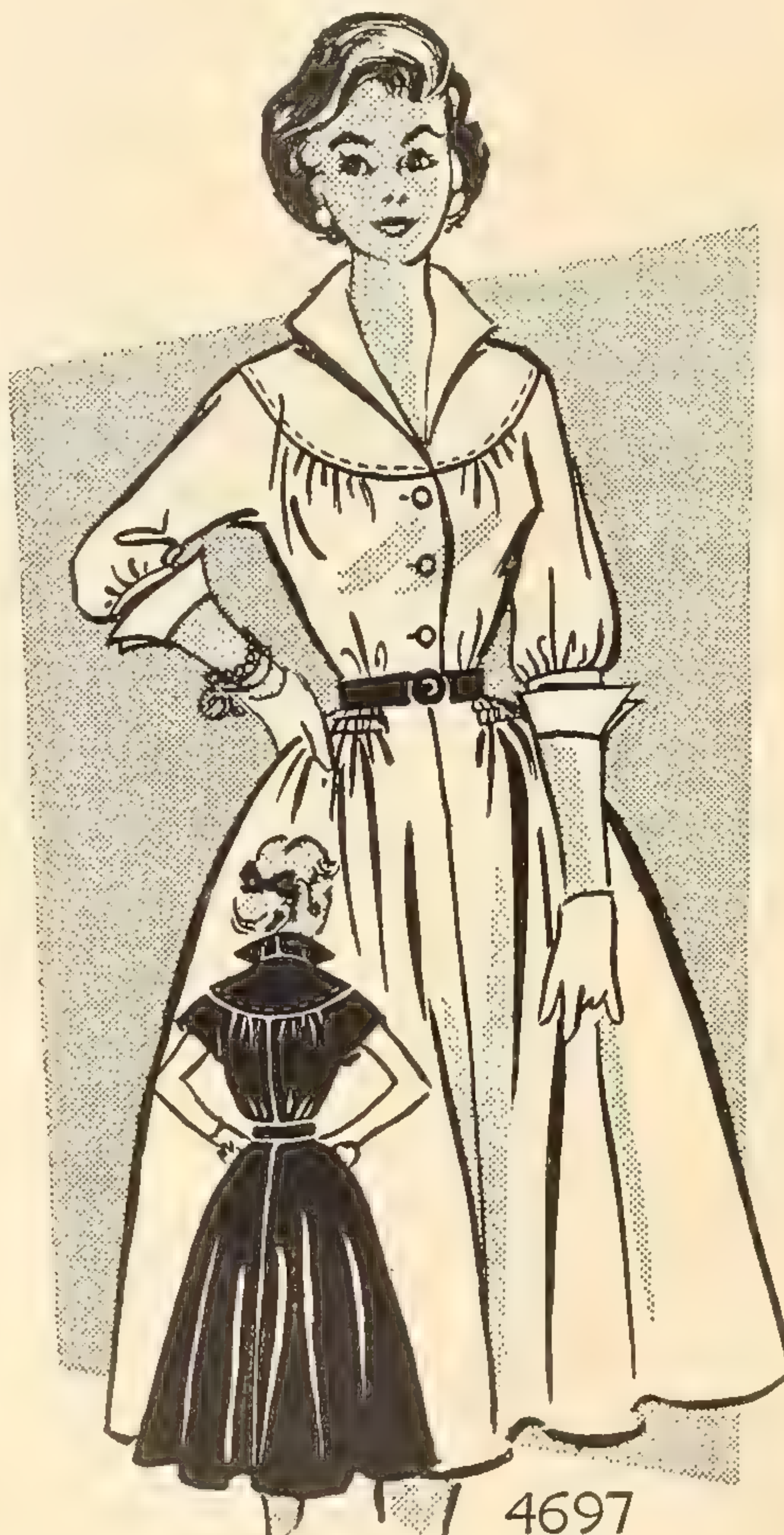
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New York 11, New York

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STREET.....

CITY.....

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Add 5c for each pattern for 1st-class mailing.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)

won him praise from police groups across the country, yet the mail bag is more than half-filled with letters from the distaff population. But when Reed filled out a routine biographical form, he listed under Most Treasured Possession: "My wife, she's the greatest!" The Hadleys, together with their nine-year-old son Dale, live on a San Fernando Valley ranch and Reed teaches Sunday school and is a regular at Boy Scout meetings on Fathers' Nights. . . . A native of Petrolia, Texas, Reed grew up in Buffalo, New York, caught the acting fever in a high school play and graduated directly to Broadway, where he played two small parts in "Hamlet." While in stock, learning more about his trade, Reed was signed by a movie company and for two years drew a salary without appearing in a single film. But after a stint as the original *Red Ryder* of radio, Reed renewed the movies' interest in him and he has since appeared in "House on 92nd Street," "Captain from Castille," "Leave Her to Heaven," "Behind the Iron Curtain," and other films. Although he can command top bracket salaries, Reed has accepted only a token \$25 fee for each of almost a hundred documentaries he has made for the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Defense Department and Atomic Energy Commission. He has also appeared in almost every top dramatic show emanating from Hollywood, including *Lux Theater* and *Screen Guild*. You can write to Reed Hadley, c/o CBS-TV, 6121 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Mr. District Attorney

Dear Editor:

I am a Gray Lady and work in the tuberculosis wards of an Army hospital. Every ward has a television set and the boys in my ward are very interested in learning something about David Brian who plays Mr. District Attorney on television. Where can they write for a picture of him?

V.R., Memphis, Tenn.



David Brian



Alice Frost

David Brian is a tall, blond, blue-eyed native of the Vinegar Hill section of New York City. When David, whose real name is Brian Davis, was graduated from the City College of New York, he tried some commission selling, a bit of carpentry, and then had his first brush with the theater as a ticket taker and doorman at the famed Roxy Theater. One day he joined a friend standing in a group outside the Imperial Theater and, a short while later, David found himself hired as one of a group of singers in "Crazy Quilt." Next came a string of Broadway roles and then tours of both North and South America as a song-and-dance act, a straight man and an emcee. After a World War II hitch in the Coast Guard, followed by an appearance in a Broadway flop, David decided to give up the theater and moved to Los Angeles to become a building contractor. But Joan Crawford spotted him at a dinner party, thought he was just the right man for the part of the political boss in her forthcoming "Flamingo Road." Thus David was launched on a movie career which has included such films as "Intruder in the Dust," "Beyond the Forest," "The Damned Don't Cry," "Breakthrough," "This Woman Is Dangerous," and "The High and the Mighty." In 1949, David married actress Adrian Booth and settled down for good in California in a Sherman Oaks home. Television's *Mr. District Attorney* is fast at ping pong and tennis, expert at the Spanish guitar, and fond of music, good graphic art, and reading. You can write to him for a picture c/o ZIV Productions, 5255 Clinton St., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Organ Encore

Dear Editor:

I would like to know about Alice Frost, who plays Mrs. Lew Archer on The Second Mrs. Burton and Aunt Trina on Mama.

B.W., Schenectady, N.Y.

When Alice Frost, in her role as Marcia
(Continued on page 16)

bring out the natural beauty of your hair

If you really want to make your hair lovelier, you can do it, safely, easily in about 3 minutes.

From Noreen's 14 wonder-working colors you'll find just the shade that enhances your natural color, reviving its youthful, lustrous beauty or to blend in gray or streaked hair. Try a Noreen beauty treatment.

See for yourself how Noreen will keep your hair the way you want it from shampoo to shampoo...

Bright and shining instead of dull and drab.

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When it happens, you'll know it at once. The feeling is fabulous. Like the streets are paved with diamonds and they all belong to you. Suddenly all the love songs seem to make sense. A walk in the rain is a trip to Spain, when the real thing comes along! And all your dreams of foreign labels and racing stables, of furs and jewels and swimming pools—you trade them all, for one million-dollar moment filled with love. You're fortune's darling, you're 'Queen of Diamonds', you own the world—when the real thing comes your way!

Wouldn't you know that only Revlon could create a color to match this million-dollar mood? It's here and it's *heaven*—a haunting, restless flame that fairly crackles with excitement! Wear 'Queen of Diamonds' now, tonight. And all at once the world is yours! Anything could happen—and why not *let it, just this once?*

Have you tried Revlon's new lip-softening 'Lanolite' Lipstick?

It's almost too good to be true—you'll agree, first time you wear it! Here's the *real thing*, at last, in a non-smear-type lipstick—it actually *softens dry lips*—because it's blended with Revlon's own precious ingredient, 'Lanolite', 3-ways better than lanolin itself! Who'd dream a lipstick could look so luscious, feel so good, and last so long!

For matching fingertips...

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For over 20 years, known the world over as the only professional nail enamel. Stays on days longer—and actually helps nails grow longer!*

*BY PHYSICALLY PROTECTING THEM FROM BREAKING, SPLITTING, PEELING.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 15)

Kirkland, marched down the aisle on *The Second Mrs. Burton* to become Mrs. Lew Archer, the accompanying wedding march was played by organist Dick Liebert. This was history repeating itself, for thirteen years ago, when Alice—this time in real life—married William Tuttle, TV producer-packager, the music was also by Dick Liebert. . . . Beginning her career at the age of four as a singer in her home town of Minneapolis, Alice was ten when she had advanced to such character roles as the witch in "Hansel and Gretel." Encouraged by her father, a Swedish Lutheran minister, she went from student dramatics and stock companies to important roles in such hits as "Green Grew the Lilacs," "The Great Lover," "As Husbands Go," and "It's a Wise Child." On radio she was a regular on the *Stoopnagle And Bud Show*, *Camel Caravan*, played the late Robert Benchley's wife on his air show, starred in *Big Sister* and was the Mrs. half of *Mr. And Mrs. North* for more than ten years. Currently, she's Marcia on *The Second Mrs. Burton*, Trina on *Mama* and appears frequently on *The FBI In Peace And War*, *Aunt Jennie* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*. As Mrs. William Tuttle, she lives in a Manhattan apartment, is taking a special course termed the "Comprehensive Review of Acting," and loves the theater, jigsaw puzzles, backgammon and collecting memorabilia on "Alice in Wonderland."

Guiding Light

Dear Editor:

Who are the actors who play Michael Bauer and Dr. Jim Kelly on *The Guiding Light*? Where can I write to them?

B.C., Birmingham, Ala.

Michael Bauer is played by Glen Walken, while the part of Dr. Jim Kelly is taken by Paul Potter. You can write to them c/o *The Guiding Light*, CBS, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Tall In The Saddle

Dear Editor:

Would you tell us something about Brad Johnson, who portrays Lofty Craig on the *Du Mont TV Network* show, *Annie Oakley*? Where can I write to him?

V.P., Los Angeles, Calif.

Brad Johnson, who portrays the deputy sheriff and silent suitor of *Annie Oakley*, is every inch—six feet, four inches, to be exact—the picture of a Western lawman. Brad was born July 23, 1923, on a peach farm near Marysville, California, and on graduation from the eighth grade, he received his diploma from the hands of his own mother, who presided over the local one-room schoolhouse. He decided on an acting career while in high school at Sacramento and, after his discharge from the Air Force, he enrolled at the University of Southern California in the drama department then headed by William DeMille.



Gail Davis-Brad Johnson

Brad was the second student in eight years at USC that William DeMille presented with a letter of introduction to his famous brother, Producer Cecil B. The letter resulted in the role of the reporter in "The Greatest Show on Earth," and this was followed by bit parts in other films and a great deal of little theater work. Brad appeared on TV in the *Range Rider* series and was spotted and signed by Gene Autry, whose company films the *Annie Oakley* series. Fond of all sports, Brad boxed and fenced at college, rides daily and goes hunting or fishing when he can find the time. He is married to Amanda Webb, who had been in his USC drama classes. They were co-starring in a stock company at Lake Tahoe in 1950 when they decided it was the perfect time and place for a honeymoon. They now have a two-year-old son, Sander. You can write to Brad Johnson, c/o Flying "A" Enterprises, 6920 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Letter From England

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information as to what Bill Williams is doing at the moment? Also I should be grateful for an address at which I could write to him.

L.M., Yorkshire, England

A coming issue of TV RADIO MIRROR will carry a complete story on Bill Williams. You can write to him at 8966 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

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come your way?



Revlon's

'Queen of Diamonds'

New 'real-thing-red' for lips and matching fingertips...a bright-hot,
white-hot flame like acres of diamonds flashing with fire!
This is the red that turns every other red pale with shame.



'Lanolite' Lipstick 1.10*
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This Christmas give the fragrance more women use
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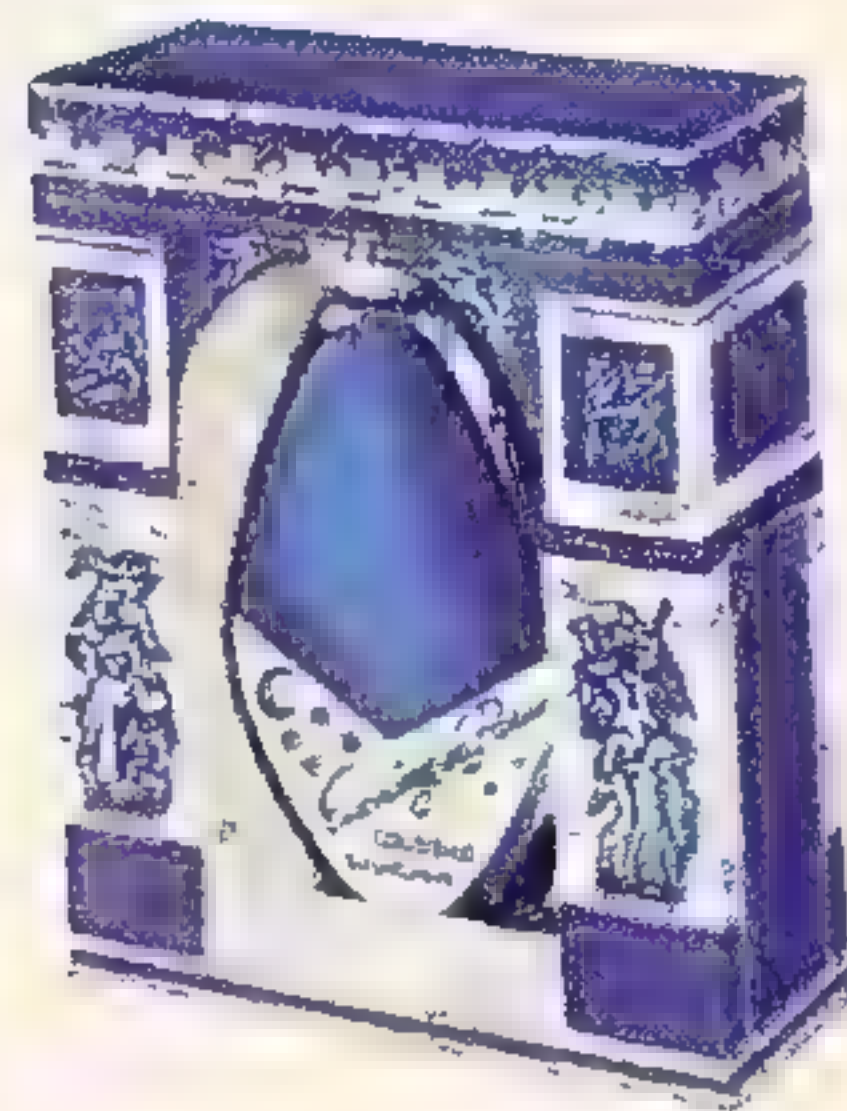
Evening in Paris



Jewelled Purse Flacon—
Perfume \$1.50



↑ Glamour—Lipstick, Bubble Bath Perfume,
Liquid Sachet, Perfume, Cologne \$5.00



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↑ Je T'Aime—Cologne
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Pretty Petite—Talc, Liquid Sachet
Perfume, Face Powder, Cologne \$4.00



↑ L'Avenue—Talc, Perfume
Facon, Cologne \$2.50



Snowflake—Perfume \$1.00



Spirit of Paris—Face Powder, Cologne,
Toilet Water, Perfume, Perfume Flacon,
Lipstick \$10.00



Fragrance Masterpiece—Montmartre,
Evening in Paris, Folies
Bergère Colognes \$1.50



↑ But Yes—Toilet Water and
Perfume Flacon \$1.75



Indigo—Talc, Perfume, Toilet
Water, Bubble Bath Perfume,
Cologne, Perfume Flacon \$7.50



↑ Pink Gift—Bubble Bath, Toilet Water,
Bubble Bath Perfume, Cologne \$3.00



Other Christmas Gifts
from \$1.00 to \$15.00
(all prices plus tax)

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Created in France . . . Made in U.S.A.

STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



HI, EVERYBODY! It's me again, back for our monthly platter meeting. I've been listening to records at the oddest times lately, since my late-night NBC-TV show now keeps me working till the wee hours. But listen I do—after all, music is wonderful just about any time. Say, speaking of time, let's get on with the minutes of the meeting.

The name Crosby is always a good one to start with, and this one is Gary, who started off his recording career with his old man, Bing. Now he has made his first solo disc, and it's okay. Gary sings "Mambo in the Moonlight," and "Got My Eyes on You," helped out by The Cheerleaders and Sonny Burke's orchestra. (Decca)

If you're a Judy Garland fan, then her "Star Is Born" album is a must for you. Judy sings six songs and a wonderful medley from the score of her new picture of the same name. Of course the big tune is "The Man Who Got Away," and the medley is "Born in a Trunk," which is one of her feature numbers in the picture. Judy gets excellent musical assistance from Ray Heindorf's Warner Brothers Studio orchestra and chorus. (Columbia)

Mr. and Mrs. Guitar, otherwise known as Les Paul and Mary Ford, have made "Whither Thou Goest" and "Mandolino," and either or both sides could very well spell hit for this popular team. The first side is a pretty ballad, sung prettily by Mary, and the reverse is a bright instrumental by Mary and Les. (Capitol)

"Muskrat Ramble," the old Dixieland favorite, is given the lyric treatment by Rusty Draper, backed up with "Magic Circle." (Mercury) And those charming vocal lasses, The McGuire Sisters, have also chosen "Muskrat Ramble" for their newest record offering, but they double it with "Not as a Stranger." (Coral)

Merv Griffin has recorded a tender ballad from Europe, "The Story of Tina," backed by another ballad, "Do You Re-

member Me?" I'm partial to the latter side because I wrote the lyrics and helped adapt the music from one of my favorite melodies, Drdla's "Serenade." Anyway, I know you'll know the "tune." (Columbia)

If you missed Betty Hutton's recent debut on NBC-TV in the musical comedy, "Satins and Spurs," you can dig the whole thing, record-style, on Capitol's new album of the same name. La Hutton belts out the numbers in her usual bombshell style, and baritone Earl Wrightson sings along with her here and there, accompanied by Nelson Riddle's orchestra.

For Louis Armstrong fans—and please count me in—there's a new album called "Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy." Louis, with his All Stars, has recorded many of the famous Handy compositions—"St. Louis Blues," "Loveless Love," "Long Gone," among others. Blues singer Velma Middleton duets on some with Louis. Incidentally, this album is one in the "Great Jazz Composers Series" by Columbia.

Maybe Frank Sinatra started something by singing "Three Coins in the Fountain" over the main title and credits of the picture, without being photographed. For here again 20th Century-Fox has done the same thing in the new picture, "Woman's World," with the voices and not the faces of The Four Aces. And the song—you guessed it, "It's a Woman's World," a nice ballad with a beat—has also been waxed by the boys on Decca, coupled with a rhythm thing entitled "The Cuckoo Bird in the Pickle Tree." Where do they find those titles?

"An Evening with George Shearing" is a pleasing album by the great blind pianist and his quintet. All of the tunes, and there are twelve of them, have been recorded previously, and you'll recognize such renditions of Shearing's as "To a Wild Rose," "The Continental," "Roses of Picardy," "Body and Soul," etc. (M-G-M)

Also on the M-G-M label there's the "David Rose Festival," which is actually three new twelve-inch LP records by Rose and his fine orchestra. The first is "Love Walked In," all George Gershwin compositions, the second is "Fiddlin' for Fun," which includes many of the familiar David Rose arrangements featuring string instruments, and the third is "Nostalgia," with several sentimental favorites.

Art Carney, Jackie Gleason's talented TV sidekick, is becoming a great favorite with youngsters now that he's making kiddie records for Columbia. And his newest should find favor with the junior set. It's called "The Town Musicians" and the grownups will probably like it, too.

Another funny fellow you've seen on television a lot is Sammy Davis, Jr. He has taken the old tune, "Because of You," and has recorded vocal impressions of singers and vocal impressions of actors—very good, too. His imitation of Jerry Lewis is a killer. (Decca)

If you want to rush the season a bit, you can take your pick of two fine Christmas albums, released a bit in advance of Santa Claus. Percy Faith and his orchestra offer "Music of Christmas," a lush treatment of many traditional Yuletide melodies (Co-

lumbia) and The Melachrino Strings have recorded "Christmas in High Fidelity." (Victor)

The complete sound track of the musical film "Brigadoon" has been put on record—album form—with Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Johnny Green's orchestra and chorus singing just what they did in the movie. And what a wonderful score, with such lovely songs as "Heather on the Hill," "Brigadoon," "Almost Like Being in Love," and "Come to Me, Bend to Me." (M-G-M)

That musical satirist, Stan Freberg, has come up with another laugh platter. This time he does a take-off on the recent hit, "Sh-Boom," and couples it with a humorous novelty, "Wide-Screen Mamma Blues," in which he takes apart CinemaScope, 3-D, and whatever. Quite funny. (Capitol)

Eartha Kitt—who does all right for herself on records, on TV, in night clubs, and now on Broadway in a new show, "Mrs. Patterson," a play with music—has done up an album for Victor with dialogue and songs from "Mrs. Patterson."

And last—and I think I'll modestly say least—Columbia Records have been nice enough to release a record of mine called "Steve Allen at the Piano," on which I stumble through "Gone with the Wind," "The Victory March" (the Notre Dame one), "Stars Fell on Alabama," and "Fools Rush In." And even if you don't sell any copies, fellas, I had fun doing it.

And I'm having fun writing this column, too, as always. But, as always, I've used up my space. Be seeing you next month.



The recording team of Bing and Gary Crosby has temporarily made way for a solo disc by the younger Crosby.



The Four Lads have added another unusual title—"Skokiaan"—to their list of other hits, "Cry" and "Istanbul."



Jerry lists the Fontane Sisters as three of his countless show business friends.



A **deejay's** day is never done: Jerry lulls son Michael to sleep with a modern lullaby.



Jerry has spun over 200,000 records in his time, still has one main requirement for a tune—he likes to be able to recognize the melody.

*When Jerry Marshall is
at the mike, WNEW listeners
know they're getting
the best in popular music*

the HOST

WHEN Jerry Marshall, Station WNEW's star deejay, assumed the reins at the *Make-Believe Ballroom*, he faced a tremendous challenge in trying to live up to the popularity of his famous predecessor, Martin Block. During his first year as host on the *Ballroom*, Jerry has proved himself worthy of the challenge and at the same time has been rewarded by finding himself—and the *Ballroom*—more popular than ever.

Actually, this won't come as a surprise to anyone who knows Mr. Marshall. An easygoing, friendly fellow, Jerry has a calm, unfrenzied manner and a flair for salesmanship which endear him to everyone. Born in Far Rockaway, New York, and raised upstate in Saugerties, Jerry entered Cornell University on a scholarship, with plans to pursue a law career, and gradually found him-



No need for a formal occasion. Jerry and his wife Gerry love to dance—even at home.



An avid Scrabble player from 'way back, Jerry welcomes a challenge from the Missus, and both Michael and Carolyn enjoy kibitzing.

with the MOST

self involved with Cornell's radio station and later with Station WKNY in Kingston. After receiving his B.A., Jerry was awarded a scholarship to the Cornell Law School, but finances stood in his way and he finally decided upon radio as his life's work, explaining, "I just had to be a mouthpiece one way or another." And so, the day after his graduation, Jerry was placed on the payroll at Station WAAT in New York. Ten months later he was at WINS, followed shortly by his final move to WNEW in 1943.

Jerry's first big chance at WNEW came in 1946, when he was made emcee of the *Music Hall*, the station's top daytime program. For the next four years, according to Jerry, nothing much happened: "I just did the show. No one said anything or did anything. I just didn't make a splash—not even a ripple." But, when sta-

tion officials replaced him with a team, fans clamored so indignantly, Jerry was brought back with a bigger and better *Music Hall*. Then, last year, while WNEW bigwigs were scouring the land for a Martin Block replacement, they suddenly took a closer look at Jerry and agreed he was the man to take over the *Make-Believe Ballroom*.

Today, Jerry is heard for more than twenty hours, Monday through Saturday, and, though he's at the studio from 9 A.M. until 8 P.M., spins and cues all his own records, and broadcasts standing up, he claims, "It isn't tough physically. Not when you love it. But it is demanding. So demanding you have to work even when you sleep."

During his eventful rise to the top, Jerry also managed to snag himself a wife—Gerry—who worked in WNEW's accounting department.

Jerry says he fell in love with Gerry the first time she handed him his paycheck.

The Marshalls now live in a six-room brick house in Bayside, Long Island, with their children, Michael Terry, 5, and Carolyn Diana, 1. Besides his family, Jerry's hobbies are stamp-collecting and raising azaleas in his big back yard.

Jerry provides constant proof that deejaying is in his blood. For example, he'll give Gerry jewelry with "12 J 51" inscribed on it. That's WNEW's record library file number for Harry James' "You Made Me Love You"—the Marshalls' "song."

Jerry is such a popular deejay he has his own fan clubs, the most loyal calling themselves the "Marshall-Mallows." As they and all Jerry's countless fans would happily shout: "Vive the Marshall-Mallows! Vive Jerry Marshall!"

Pat Monroe and Monroe "Jack"
Taylor delight WPEN listeners with
a twinkling-eye view of the world

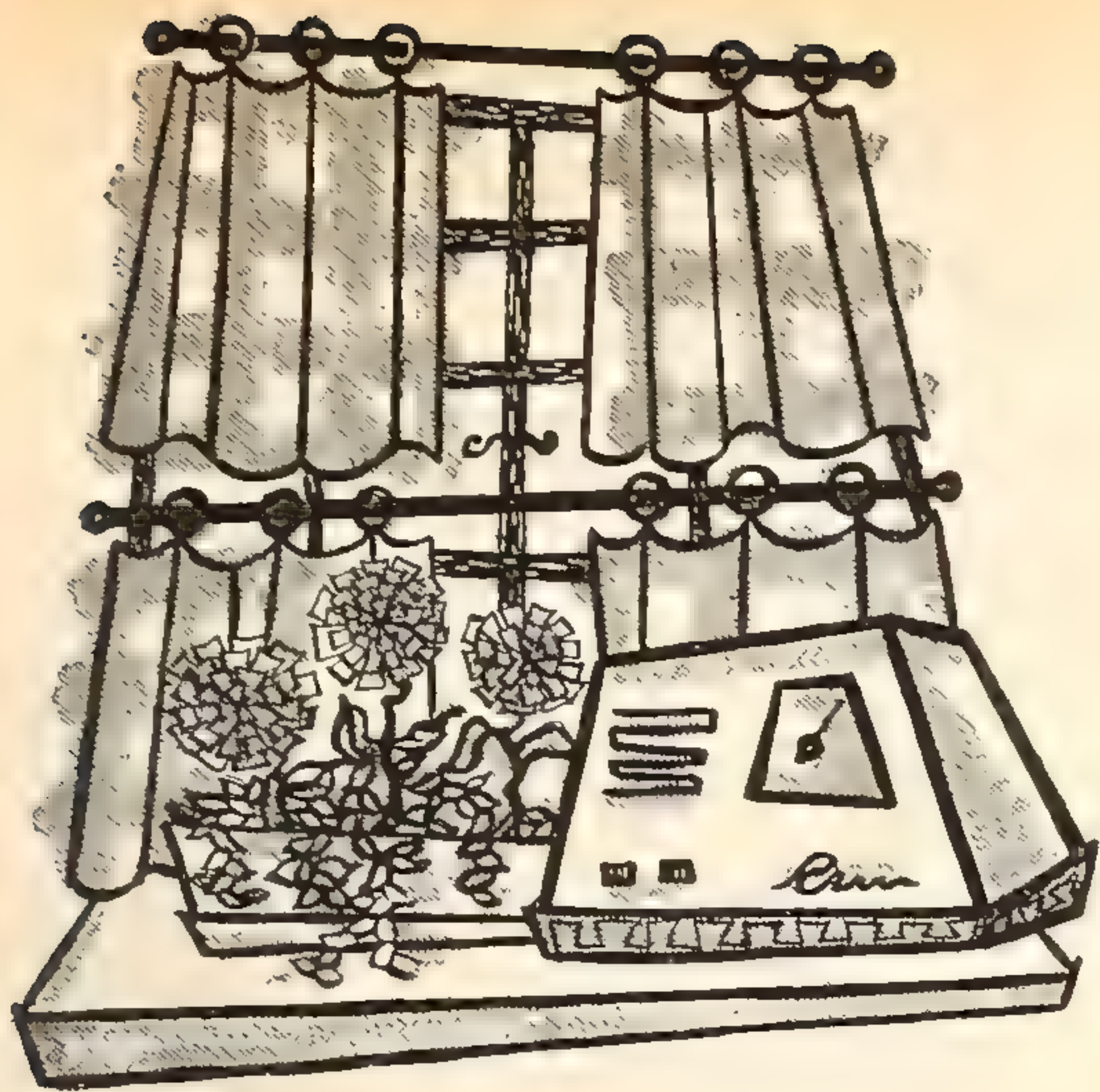


PHILADELPHIA PIXIES



Pat and Jack tour the city in search of the "happy" slant on Mr. and Mrs. Quakerite, then compare notes for new ideas.

A YOUTHFUL radio veteran and an ex-entomologist, respectively dubbed Pat Monroe and Monroe "Jack" Taylor, are the madcap sponsors of a new version of the Monroe Doctrine—namely that "happy people are news." The co-signers of this doctrine meet at 9:05 A.M., Monday through Saturday, to thumb their humor at the gloom-and-doom folks in an hour of chit-chat, interviews and music on Station WPEN's popular *Pat And Jack Show*. In a spirit of friendly rivalry, they try to outdo each other with the unorthodox discoveries they have made on their separate ways about Philadelphia. . . . Both Pat and Jack are delighted at the way Philadelphians are subscribing to their doctrine, and their comments about the show are a joint chorus of "We've never been happier than when we collect ammunition against each other, and never more excited than when we use it on the air." . . . Pat, who has great faith in her mother, says, "Mom comes up with some great ideas to keep Jack hustling. You see, we've kept busy at being happy for a long time." Still in her early twenties, Pat debuted in radio by airing a high school gossip column on Station WTTM and soon found herself spinning records, newscasting, holding down the chores of Women's Director, and by-lining columns in two Trenton newspapers. She holds the unique honor of twice winning honorable mention in the BAB awards to top women's shows. . . . Jack began his radio career at Dartmouth College, where he took both Bachelor's and Master's Degrees in Science, then forsook microscope for microphone to run the gamut of radio jobs. He and Pat live in Trenton and rise at 6 A.M. to commute to Philadelphia. Frequently, after the show, they will drop in unexpectedly on listeners who happened to write to the program, and from these "at home" visits, they bring back flavorful sidelights on family life and on the customs and traditions of the Delaware Valley area. And, whether they call in person or on radio, the Pat and Jack team are heartily welcomed and cheered by their many fans.



DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; consult your local paper for time and station.

AUNT JENNY Even a town as small as Littleton has its share of *femmes fatales*, but pretty Crystal was bitterly resentful of the unjustified reputation her looks had given her as she fought to be accepted as the sweet, simple girl she really was. Crystal's story was one of those recently told by Aunt Jenny in her series about Littleton life, which reflects life in every small American town today. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Actor Larry Noble, unaware of the depths to which Elise Shephard will stoop to break up his marriage, is devoting all his time to her under the influence of the lie she told him about her having only a few months to live. Mary, ignorant of the lie which Elise made Larry swear to keep secret, is so bitterly hurt that she falls easy prey to gambler Victor Stratton, who has plans of his own. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Bert Ralston shows every sign of wishing to become a part of New Hope's quiet, simple community, but there are at least three people he has not convinced. One is Reverend Dennis, who knows people too well to be taken in by Bert's smoothness. Another is Sandra Talbot, who has good reason to know Bert's true character. The third is young Babby Dennis, who doesn't like shaking hands with the stranger in town. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Beautiful Maggie Marlowe has worked long and hard for her acting success, and is ready to put it aside for a quieter, less demanding life, when a sudden need for money sends her back to Broadway. The detective agency which has conducted a long, hopeless search for her young daughter, who disappeared in France before the war, at last turns up a promising clue. Will this be another will-o'-the-wisp? NBC-TV

FIRST LOVE A new marriage is a difficult thing at best, but when a girl is married to a man with a positive talent for rubbing some people the wrong way,

the problem is certainly intensified. Zach is a difficult personality, so forceful, ambitious and single-minded that he cannot help stepping on toes. Will Laurie's deep love help her achieve the wisdom she knows she will need to guard their happiness? NBC-TV

GOLDEN WINDOWS Has Julie thrown her hat over the windmill, as the gossips of Half-Gale claim? Would she have been better off going through with her marriage to the son of one of the town's important families? Only Julie knows how many doubts she had about John even before Tom Anderson came into her life. But she has no way of knowing how Tom is going to change that life, or whether she will be glad or sorry about it in the long run. NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT Dr. Lee Allen, just starting out to build a practice, encounters an obstacle that could prove fatal to her career, when she becomes involved in the aftermath of an accident caused by the son of the town's most influential citizen. What sort of pressure will be brought to bear on her if she does not change her story . . . and how will she reconcile herself with her own standards if she does? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant has only his own indecision to blame as he finds himself chafing under the brusque authority of Dr. Thompson, the surgeon hired by Dr. Baird to fill the position Dick could have had. Will nurse Janet Johnson find in Dr. Thompson the tool she needs to carve her revenge against Dick? Meanwhile, Dick's ex-wife also courts trouble as she tries to forget her marriage in a round of gaiety. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS As a doctor, Floyd Corey would never object to being called one of the pillars of the town. But he never expected to become a political pillar, and his brief, accidental adventure as deputy mayor almost convinced him to stick to his last. Will certain revelations



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that really sings
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unmatched
little things

Accessories make your party dress . . . and *matching color* makes your accessories. Use it in gay, unexpected ways . . . tint pearl beads a brilliant Rit Coral to match gloves you dyed this selfsame hue. Or tint your dancing slippers Turquoise and dip a chiffon handkerchief a blending Aqua tone. Match your party bag to the lining of your coat . . . just for fun. Creating joyous color schemes is so easy . . . with All Purpose Rit.

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DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 23)

It's
eggs-tra
good for
your hair!



Watch this luxury lather make your hair exciting to behold! Suddenly glowing clean... silky... amazingly manageable! That's the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Conditions any hair! Try it! 29¢, 59¢ and \$1

about the mayor himself change not only Floyd's mind, but his wife Lona's as well? Chicanery never did go down with Lona Corey! NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE For many months Julie and the doctors have been joined in a quiet conspiracy to help Julie's husband Reed conserve his health without making him too conscious of his limitations. Now, however, a new course of treatment makes Reed irritably aware of his illness. How will this affect his relations with his new partner, which are already strained? What will Julie do if there's trouble? CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson and all those most dear to him had a narrow escape from the vicious Thelma Nelson, and Bill's daughter Nancy was so exhausted by the experience that she cannot bring her normal affection and energy back into her relationship with her husband, Kerry Donovan, or her father, much as she loves them. Realizing that Nancy faces a crisis, Bill forces himself to take an unprecedented step. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo, still suffering from the loss of memory that makes him unable to call Phoebe Larkins a liar when she claims to be his wife, is an almost helpless victim in Phoebe's plan to rob the Dunbar mines and place the blame on him. Only his real wife, Belle, is working to save him—but, without the cooperation Lorenzo's amnesia prevents him from giving her, can she get the proof she needs in time? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Never was a wedding more clouded over by ominous thoughts than that of Vanessa to Paul Raven. Even Van found it hard to forget the unknown secret of Paul's past, though she had determined not to let it come between them. Will the day come when she must forget that decision? Will the curiosity of her sister Meg make that day come even sooner than it had to? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS All the Pierces trust Ma Perkins—that was Alf Pierce's reason for making her promise to be trustee for the money he left his son. Billy, too, trusts and respects Ma—but not even she could convince him of the truth about his young wife Laura. Will it be Laura herself who inadvertently reveals to Billy that she will stop at nothing to get control of his money? How will Billy react to the shock? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Carefully, perhaps too rigidly, brought up by their father's old-fashioned principles, Claudia and Hazel Barbour run into trouble in their first serious encounters with men. Through Johnny Roberts, Claudia is brought to the brink of death, and it is certain that the dynamic, almost sinister personality of Danny Frank will leave its mark on Hazel's future, for better or worse. NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Kevin Bromfield, who sacrificed his life to save Sunday, did not manage to save her happiness, for the memory of his love for her seems destined to stand forever between Sunday

and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope. With Henry's resentment as a weapon, his assistant, Eve Barrett, has almost everything she needs to pursue her openly avowed aim to break up his marriage. Will Eve be successful? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda, devoted to the little farm they were making into the home of their dreams, hated being uprooted to make way for an oil well, but their distrust of the man who was advising Father Young about the oil operation was not based on their own discomfort. Instinct helped them spot one misrepresentation—but is it always reliable as a method of distinguishing friends from enemies? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason reaches the climax of his fight to save Kate Beekman's life as Prosecutor Abt presents the State's case against her for the murder of Gordy Webber. Mason and Abt are old antagonists who know each other's tricks by heart, but Mason also knows that Abt would become his ally if he suspected Kate had been framed. Can Mason gather the needed proof in time? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE There is no flaw in the understanding and love that make the foundation of the Mannings' marriage. Portia knows that, proud though he is of her talent, Walter needs to be the only breadwinner in the family. What happens when a strange series of events makes it impossible for her to refuse to take a case, and throws her into the limelight in a way that overshadows Walter's achievements? CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Every aspect of Carolyn Nelson's life underwent severe strain while her husband was Governor, and at the close of his term she was more relieved than regretful to go back to private life. Does Miles share her feelings? Or does he miss his prestige and eminence enough to take a dangerous chance to regain them—a chance that may lead to more trouble than even Carolyn suspects? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's fight to regain the baby she was once anxious to get rid of has become another battle in her war against Dr. Jim Brent's happiness—a war that her resourceful, ruthless father is equally determined to carry on. Can Jim and Jocelyn really be hurt by a threat as obvious as Sybil? Or is there some way in which they do not realize they are vulnerable—a way Sybil may discover and use? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Wealthy Brett Chapman is delighted to be host to designer Helen Trent when the studio for which she works goes on location near his ranch. But with Helen comes her scheming young assistant, Loretta Cole, who is still preoccupied with improving her own future, though her engagement to Brett's son Richie has been announced. How will Helen be affected if Richie, defying his father, finds himself disinherited? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Young Lonny Cisar, a

member of the Boys Club sponsored by Bill Roberts, is so badly hurt by a shrewd, self-seeking girl that Bill's wife Rosemary makes a project of helping him back to a healthier adjustment. Will Betty's obvious fondness for him help Lonny forget Monica? And will Rosemary become so absorbed in the youngsters that she finds herself with an unexpected problem of her own to solve? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Some time ago, Joanne Barron found it impossible to go ahead with plans for her marriage because a sense of oppression came between her and all thought of the future. At the time she could not understand it, but the days that followed made it plain enough that her dread has been justified. What will happen if she cannot identify her enemies? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan and Terry Burton are delighted when Stan's sister Marcia finds a long-delayed happiness in her marriage with Lew Archer. But Stan has his fingers crossed, for he has a firm lack of faith in Marcia's judgment and fully expects that sooner or later some whim of hers will cause trouble. Nobody is more surprised than he is when the trouble does arrive—from a totally unexpected quarter. CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM New hope for happiness seemed to dawn for Peter Ames and his three children when Jane Andrews became their housekeeper some time after the death of Peter's wife. Will Jane's mysterious, powerful past make it impossible for that hope to see fulfillment? And will Peter's jealous sister-in-law Pauline lend the past a willing helping hand, in her hope of winning Peter for herself? CBS-TV.

THE SEEKING HEART As assistant to Dr. John Adams, young Dr. Robin McKay finds herself allied with him professionally and emotionally as they try to protect a young heiress from what they are certain is a plot to gain control of her fortune. Will this association lead to emotional complications—and is this just what John's wife Grace has been waiting for? Will Robin find herself a pawn in a dangerous, hidden game? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Though Stella can see what Ada Dexter is trying to do, she can find no means of keeping the wealthy old eccentric from carrying out her plan to break up the marriage of Stella's daughter Laurel so that her own son, Stanley Warwick, can become Laurel's husband. Must Stella stand by to see her beloved child's happiness crushed by the mad plans of this dangerous woman, or can she bring Laurel and Dick together again? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE If the Syndicate were not such a terrible threat, Nora might almost be grateful to it, for it was the danger to both of them that brought her and Fred together. But the Syndicate's power cannot be lightly dismissed, and Nora now finds it threatening her peace in a new way. Can she be made to doubt Fred's devotion? Will Wyn Robinson's vengeful cooperation with Dan Welch cost Nora her marriage? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Mary Clare never lost her firm faith that she and Bill would resume their interrupted marriage, but even she is dazzled by the abrupt return of Bill's memory and the happy future that seems to be opening before them. Has Vince Bannister really been

wiped from their lives? Have they helped Nan Waring and her daughter to begin a safe, secure life—or have they only created more danger for them? NBC-TV.

A TIME TO LIVE Is it possible to save someone who doesn't want to be saved? Reporter Kathy Byron's spirited fight to clear Greta Powers is almost wrecked by the dejected Greta's defeatism—and so is Kathy's promising career. But Kathy's wits serve her well, and she comes out of the crisis with a growing reputation, a couple of new friends—and a romantic problem. Or is it only a problem to the young man concerned? NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson is too sensible to blame herself for her daughter Diane's mistakes, but she is almost in despair at the shoddy selfishness that not even marriage helped Diane to outgrow. If she must also see her son Mickey through a romantic crisis, will Helen have any heart left for her own personal life—which became so much more interesting and complicated when pilot Chris Kendall came into it? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy is delighted when her playwright husband emerges from a period of paralyzing mental confusion to resume his work. But actress Maggie Fallon, who was once in love with Mark, warns Wendy that his collaboration with the shrewd young woman whose play he is doctoring may lead to trouble. Under normal circumstances Mark is well able to take care of himself. But is Maggie right in worrying now? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Under the guidance and sponsorship of the brilliant Dr. Davon, Joan Davis enters a new, trying phase of her life as an assistant in a nursing home. What lies behind the enmity of the supervisor? Will she make it impossible for Joan to succeed in the project that has become so vitally necessary now that her circumstances have changed so drastically? Or will Joan's honesty checkmate the strange woman? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE All the Carters would say that they grew up in a quiet, everyday household, where crises were few and far between. Now that they are adults, they realize for the first time just how many of those crises were disposed of by their parents before they ever realized what was going on. Will this make them more or less able to cope with difficulties on their own? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Working with a staff he knows and trusts, Dr. Jerry Malone has guided the Dineen Clinic to an important position in Three Oaks. He cannot believe that ambitious Dr. Ted Mason offers any real threat to his own security or the Clinic's integrity, though his friend Dr. Browne is fully aware of Mason's ideas and Jerry himself knows Mason to be mercenary rather than idealistic. Is Jerry too confident? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown, who lost her fiancé to one scheming woman, now faces the lying trap in which a second vicious woman has caught Michael Forsyth, to whom Ellen had turned on the rebound from Anthony Loring. Is Ellen misguided in retaining her faith in Michael despite Harriet Summers' accusations? Will Anthony's wife Millicent, well aware of her husband's love for Ellen, help Harriet's schemes? NBC Radio.

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No More hateful blackheads, over-oily skin or pimples to keep you from having fun. You *can* be lovely, alluring. It's easy if you take these 3 steps:

Step One: Cut down sweets, pastries, starchy foods. Eat sensibly.

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TV Radio Mirror Wants Your Vote

STARS

Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Autry, Gene
Ball, Suzan
Barker, Lex
Baxter, Anne
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Booth, Shirley
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Burton, Richard
Calhoun, Rory
Caron, Leslie
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Clift, Montgomery
Clooney, Rosemary
Cochran, Steve
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeanne
Crawford, Joan
Crosby, Bing
Crowley, Pat
Curtis, Tony
Dahl, Arlene
Damone, Vic
Darvi, Bella
Day, Doris
DeCarlo, Yvonne
Douglas, Kirk
Ferrer, Jose
Fleming, Rhonda
Francis, Robert
Gable, Clark
Gardner, Ava
Garland, Judy
Garson, Greer
Grable, Betty
Grahame, Gloria
Granger, Stewart

Hayden, Sterling
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Hepburn, Audrey
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeff
Hunter, Tab
Johnson, Van
Jones, Jennifer
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kelly, Gene
Kelly, Grace
Kerr, Deborah
Ladd, Alan
Lamas, Fernando
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Leigh, Janet
Lemmon, Jack
MacMurray, Fred
Madison, Guy
Martin, Dewey
Martin & Lewis
Mason, James
Mature, Victor
Mayo, Virginia
Milland, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn
Moore, Terry
Murphy, Audie
Nader, George
Novak, Kim
O'Connor, Donald
O'Hara, Maureen

Paget, Debra
Palance, Jack
Parker, Eleanor
Peck, Gregory
Peters, Jean
Pidgeon, Walter
Powell, Dick
Powell, Jane
Power, Tyrone
Purdom, Edmund
Reed, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Rogers, Ginger
Rogers, Roy
Roland, Gilbert
Rush, Barbara
Russell, Jane
Saint, Eva Marie
Simmons, Jean
Sinatra, Frank
Stack, Robert
Stanwyck, Barbara
Stewart, James
Taylor, Elizabeth
Taylor, Robert
Thompson, Carlos
Tierney, Gene
Todd, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Turner, Lana
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Webb, Clifton
Webb, Jack
Widmark, Richard
Wilding, Michael
Williams, Esther
Winters, Shelley
Wyman, Jane
Wynn, May

Here's your chance to vote for your favorite male and female movie performer and your favorite film of the year. To help with your selection, we have listed here the movies released this year and the names of the featured players. *

MOVIES

About Mrs. Leslie
Act of Love
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe
Americano, The
Apache
Athena
Barefoot Contessa, The
Beat the Devil
Beau Brummell
Bengal Brigade
Big Rainbow, The
Black Shield of Falworth, The
Brigadoon
Broken Lance
Caine Mutiny, The
Carnival Story
Casanova's Big Night
Command, The
Country Girl, The
Creature from the Black Lagoon
Dangerous Mission
Demetrius and the Gladiators
Desiree
Dial "M" for Murder
Dragnet
Drum Beat
Easy to Love
Eddie Cantor Story, The
Egyptian, The
Elephant Walk
Executive Suite
Flame and the Flesh
Forever Female
Francis Joins the WACS
French Line, The
Garden of Evil
Glenn Miller Story, The
Hell and High Water
Hell Below Zero
High and the Mighty, The
His Majesty O'Keefe
Hobson's Choice
Hondo
Indiscretion of an American Wife
It Should Happen to You
Johnny Dark
Johnny Guitar
King Richard and the Crusaders

Knights of the Round Table
Knock on Wood
Last Time I Saw Paris, The
Little Kidnappers, The
Living It Up
Long, Long Trailer, The
Lucky Me
Ma and Pa Kettle at Home
Magnificent Obsession
Man with a Million
Men of the Fighting Lady
Money from Home
Miss Sadie Thompson
Naked Alibi
Naked Jungle, The
Night People
On the Waterfront
Paratrooper
Passion
Phffft
Prince Valiant
Pushover
Rear Window
Red Garters
Rhapsody
River of No Return
Rob Roy
Rose Marie
Sabrina
Saskatchewan
Secret of the Incas
Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
She Couldn't Say No
Son of Sinbad
Star Is Born, A
Strategic Air Command
Student Prince, The
Suddenly
Susan Slept Here
Them
This Is My Love
Three Coins in the Fountain
Track of the Cat
Vanishing Prairie, The
Vera Cruz
Walking My Baby Back Home
White Christmas
Wild One, The
Woman's World
Yankee Pasha
Young at Heart

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1954

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER _____

BEST MALE PERFORMER _____

BEST FILM OF 1954 _____

Mail your ballot to TV RADIO MIRROR, Box 1730
Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. Ballots must be received no later than December 10, 1954.
You need not sign your name, but mail your vote today!

TVRM



Christmas Memories

See Next Page

Christmas Memories

For my brother Lee and myself, Christmas has always been a time of happiness—of sharing priceless gifts and memorable, heartwarming experiences

By GEORGE LIBERACE

WHETHER rich or poor, Christmas is a time of happiness. I remember those early Christmases when my brother Lee (Liberace) and I were very young. Our mother and father struggled to make a living, but when Christmas came the struggle couldn't keep the smiles off our young faces.

I think we all have a sense of expectancy during the Christmas holidays—probably because we know that spring, with all its new growth, is just around the corner; more probably because the season really is a symbol of new birth. A new year is beginning, and hope and courage are born again in the hearts of men—just as they were on that Christmas morning almost two thousand years ago.

It doesn't take much to make children happy at Christmas. Lee and I learned that when we were very young. I remember those first Christmases our family spent at Grandmother's home up in Menasha, Wisconsin. Grandmother dressed as Santa Claus! During her summers, Grandmother spent her days knitting gloves, socks, and tasseled caps which would cover our ears. We needed them; Menasha in the

winter months usually stood window-high in snow.

No, it doesn't take much to make children happy at Christmas. Dressed alike in Grandmother's knitted outfits, Lee, our sister Angie, and I felt like miniature royalty riding along in Grandfather's sled. We lived from Christmas to Christmas, I think, in anticipation of those sleigh rides—and they didn't cost a cent.

I can still remember the cold crispness of the snow and the warmth of the lap robe; and I still can see the steam (as Lee called it) choo-choo-training out of the horses' noses. We three (Rudy hadn't been born yet) grinned so much, so widely, racing through that frozen air, that our faces hurt.

And after the ride, of course, it was the men's duty to feed the horses; that meant Lee and me. To make a young boy happy, there's nothing like the thrill that comes from feeding his horse—and Grandfather's horses were ours for the holidays. A warm velvet nose pressed against a five-year-old boy's hand, full of oats, is a sensation that sets his young world tingling. All the wealth in the country couldn't have bought us more pleasure. (Continued on page 66)

The Liberace Show is seen in most major cities throughout the U.S. and Canada. Check your local papers for correct time and station, for both the TV presentation and *The Liberace Radio Show*.

Christmas, 1952, was memorable for two wonderful friends and associates—Lee's arranger Gordon Robinson (left) and director Duke Goldstone (at right with Lee and me)—for Lee really went overboard and gave each of them a piano.





Songstress Paula Kelly approves of Lee's gift-wrapping. Lee spends a half-hour on each one, matches wrapping with gift.

Lee and I try to make Christmases happier for polio victims like Debbie Stone.

Last year, friends such as Paula were kept busy admiring Lee's *three* trees.

Though Lee is an expert chef himself, he bows to Mom as the chief cook.



so glad to meet Millie!



*I've learned a lot from playing this lovable
screwball—and even more from meeting her fans*



My TV "family" includes Alfred Prinzmetal (Marvin Kaplan), Mama (Florence Halop), my woman-hating boss (Roland Winters), and his not-so-woman-hating son (Ross Ford). But my real-life universe revolves around my little boy Richard (opposite page).

By ELENA VERDUGO

I'VE LEARNED a lot from Millie. As Elena Verdugo, girl actress in private life (sometimes called "the Vague Verdugo"), I've learned that Millie (sometimes called "the Mad Millie") is not so crazy after all.

Sure, Millie has a balmy sense of humor, one which serves as an efficient trouble magnet; problems of all shapes and sizes are drawn to her like ants to honey; but she's never had a problem too big to overcome. The reason, I think, is because *Millie gets along with everyone*.

We live in a world of science—atoms, rockets, and television—but as long as there are people around we have to get along with them. How to get along? That's what I'm learning from Millie.

Take the relationship between parents and children, for example. I come from an old Spanish family whose roots are planted deeply in the history of California. My parents lived and thought about family life very much as their old-school European ancestors did. It's like a "We are your mother and father and you are our child—*there'll be no arguing*" attitude. Of course, the Europeans don't have a monopoly on this old-fashioned kind of family life. There are plenty of American families who raise their children in the same way.

It's difficult for a child from such (Continued on page 74)



Having a son like Richard makes every day a holiday. Christmas is something special, but so is Richard—who has strong ideas of his own about both his mother and Millie!





It's a rare occasion indeed when Arnold and I can get David, Deborah *and* "Thurber" to sit so still.

M

arriage can be fun

He may be brash on the Berle show, but Arnold was really a bashful suitor—and proved to be the most considerate husband in the world

Neither of us likes the other to wear hats.





Our treasured moments are simple ones: Searching for ducks in the brook near home; telling funny stories and making big promises to encourage eating; and (right) our fondest treasure, Bessie—Mrs. William Hand—the children's nurse.

By MRS. ARNOLD STANG

CONSIDERING that my husband, Arnold Stang, makes his living as a comedian, I suppose it was not so suprising that, when he introduced me to his mother, her first words were, "Oh, yes. You're the girl who cries at the train!"

Although I am no longer classed as a perennial weeper, that statement held a lot of truth for too long a time. But, in order to explain, I'll have to go back eight years to when Arnold and I first met.

It was the summer of 1946 and I was a reporter on the *Brooklyn Eagle*. I had arranged to interview "Mr." Stang and, after he met me at the office, we went to lunch and, over chicken croquettes and iced coffee, I got all the necessary particulars about Arnold Stang, comedian. (We (Continued on page 89)

Arnold is seen on *The Buick-Berle Show*, over NBC-TV, every other Tuesday, 8 P.M. EST, for the Buick Div. of General Motors.



Don't let Arnold and Milton Berle fool you with their arguing on TV . . . they're really the best of friends.

Our home—which we're still remodeling—is truly our castle, the source of our happiest moments.



Portrait of AUNT JENNY



Agnes Young by name, forever young by nature,
she has an age-old warmth and wisdom

By MARTIN COHEN

WHEN WOMEN first meet Agnes Young—especially those who have listened to her as *Aunt Jenny* for years—they appear to be a little wary and doubtful. They have come to love Aunt Jenny and seem to fear that Agnes Young will be “just an actress.” But even the most critical and most expectant of these women are delighted, for Agnes Young is a surprising person in her own right.

“If they are disappointed, it is only in one way,” says her daughter Nancy. “They expect Mother to be aged and gray.”

Agnes Young has brown hair. Her gray-blue eyes are very bright and alert. For all her professional experience and her twenty-three-year-old daughter, she is a young woman—young in appearance and young in heart—but her (Continued on page 85)

Agnes Young stars in the title role of *Aunt Jenny*, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 12:15 P.M. EST, for Spry and other products of Lever Brothers.

Agnes Young's hobbies couldn't be more typical of Aunt Jenny: Crocheting colorful afghans . . . baking the most delectable desserts . . . sharing playful moments with the Siamese cat, “Barnaby” . . . and—above all—creating a complete family life, the year around, for husband Jimmy Wells and their actress-daughter Nancy.



No "secret storm" for Susan



*Virginia Dwyer thinks
it's fine to be an actress
but best of all to be
an understanding mother*

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

Like other little girls, Susan is learning to cook and keep house. She also knows about scripts—but has ambitions for the future all her own.

WHEN Virginia Dwyer puts on her apron, cooks a meal and takes over as Jane Edwards, the competent and sage housekeeper in *The Secret Storm*, she is actually doing what she likes best in the world. For this pretty red-headed woman—who certainly doesn't look old enough to be the mother of her "nearly twelve" daughter Susan—revels in housekeeping and would like nothing better than to have the time to do all her own cooking and run her home like any other young suburban matron. But, for the moment, she can express her homemaking instincts only on her five-day-a-week show over CBS-TV.

In order to give Susan—who is a miniature of her attractive mother—the kind of life Virginia believes is the right of every child, she has set up an almost superhuman schedule for herself. For many years, Virginia and Susan lived in a New York apartment. They have lived alone together ever since Susan was a baby and Virginia and her newsman husband separated. All this time, Virginia has put her daughter's welfare and interests above her own. So, now that Susan is ready to enter junior high, her mother decided that it was time they lived someplace where (Continued on page 68)

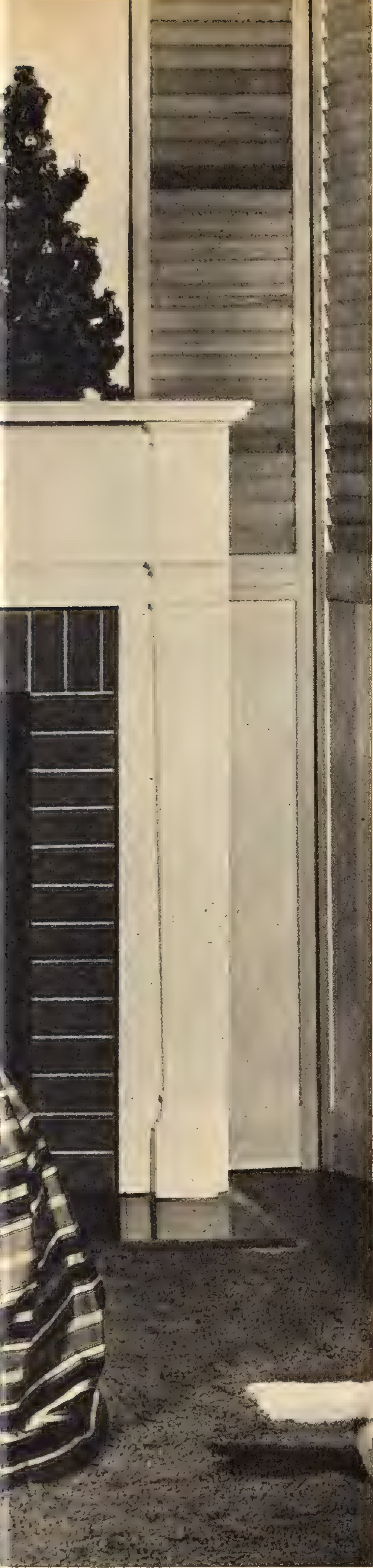


Mother and daughter find it's easier to do things together in the country—like skating—and easier to invite friends to call.

Virginia Dwyer is Jane Edwards in *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.



Christmas is the infinitely precious season of birth, looking ahead—



PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

OUT OF DOORS, the air is crisp with a promise of snow, and within the house—warm and alive with the joys of a family Christmas—there is also a promise. A tall tree blazes with colored lights and ornaments treasured from year to year, bright tinsel and ribbon are everywhere about the room, and party-dressed youngsters giggle and shriek with pleasure. . . . Christmas is their season, Pepper Young thought, his heart filled with contentment at the sight of the family gathered around his hearth. His own son Button, turning from toy to toy in a merry-go-round of delight, showed Pepper and his wife Linda how pale Christmases had been when they were childless. And Pepper's sister Peggy Young Trent, aglow with maternal pride and love for Hal and young Ivy, mirrored their happy feelings. . . . Yes, Christmas is for children, and it is also a time that looks ahead into a shining new year. The important thing, Pepper said to himself, is to look ahead, to forget the past year's angers and disappointments, and renew that peace of mind and inspiration which are the season's greatest gifts. For Christmas time celebrates the long-ago birth of a Holy Child, and it is dedicated, now and forever, to children . . . and to those grownups who have retained the innocence of heart which shares a child's joy at the season's blessings.

Pepper Young's Family, on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Camay, Joy, Spic and Span. Pictured here, left to right, in their original roles, are: Betty Wragge as Peggy Young Trent, Richard Wigginton as Hal Trent, Mason Adams as Pepper Young, Eunice Howard as Linda.

through the clear, innocent eyes of children—to a bright new year

Everything A MAN COULD WANT



The Desmonds have plenty to eat today, but Ruth and I can remember when we lived on love—and very little else!

By JOHNNY DESMOND

BACK IN DETROIT, where I was a kid, they had an expression to describe anybody who turned into a sensation overnight. They called him a "ten-day wonder." Those words could describe anybody who burst into sudden fame; they could be said of somebody who turned into a genius on an automobile production line, or some youngster who became a one-game star in basketball, or some performer who made an unexpected smash hit the first time he stepped on a stage.

Those words described me, back a few years ago. I didn't realize at the time that the description fitted so well. But it sure did, now that I think about it. Something else, too: those words (Continued on page 69)

Johnny Desmond sings on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, ABC-TV and ABC Radio, M-F, 9 A.M. EST—sponsored on radio by Swift & Co., Philco Corp., Quaker Oats Co., Rockwood & Co., ReaLemon-Puritan Co.—on TV, by Philco, Quaker Oats, and A. E. Staley Co.

Got a song in my heart, a grand job with Don's Breakfast Club—and three wonderful girls at home



Don McNeill taught me how to relax and enjoy my work like everyone else on his *Breakfast Club* program—to be just as informal at the mike as I am at the easel during a family "oil-painting session."





I met Ruth Keddington when we sang in the same quartet, back in the early days of my professional career. Now she's Mrs. Desmond, and we have our own home-style quartet—including those very "youthful lyric" sopranos, Diane, 8, and Patti, 5.



THE PHRASE THAT PAYS

Dummy mike, of course—Ted "eats, sleeps and lives" radio, but doesn't bathe in it!

By FRANCES KISH

TED BROWN, emcee of NBC's *The Phrase That Pays*, occasionally asks one of his telephone contestants: "What do you think I look like?" A pause. Then: "What's that?" He repeats the answer for the benefit of the studio audience and the radio listeners. "You say you think I'm tall, dark and handsome? And good-natured? Madam, I'm sorry to tell you this, but you're wrong." And he stops to grin impishly at the audience. "You say that's the way I always sound to you? Oh, thank you, kind lady." Then he grins again, and the studio audience smiles right back at him, knowing that—no matter what he says—the lady has guessed just about right.

For this quick-tongued quizmaster is a slender, tall young fellow (five feet, ten and a half inches) and darkly good-looking (black hair, hazel eyes behind tortoise-rimmed glasses). And wonderfully easygoing and relaxed. Except that, when you watch him carefully, you see—under the easy manner and the general spirit of tomfoolery pervading his broadcasts—that he's a rather serious young man. (Until that grin of his takes over.)

Ted is serious about some things. Things like his home, his pretty brown-eyed, red-haired wife Rhoda. His two boys, teen-age Tony and three-year-old Rickey. His ambition to accomplish a lot of things before time catches up with him. (Time hasn't even begun to, so he needn't worry for a long stretch to come.)

Continued ➤



**For Ted and Rhoda Brown, the
answer will always be:
"Home-keeping hearts are happiest"**



There's a "heap o' livin'" in the Brown home (opposite page). Ted and "Ro" broadcast their local daily programs there. Teen-aged Tony and runabout Rickey have their own ideas to help their parents' shows. And they all have hobbies to fill the leisure moments in between.



THE PHRASE THAT PAYS

(Continued)



Young Rickey believes "clothes make the man," so he helps daddy Ted select a tie.



Bricks for a barbecue? Ted's always ready to rebuild anything "nearer to the heart's desire."

The Browns live in a nine-room house in a section of New York not far out from the skyscrapers but still miraculously open to sun, wind and stars. They bought their home from the man who had built it to the specifications of a house he had loved in Wales, and in the basement he had constructed fine organs on which no doubt many an old Welsh song had been played. Now the basement has been partially converted into a complete broadcasting studio, from which Ted's two other radio shows are aired—with wife Rhoda participating—six mornings a week from seven to nine and evenings from six to seven over WMGM, New York. *The Phrase That Pays*, which Ted conducts alone, five days a week, is broadcast from a big NBC studio in New York.

Rising time is 6:30 A.M. Just before seven, the engineer calls up: "One minute to go"—and they're on the air, Rhoda usually in a crisp housecoat, Ted in his favorite costume of sports shirt and slacks ("Casual, verging on sloppy," is his description of his outfits for these informal morning sessions). Sometimes Rickey wanders sleepily downstairs in his nightclothes, climbs up on Rhoda's lap and decides to say something on the program. Usually something helpful . . . such as the time Ted asked if he

liked the soft drink bottled by one of the show's sponsors, and Rickey answered a very definite "No"—then quite unexpectedly announced that *his* preference was all for beer. "He remembers all the commercials, and whichever one is uppermost in his mind at the moment is the one he talks about, so we never know what he's going to come up with," Rhoda explains, tossing her short-cropped hair in amusement over the drolleries of a little boy.

A very cute little boy, who is his mother's shadow. Bitti-Boo is Rhoda's shadow, too—Bitti-Boo being the pure-white midget poodle. The three other dogs are a gray midget poodle named Boysy, Hammy the Airedale, and Tima the terrier. A pampered lot, for whom a dog's life is something rather special.

The Browns currently are in the throes of re-making their homestead, having just ripped out the old kitchen and put in a brand-new one. The dining room is practically finished—furnished and decorated in Provincial

Ted Brown emcees *The Phrase That Pays*, over the NBC Radio Network, Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M. EST, sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Co. Ted and Rhoda Brown are heard in the New York area over WMGM, Mon. through Sat., from 7 to 9 A.M., 6 to 7 P.M.



Ted's and Rhoda's broadcasts over WMGM give Rickey unexpected chances to prove the old saying about "out of the mouths of babes." But, around the Brown household, the phrase-that-pays-off-biggest—for dogs—is "a man's best friend." They have four pampered pooches, including snow-white Bitti-Boo.

style—and the living-room furnishings are being gradually assembled. Rhoda had a huge curved sofa made to her own design. "You know," Ted describes it, "one of those which are thirteen feet long and just wind and wind around."

It's an easygoing, cooperative household, although Ted might call it "our crazy, mixed-up home," because nobody has any set schedule, except for the broadcasts and the children. The grownups eat when they feel like eating. Their maids always get used to this sort of thing, after a while, and don't seem to mind if somebody suddenly decides to raid the icebox or do some fancy cooking. In an emergency of any kind, everybody pitches in, anyhow. They're that kind of close-knit gang.

"At the merest whisper from me that I could go for one of her cherry pies, Ro will whisk into the kitchen and bake me a beauty," Ted boasts. "She may not like cleaning up afterwards, but she is meticulous about cleanliness, and she loves to cook. She's so fussy about everything being clean that we go on vacations armed with supplies to scrub out all the rooms we are going to inhabit, however briefly. At home, however, she likes to let someone else do the (Continued on page 83)





Sweetheart OF THE CROSBYS

She's our guiding star, our sternest judge, our refuge and our strength.

There's only one word for her: "Mom!"



Three glamour girls: My daughter Cathy, wife June—and Mom. At left: Same trio, with my sons Bob Jr. and Chris (standing) and Steve (seated beside Mom)—my fourth glamour girl, Malia (in June's lap)—and myself (more or less in the middle, as usual).

By BOB CROSBY

HOW WOULD YOU like to have five devoted and more-or-less (not you, Everett—you're more) presentable beaux hanging on your every word? How would you like to be a beautiful girl, courted, admired, complimented, begged to accept a mink coat and a chauffeur-driven Cadillac . . . and yet be able to say "no" firmly but affectionately, while still retaining the ardent affection of your swains?

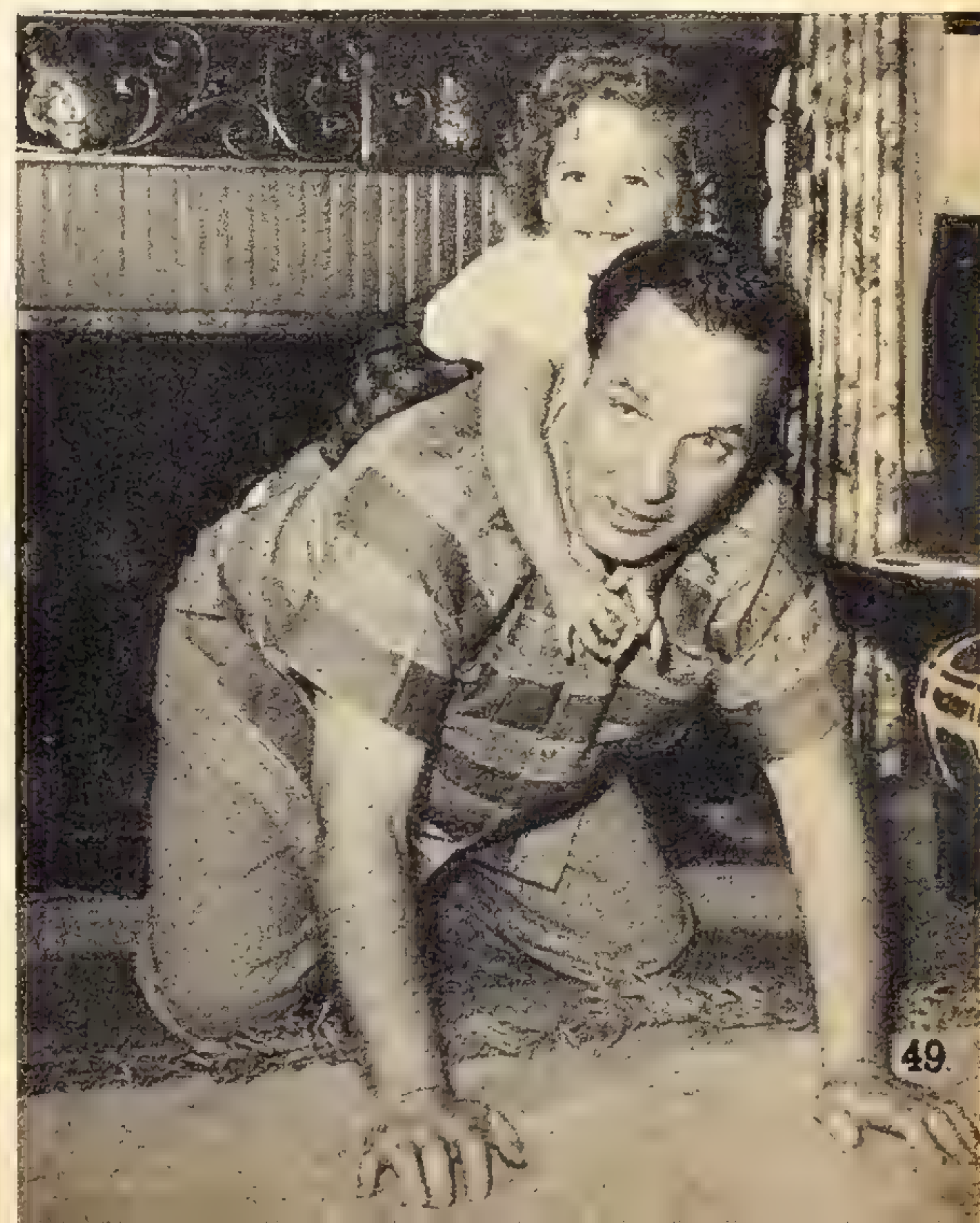
The Crosbys have such a girl.

We call her "Mom."

She's worth her weight in uranium, yet she's as unpretentious as apple pie. She could have any material thing she wanted (this side of the Aga Khan—and Bing can't make the weight), but she's a marvel of canny economy. When brother Bing tried to buy Mom a mink coat, she looked incredulous—and asked, (*Continued on page 76*)

The Bob Crosby Show, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. Bob is also heard on the *Jack Benny Program*, CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M., for Lucky Strike Cigarettes. All EST.

Below: A few of the Crosby boys—including one known as Bing ("Harry," to Mom)—and our littlest sweetheart, Malia.





LOVE FOR A LIFETIME

Like Vanessa Dale, Peggy McCay wants to marry "for keeps," with heart and mind both satisfied

By MARY TEMPLE

EVER SINCE Vanessa Dale's romance on *Love Of Life* has become a high point of that TV drama, people have been asking Peggy McCay, the girl who plays her, how she herself would react to Vanessa's problems.

"Exactly as Van does, I am sure," Peggy answers. "Van thinks of marriage as a solemn and serious step. So do I. She believes that marriage should be for keeps. So do I. Not to be entered into lightly—although we both realize that it's the light touch which helps keep a marriage happy. By this, I mean the way two people can laugh at their problems together, even while they are (Continued on page 72)"

Peggy is Vanessa in *Love Of Life*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., Chef Boyardee.

(Left) This treasured friend of Peggy's is "Prince Boo." (Below) Charles Woods of the Manhattan Riding Club sees them off for a morning canter in the park.



Peggy thinks about marriage, hopes that—by using her mind—she may one day have a home as happy as the one she now shares with her mother and dad.



Dress-up dates are fun, but Peggy knows it's really the simple things—those quiet moments together—which tell a girl's heart when the time has come to say yes.



EVER IN HIS HEART

From school days, Vaughn Monroe has always been true to his first loves: Marion—and music

By GREGG MARTIN

WHEN you say *Monroe*, stranger, whistle! Not since the Monroe Doctrine has the name had such impact on Americans. The Magnificent Monroes, Marilyn and Vaughn, although unrelated, have the same throb effect on members of the opposite sex. Marilyn sets the boys to whistling with her feminine charms and the blonde beauty which could launch a thousand ships. Vaughn sets the girls to whistling with his masculine good looks—and the singing voice which has already sold some thirty million records!

Through these recordings and his multitudinous broadcasts and personal appearances, Vaughn has flipped and fluttered the hearts of thousands of females, but he was true to his first love, his schoolgirl sweetheart, and married same. Vaughn has been fabulously successful, but his disposition has been the same in dungarees or white-tie-and-tails. He's not the kind you would accuse of trying to set the world on fire.

"Vaughn is easygoing, friendly and trusting," his wife Marian says. "He lives for (Continued on page 87)"

Vaughn Monroe is the Voice of RCA on *Sid Caesar's Hour*, NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Radio Corporation of America, American Chicle Co., and Speidel Corporation—also on those NBC-TV "color spectaculars" seen every fourth Monday, 8 to 9:30 P.M., for the Ford Motor Co. and RCA.



Monroe treasures include the antique silver which Marion collects . . . their handsome home near Boston . . . Vaughn's first cornet, above the fireplace . . . the cornet-base lamps he made . . . and the toy poodles, "Angel" and "Petit-Four."





Above, their greatest treasures, daughters Candy (left) and Christy. Below, The Meadows restaurant, owned and operated by the Monroes.



Leisure hours are spent in his workshop, playing with the girls—and the model trains he builds—and with his music. Gold discs on wall represent million-sale recordings.

TV RADIO MIRROR



YOU ARE the judge! Your votes will decide the winners of the eighth annual TV RADIO MIRROR Awards, in the only recognized, nationwide poll which offers you the opportunity to name your own favorites among the radio and television stars and programs which have won your heart. Fill out the ballots on these two pages—for either radio or TV—or *both*. You need not sign your name, but ballots must be postmarked not later than December 10, 1954. Mail yours today!

Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television

(Write name of one star in each column for each classification)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO STAR (specify show on which star appears)	FAVORITE TV STAR (specify show on which star appears)
Male Singer		
Female Singer		
Comedian		
Comedienne		
Daytime Drama Actor		
Daytime Drama Actress		
Evening Drama Actor		
Evening Drama Actress		
Daytime Emcee		
Evening Emcee		
News Commentator		
Sportscaster		
Husband-Wife Team		
Western Star		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1703, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

AWARDS for 1954-55

Vote for Your Favorite **PROGRAMS** on Radio and Television

(Write name of one program in each column for each classification)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM	FAVORITE TV PROGRAM
Daytime Drama		
Evening Drama		
Daytime Comedy		
Evening Comedy		
Daytime Variety		
Evening Variety		
Musical Program		
Mystery or Adventure		
Quiz Show		
Panel Show		
Women's Program		
Children's Program		
Western Program		
Best Program on Air		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1703, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

VOTING in the eighth annual TV RADIO MIRROR poll will end December 10, 1954, when a staff of independent tabulators starts adding up the votes you cast for your favorites. The exciting results will be announced in our May issue, complete with colorful pictures, intimate glimpses and exclusive stories of winning stars and shows. Remember—the only way your favorites can win the coveted TV RADIO MIRROR gold medals is with your votes. Cast yours today!



LOVE STORY for TODAY

*When star-kissed youngsters like
Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds meet,
there's bound to be a romance as
old as time, as unexpected as tomorrow*





Crowds gather wherever Eddie and Debbie go, whether they're together or apart. But Debbie was with Eddie (above) when he broke all-time attendance records, as 86,000 admirers gathered to hear him do an outdoor broadcast with Bill Silbert's "Saints and Spinners Club," over New York City Station WMGM.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

WHETHER you are near or far—no matter, darling, where you are—I think of you . . .”

Across America, the ardent voice of Eddie Fisher sings. Teenagers swoon and sigh, and older hearts remember, as love goes transcontinental today.

From New York—on *Coke Time*, over radio and TV—Eddie Fisher has sung his heart out, across the miles, into a modest green stucco home in Burbank, California . . . and into the starry eyes of a girl named Mary Frances (“Debbie”) Reynolds, who got the message.

Every tender ballad has lyrics that seem to have been written just for them. A melody that is theirs alone . . . in spite of the entire nation sharing it . . . in spite of the newspapers headlining it, and the columnists forecasting their future from it.

As Debbie philosophically remarked, “They all seem to know more about it than we do. When two people enjoy being together, they not only want to walk you down the aisle, they want to shoot you down it.”

With Debbie’s instinctive reluctance to let her heart show, she parried queries about whether or not she’s in love, with “I’ll answer this only to Eddie.” But they both answered it in a thousand ways. It would be easier to try to hide the sun. Their happiness rubbed off on everyone, from the start.

But, though they might be on “cloud nine,” they have tried to keep their feet firmly on the ground. Both had always believed in long engagements as insurance on marriage that will last a lifetime. “I’m a great believer in (Continued on page 81)

Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher is seen over the NBC-TV Network, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:30 P.M. EST, and heard over the Mutual Radio Network, Tuesday and Thursday, at 7:45 P.M. EST. Both sponsored by The Coca-Cola Company.



Mothers meet: When Mrs. Maxine Reynolds (left) and her daughter Debbie flew into New York, Eddie and Mrs. Kate Fisher were right there to greet them. Below, a real dress-up date for a romantic duo at the Stork Club.



BEAT THE CLOCK'S EXCITING BIG CONTEST

*Hurry! Hurry! This is your last chance
to win a beautiful Sylvania Chairside Theater*

THIS IS IT . . . your third and last chance to enter *Beat The Clock's* big contest and win a Sylvania Chairside Theater—complete with the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube, 27-inch screen and remote control unit—or a handsome radio clock. It's really easy—as proved by the entries already received in the two previous contests. Simply cut apart the three faces pictured on the next page and rearrange the sections so that they form the original portraits of three outstanding stars on TV and radio. After you have matched up the faces, paste them on a piece of paper and write the name of each one in the coupon on the opposite page. Then make up a last line to go with the limerick printed on the coupon. *Be sure the last line rhymes with the first two.* For example:

Two children who lived in Cathay
Became uncontrollably gay;
The cause of their glee
Was a show on TV,
*That's why they're still perched
there today.*

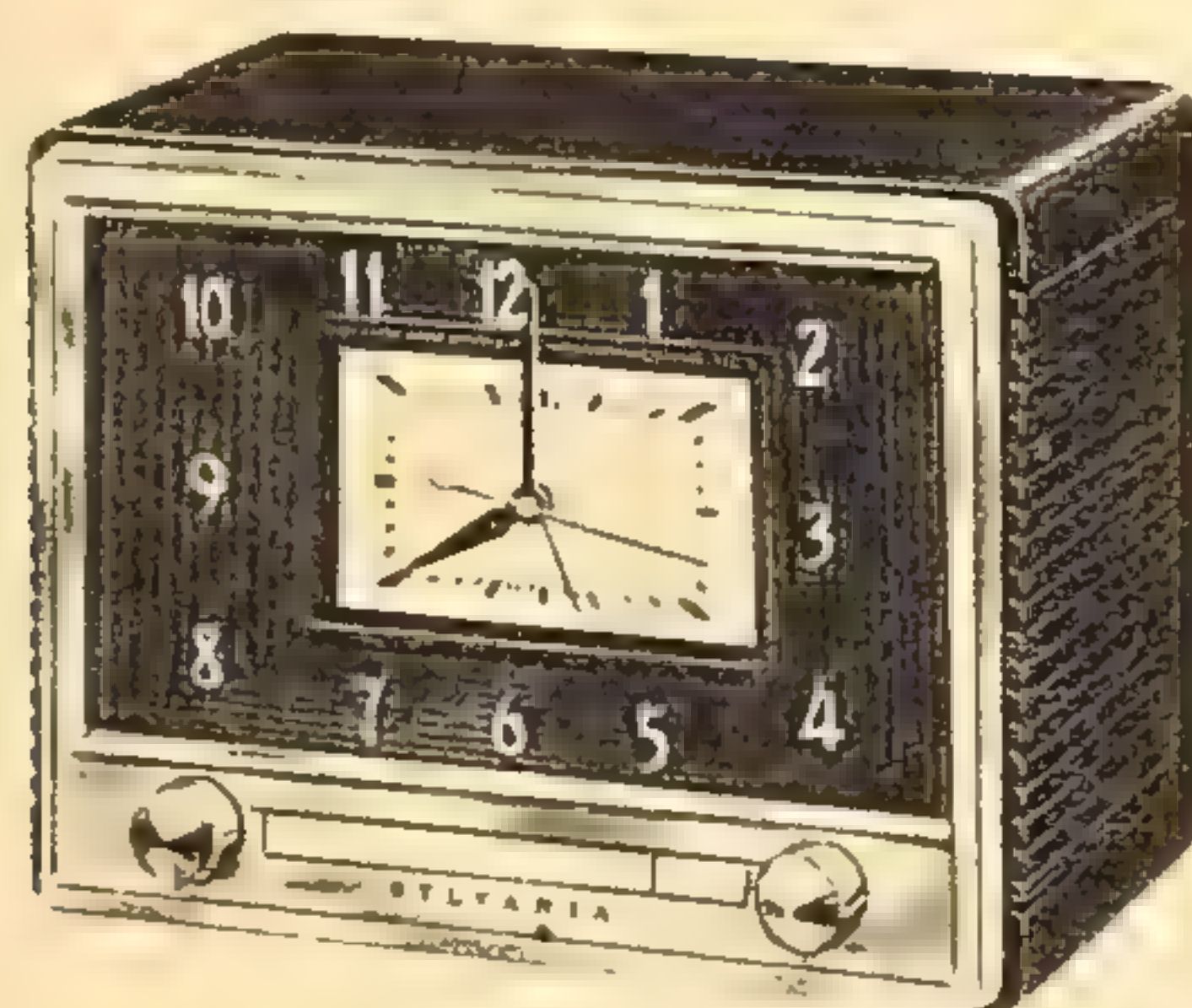
That's all there is to it. So don't delay—mail your entry today and you may win a TV set or radio clock!

Bud Collyer and Roxanne admire the first prize—a Sylvania Chairside Theater.





Who are they? Rearrange the sections of these three mixed-up faces to form the original portraits of three outstanding TV and radio personalities. Cut them apart on the dotted lines and paste them together in the right order.



Four handsome Sylvania radio clocks will be awarded to the runners-up.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each entry must include your filled-in coupon, as printed on this page, and your paste-up and identification of the faces shown above.
2. Address entries for this contest to:
BEAT THE CLOCK CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR,
P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.
3. This month's contest ends midnight, December 5, 1954. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
4. The winner of this contest will receive a Sylvania Chairside Theater, which includes a television set with a 27-inch screen and a remote control unit. The next four runners-up will each receive a Sylvania radio clock.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in rearranging and identifying the faces and originality in completing the limerick.
6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.
7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and Sylvania Electric Products Inc.
8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging has been completed.

BEAT THE CLOCK CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y

The faces pictured above are:

.....
.....
.....

LIMERICK

Two children who lived in Cathay
Became uncontrollably gay;
The cause of their glee
Was a show on TV,

Last line _____

YOUR NAME

STREET OR BOX NO.

CITY OR TOWN STATE

Beat The Clock, with Bud Collyer as emcee, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

Day



Practical expert

Rediscovered happiness: Everett and Clare at their wedding, in 1952.

“Farm” and “home” are more than words to Everett Mitchell . . .
they are the rewards of love, work, and undying hope

of Thanksgiving

By LILLA ANDERSON

THEIR SEARCH had started as the first new grass turned green on the hillsides. But, before Everett Mitchell and his bride Clare found the farm they wanted, the trees again bent stark branches to the icy wind.

Yet, although their chosen fields lay bare before them, Clare saw only the promise of bountiful fertility. "Let's call it The Beautiful Day Farm," she suggested.

Everett nodded and with a gratitude which came from deep within his own heart added, "Here's where we'll celebrate our next Thanksgiving."

Clare touched his hand. She, too, knew that to him the day held special significance. In his memories of the past five Thanksgivings, he could trace the course of crushing, tragic loss, deep sorrow, devastating loneliness and finally, like an unexpected rainbow, a new love and new life he had never thought he would find.

It was, for instance, the Thanksgiving in 1949 which had once marked a pinnacle in the career of Everett

Mitchell, the man who entered radio as a pioneer singer and found his life's work when he decided farm listeners deserved something more than the programs he described as "a weather report and a hillbilly tune."

The son of an Illinois farmer, grandson of a New England circuit rider, and great-grandson of a Pennabscott Indian woman, Mitchell had a deep attachment for the land and put a crusading zeal behind his conviction. In 1926, he joined the Chicago NBC staff and became master of ceremonies for the *National Farm And Home Hour*.

In the depressed Thirties, he captured the nation's imagination when—on a dreary gray morning after a storm had destroyed his garden and financial reverses had wiped out his savings—he conquered his own despair and proclaimed at the opening of his program, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!"

To friends who questioned his (Continued on page 73)

Everett Mitchell is heard on *National Farm And Home Hour*, NBC Radio, Sat., 1 P.M. EST, sponsored by Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.

Everett knows farms and farming throughout the world.



Honor degree: Ev with Dr. Erland Nelson of Carthage College.



Introducing . . .

DISNEYLAND



Creator Disney gives some last-minute expert advice to members of his immortal cartoon family before they go "on-camera" and invite TV viewers into the land of fantasy.

WALT DISNEY

IN 1932, Walt Disney received his first Academy Award for his first cartoon creation, Mickey Mouse. Today—22 years and 21 Oscars later—Mickey is still his favorite, though Walt's list of lovable creatures has grown long and illustrious. For twenty-five years, millions of people the world over have loved and marveled at the world of fantasy—and, more recently, true-life adventure—only his genius has been able to create. And now, millions more are enjoying the fascinating results of his work in their homes. In undertaking the tremendous project involved in presenting *Disneyland*—in addition to carrying the heaviest movie production schedule of his entire career—Disney is exemplifying his life-long creed: hard work. Always crackling with energy, Walt has found the greatest outlet for it in his work. When he leaves the studio, he goes home to more work—though he calls it relaxation. With his wife Lillian, Walt leads a quiet life, shunning night clubs, resorts and the like. Both their workaday and recreational interests make for color and excitement in the house that Walt built—a spacious, white-trimmed structure located in Holmby Hills. Recently, the Disney household was reduced to three when Walt's oldest daughter, Diane, was married. Having

An exciting peek into the realm of dreams and adventure

• "A place for people to find happiness and knowledge . . . for parents and children to share pleasant times in one another's company. Here the older generation can recapture the nostalgia of days gone by, and the younger generation can savor the challenge of the future. Here will be the wonders of nature and man for all to see and understand." This, in Walt Disney's words, will be *Disneyland*. "Based upon and dedicated to the ideals, the dreams and hard facts that have created America," Walt explains, "it will be filled with the accomplishments, the joys and hopes of the world we live in. And it will remind us and show us how to make these wonders part of our own life." This is a solemn promise which lovers of Disneyana well know will be fulfilled by its creator, master make-believer Disney.

Disneyland, on ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EST, for American Motors Corp., Derby Foods, Inc., American Dairy Association.

raised two girls, Walt yearns for a healthy flock of grandchildren. "Grandsons particularly," he adds. Sharon, the Disney's 17-year-old, still lives at home, and the Disney menage continues to overflow with extraordinary activity. Most recently this has centered about Walt's enthusiasm for scale-model railroads and his proficiency with tools and mechanical gadgets. In his back yard, Walt has installed a one-eighth scale railway system which includes an 1872-style steam-powered locomotive (named Lilly Belle in honor of Mrs. D.) with a train of cars. Combining this with his number-two hobby—making miniature furniture—Walt has outfitted the Lilly Belle's caboose with everything from bunks and a magazine rack (with miniature newspapers) to a washstand and pot-bellied stove. Some of his ingenious handiwork will also be incorporated into miniature exhibits as part of his great *Disneyland* project. Because he loves his home and the satisfying life therein, Walt seldom takes a vacation. However, he did break precedent a short while ago and took off for Palm Springs. Next day he was back home. "Thought you were in Palm Springs," a neighbor remarked. "I was," replied Walt, "but, boy, the grass around here sure is a lot greener."



Scale model of the \$9,000,000 Disneyland project, scheduled to be completed next July. Disneyland will cover 160 acres and be divided into areas known as True-Life Adventureland, Land of Tomorrow, Frontier Land, Fantasy Land, Recreation Land and Holiday Land. Top landmarks include a 70-foot castle, a 336-passenger train, Donald Duck boats—and Mickey Mouse Island.

KIRK DOUGLAS

I'VE DONE a lot of things in the line of duty," says Kirk Douglas, "but the bravest so far is to sing." Which is just what Kirk will do on *Disneyland* as, in his untrained baritone voice, he sings the rollicking chanty, "A Whale of a Tale." Kirk, who has been working with Disney on the live-action CinemaScope feature, "20,000 Leagues under the Sea," will make his TV debut in "Operation Underwater," one of the "True-Life Adventureland" series. "I look at it this way," he explains. "Crosby and Sinatra became actors. Nobody thinks of me as a singer, including me. I hate to do this to Eddie Fisher and Julius La Rosa, but in TV it's every man for himself." The son of an impoverished immigrant family which fled Russia to seek freedom in the U.S., Kirk laughs off his self-made success. "Life," he says, "is a 'B' script. If I were asked to play a story of my life, I wouldn't. Too corny." Kirk is devoted to his two sons, Michael, 9, and Joel, 7, but says, "I don't want to make a lot of money just to leave to my children," believing that rich children have as many problems as poor ones. He is, therefore, steering a middle course with his sons, in addition to donating much of his time and money to humanitarian causes, such as the charity foundation he established in his mother's name in his home town, Amsterdam, N. Y. "When a person has been geared to fight for many years," Kirk wisely observes, "it's tough to stop fighting. Yet a man must somehow learn to do this—to change the fight and drive from the struggle for existence to the shaping of a life. With success, one must realize that there is no further necessity to battle for food, or a foothold toward a career, and somehow channel his energy into other directions."



Kirk Douglas eagerly examines model portions of Disneyland in preparation for his TV debut on the Disney show. Other live and cartoon stars who will appear include Peggy Lee, Peter Lorre, M. Mouse, D. Duck and Pluto.

Introducing . .



WILLY LEY

ONE OF the highlights of the "Land of Tomorrow" series on *Disneyland* will be a flight to Mars. In order to make it as authentic as possible, Disney has engaged space scientist Willy Ley as a technical consultant. Although spaceman Ley is in the know as to what's going on out of this world, he scorns such intangibles as flying saucers. "I am quite sure there is life elsewhere in our galaxy," says Willy. "I consider it possible that we can get visitors from space, but I do not think flying saucers are it." Author of books on space travel, Willy comments, "No matter what your contemporaries do, future generations won't know unless there is a man who writes it down. The man who writes it down is me." While his imagination is usually millions of miles away, Willy is careless about earthy matters. He forgets to have his suits pressed and keeps running out of cigars. "I'm not handy around the house, either," he says proudly.



DR. WERNER VON BRAUN

JOINING Willy Ley as a space expert for "Land of Tomorrow" is Dr. Werner Von Braun, a ranking space engineer whose life-long dream has been to fly to the moon. Chief of the Guided Missiles Development Division at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, Dr. Von Braun figures he's within 15 years of realizing this dream. As earth-bound as any human right now, he is devoted to the twin tasks of designing space rockets and raising a family. A pioneer in developing liquid-fuel rockets, he also helped perfect the V-2 and similar rockets. Author of *The Moon Project*, Dr. Von Braun became interested in his favorite subject in his teens. "It filled me with a romantic urge," he says. "Interplanetary travel! Here was a task worth dedicating one's life to. Not just to stare through a telescope at the moon and planets, but to soar through the heavens and actually explore the mysterious universe. I knew how Columbus felt." A serious man with boundless energy, Dr. Von Braun often works 14 hours at a stretch toward realizing his dream. However, until he can board a space ship, he is content to live like anyone else. "We've just had a new house built," he says, explaining that it has "much more room in it, especially for my growing daughter." Speaking with a Teutonic accent—a carry-over from his native Germany—Dr. Von Braun adds: "With its mountains, Huntsville reminds me of Silesia, where I come from."



MICKEY MOUSE

WITHOUT a doubt the most distinguished and beloved member of the rodent family, Mickey Mouse's life has been as fascinating as it has been spectacular. Having risen from barefoot obscurity to international fame, Mickey is now climaxing his career with stellar roles in the "Fantasyland" series on *Disneyland*. In fact, his life story will be presented on one of the early shows and, says creator Disney, "It couldn't happen to a nicer mouse." Although he doesn't look it, Mickey is 26. He vividly recalls his first movie, "Plane Crazy": "In those days, I was as poor as a church mouse. Didn't even own a pair of shoes. When the picture was previewed, I looked for the nearest hole. I thought it could have been better . . . so did everyone else." It didn't take long for Mickey to prove how much better he could be. He has since appeared in 125 movies, and his laurels have assumed mountainous proportions. His happiest personal experience, Mickey feels, was the appearance in 1928 of his girl friend Minnie. There isn't a corner of the globe Mickey hasn't entered, either in person or on the screen. He has appeared before royalty, and his voice and face are perhaps the most easily recognizable in the world.

DISNEYLAND

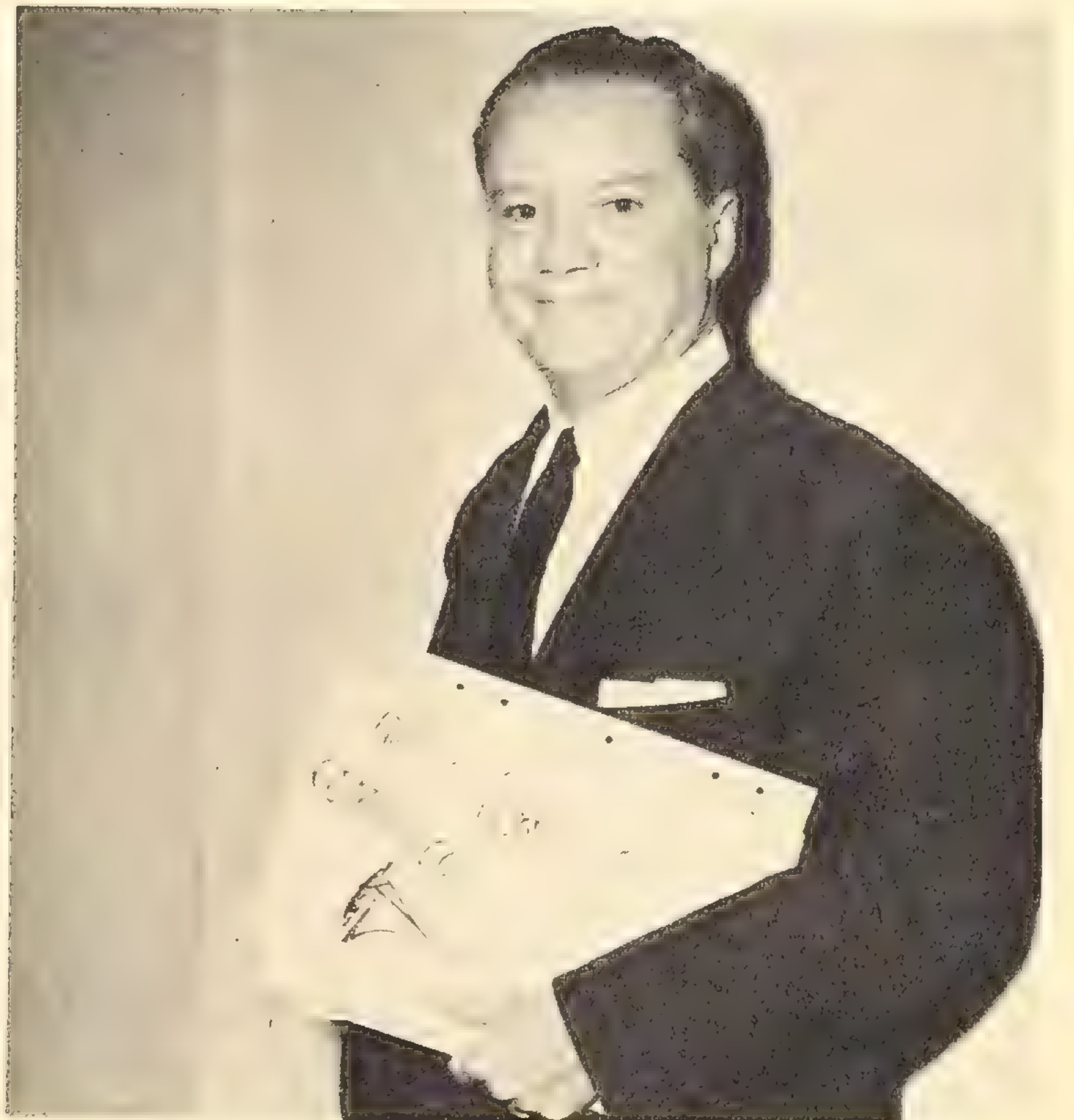
NORMAN FOSTER

FRONTIERLAND," one of the four fabulous realms of *Disneyland*, will recreate the heroic panorama of American folklore and present stories of real men who became legendary and legendary men who became real. Assisting in this tremendous undertaking is actor-director-writer Norman Foster, who makes his bow as a TV director with the Davy Crockett story. For this assignment, Foster travelled 3,000 miles in search of authentic settings. Married to Sally Blane, Norman has a daughter, Gretchen, and a son, Robert. Preferring to spend his days off camping and swimming, Norman says, "I have a lot of wanderlust in me." Some of this he has satisfied by circling the world twice. Norman's only hobby is under-sea photography and he once tried to make it pay off. "I went to Tahiti," he explains, "and spent months shooting a South Seas story only to lose the whole thing when the climate ruined my film. Goodbye profit, hello hobby."



BILL THOMPSON

FANTASYLAND," the fairy-tale section of *Disneyland*, will feature immortal Disney characters such as Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse. Equally familiar—by voice, but not by face—will be Bill Thompson, whom radio fans will remember as The Old Timer, Wallace "Bird Book" Wimple, and other characters on *Fibber McGee And Molly*. Actor Thompson has long believed that grownups should be heard and not seen, but Disney finally changed Bill's mind and he will make his TV debut in "How Do You Doodle." Heretofore, Bill shied away from TV because he valued his personal anonymity. However, his career shows that he was anything but unknown to the countless servicemen he entertained across the land. Bill started using his "limber larynx" at the age of 5 when he appeared as Master Billy Thompson. From his show business surroundings he picked up a variety of songs and stories in the dialect of many races and nationalities. In 1934, Bill debuted in radio on *Don McNeill's Breakfast Club*. Since then, he has originated vocal characterizations for the shows of such stars as Joan Davis and Bing Crosby. But his heaviest workout, says bachelor Bill, comes on Sundays. "The neighborhood kids think I'm great for reading funnies out loud." A jovial fellow who sports a perpetually startled look, Bill is an old hand—or voice—at Walt Disney's. "I'm listed as a talking dog," he laughs, "also owl, bullfrog and bumblebee. Arf!"



PEGGY LEE

WITH HER appearance on *Disneyland*, charming Peggy Lee proves to be a triple threat as a singer, composer and actress. Peggy will be seen in scenes from Disney's new cartoon feature, "Lady and the Tramp," for which she supplied songs and vocal characterizations. Originally from Jamestown, North Dakota, Peggy made her mind up in high school that she would conquer the world and become a singer—which she accomplished through hard work and the help of such artists as Buddy Clark and Benny Goodman. A great home-lover, Peggy is now remodelling her Beverly Hills house for herself and her 11-year-old daughter, Nicki. Peggy's home is always filled with guests, for whom she cooks international dinners ranging from Scandinavian to Peruvian, and she is considered one of the best-dressed women in show business. Although she has 58 published songs to her credit, Peggy is proudest of her book of poetry, *Softly with Feeling*, excerpts of which she once recited at the Hollywood Bowl. Peggy hopes to write a Broadway show someday, but in the meantime she is busily enjoying hi-fi, sun-tanning, and reading. In the clothes line, she prefers tailored suits and the color brown.



Christmas Memories

(Continued from page 29)

Inside the house, during Christmases at Grandmother's, there was just as much pleasure. I'm sure the Christmas dinner cooking started a week before—for we really had a variety. Turkey with dressing? Of course. But there were also the added pleasures, the special dishes which came with Polish and Italian Christmases.

If my memory serves me correctly, Lee got one of his first "tastes" of the piano at Grandmother's. Grandmother didn't have a piano bench—just one of those old-time roll-up piano seats. Angie, who was older than Lee, could pick out "Silent Night." She held Lee on her lap and we all sang.

Later, when Lee *could* play, he got the piano. By then I played the fiddle, Dad had his French horn and, with the soprano voices of the ladies, we made quite a sextet. Being a religious family, we always topped off this most perfect of evenings with a Christmas Midnight Mass. So those are our early memories of Christmases at Grandmother's. We'll never forget them.

We remember our early Christmases in Milwaukee, too. During our childhood, our parents always had a hard time making a living, but Mother and Dad made sure we always had a "Christmassy" experience. With not too much money to spend they picked out our gifts together. Then Mother would spend hours wrapping them. Paper was inexpensive, and she made every Christmas jacket, shirt, dress, and toy look like a twenty-dollar gift.

One Christmas at home Lee and I will never forget: the year we got our *music lessons* as gifts. Mother and Dad had to scrape and save the money for those lessons; but they gave it unselfishly. Two dollars for Lee's piano lesson, for example, at a time, I remember, when two dollars would feed a family for days. And I remember how he carried it. Straight from the cookie jar, it was seldom two single dollar bills; mostly it was nickels, dimes, and quarters—and pennies.

I remember Lee was always a brilliant piano student. It wasn't long after Mother and Father's Christmas gift that he won a scholarship to the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music. Florence Beteray Kelly, his teacher there, was inspired by his ability and worked patiently with him. Lee is grateful to Florence. I'm sure they both remember the day, shortly after Christmas, when Lee was sixteen and won the audition to play as soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. It was a Christmas to remember. The director, and one of the founders of the Symphony, the late Dr. Frederick Stock, was thrilled with Lee's ability and gave him every assistance possible. As a result of that solo concert Lee traveled to New York, where he made his first professional appearances—first at the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza, later at the Raleigh Room of the Hotel Warwick.

Success didn't come overnight to Lee; he had to work for it. But on Christmas day—in any year during the time Lee was climbing the ladder of success—you would never know he was struggling. He copied mother's ways; he gave gifts by the bushel and, during his less affluent period, though the gifts were comparatively inexpensive, they were *wrapped* like the crown jewels.

Today, Lee still spends half an hour wrapping every package. He also tries to make the idea of the wrapping *match* the gift inside.

Lee was on the road by himself for some time. It wasn't until 1947 that I joined him, adding orchestrations and a musical background to his piano. We'll both remember Christmas of that year always. We were driving to our next job when we were

caught in a blizzard. We made it to a small town—where we were promptly snowbound. All the cafes were closed tight; we didn't even get Christmas dinner.

Lee and I will never forget the Christmas after our first live television show. That was 1952. It was sort of a personal triumph for Lee—because there had been a lot of opposition to his idea that the show would be liked by a television audience.

The people who were most responsible for bringing us to television were our managers, Gabbe, Lutz, and Heller, and Mr. Don Fedderson, then station manager of KLAC-TV, who sold the show to Mr. Harry Peterson, Vice President of Los Angeles' Citizen's National Bank. Mr. Fedderson had been a fan of Lee's when he played in the supper clubs. He had great faith in his ability as a pianist and entertainer—faith in Lee, even though other network executives had already told Lee that his show would never be a hit!

Mr. Fedderson opened a spot for us on KLAC (now KCOP) and, with bated breath, we cancelled a number of bookings in order to go on KLAC-TV. We hoped to reach a greater audience there than we ever could via night clubs.

We waited for audience reaction after our first show with hope and faith in our hearts. We didn't wait long. Immediately after the last number the switchboard—speaking of Christmas—lit up like a Christmas tree!

We were a success; but it wasn't immediately apparent. For three weeks we didn't get a sponsor. That's when Mr. Fedderson's faith in us was made clear; he was willing to carry us at station expense until we *did* get a sponsor.

Enter Mr. Harry Peterson, Vice President of Los Angeles' Citizen's National Bank. Mr. Peterson had seen the show; he was thrilled. But there were some who didn't think the bank should buy it. Mr. Peterson had faith in us, too. He asked the bank's eleven hundred employees to watch the show the next week—and tell him what they thought. We were voted in by 96% of the viewers. Here and now I would like to express our thanks again to the eleven hundred Santa Claus employees of Citizen's National for making our Christmas 1952 one we will never forget.

We had been on the air for some time before that Christmas rolled around. Lee and I will remember it for many reasons: one, after years on the road it was the *first* Christmas we'd spent at home; two, I especially remember it because of the way Lee showed his generosity and appreciation to those around him.

Remember the many beautifully wrapped but *inexpensive* gifts of our childhood I described? Well, Lee went overboard in 1952; he designed and had specially made for me a diamond violin ring. It is gold, set in onyx. For our wonderful arranger, Gordon Robinson, Lee bought a new piano. Why? Because Gordon had an old beat-up one that barely made music. Lee replaced it with a blond Baldwin Acrisonic. I remember the expression on Gordon's face when it arrived at his apartment. There must have been fourteen yards of red ribbon around it. Of course Gordon hadn't expected it and, when he saw that piano, he all but fell over in a faint.

Lee gave a duplicate Baldwin to our director, Duke Goldstone. Why to the director? Because Lee knew that Duke's children were musically inclined; he wanted to encourage them as he had been encouraged.

Finally, Lee gave Mother a mink stole. Mother never owned a fur like that in her

life. Was she thrilled? Well, you'd never know it from all the tears she shed into the box. (Editor's note: It's only fair to say that the gifts which came from the Liberaces came from Lee and George together—though in talking with modest George you would never know it.)

Lee and I will also remember Christmas 1953 for many reasons: one, because it was the second Christmas in many years we had spent at home; two, because of Lee's new home—just barely completed. The paint was still wet but Lee was determined to have the Christmas party at the house. Thanks to the contractors and the Department of Water and Power, we had a painted house with electricity and running water . . . but that's about all. Except for the Christmas trees: Lee had three—one from the studio; one he'd bought; and one which came from I don't know where! Everyone was at the party: Mother; sister Angie; her eighteen-year-old daughter, Diane, and eight-year-old son, Freddie; our brother Rudy, just back from Korea (which made it an especially memorable Christmas); his wife Isobel; their two-year-old son, Rudy, Jr.; my wife Jane; Mr. Fedderson; Mr. Peterson; the Messrs. Gabbe, Lutz, and Heller; our attorney, Mr. Jacobs; and the band and their families.

But all wasn't happy that Christmas. A few weeks before, Lee's contractor, Bill Steiksal, came down with polio. It broke Lee's heart when, shortly before Christmas, he visited Bill at Rancho Los Amigos to find him in an iron lung; he couldn't even swallow. But after Christmas we were all encouraged to hear that Bill would live—in fact, a few months later was sitting up in a wheelchair.

This brings us near the end of "Christmases We'll Never Forget." But before we sign off there's something I'd like to talk about: that's polio. Bill Steiksal's illness brought polio near enough to all of us for a very close look. We didn't like what we saw. Lee immediately wanted to fight it, so he sent \$5,000 to Rancho Los Amigos for research. They bought a much-needed electroencephalograph with the money. Lee's continued his fight with another \$5,000 gift in 1954; and on September 4th, he donated his entire share of his Hollywood Bowl concert to the March of Dimes. (Editor's note: Again it is only fair to say that Lee and George together contributed the first \$5,000 for the electroencephalograph, the second \$5,000 for research. And George, as musical director of the Hollywood Bowl concert, contributed his share to the March of Dimes, too—a portion of which went to Los Angeles' Rancho Los Amigos.)

So what's the point? Just this: As Lee and I both learned when we were very young—it doesn't take much to make a child happy. When Lee and I recently visited the children's wing at the Rancho, Lee's presence in their midst was enough to make them smile. And when you see those children, *then* you know how much you have to be thankful for.

Yes, it takes so little to make a child happy—a dime or dollar may not buy them a sleigh ride in the snows of Menasha, Wisconsin, but it will buy them five more minutes of research—research in a fight that is almost won. And, when it is won, little boys and girls will be free from the fear and the jail of their paralysis; they'll be able to sit behind the reins of Grandfather's sleigh, as Lee and I did.

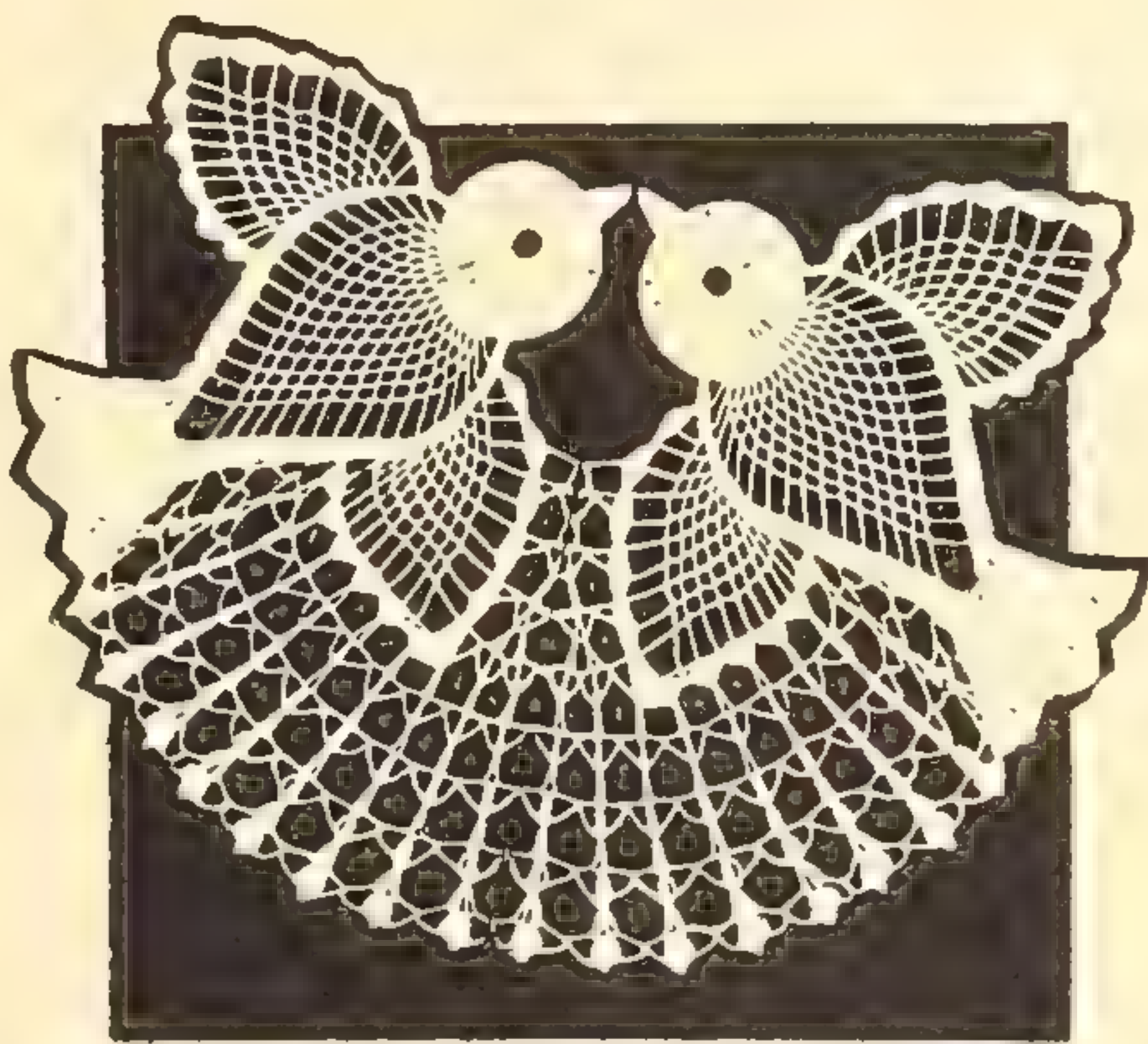
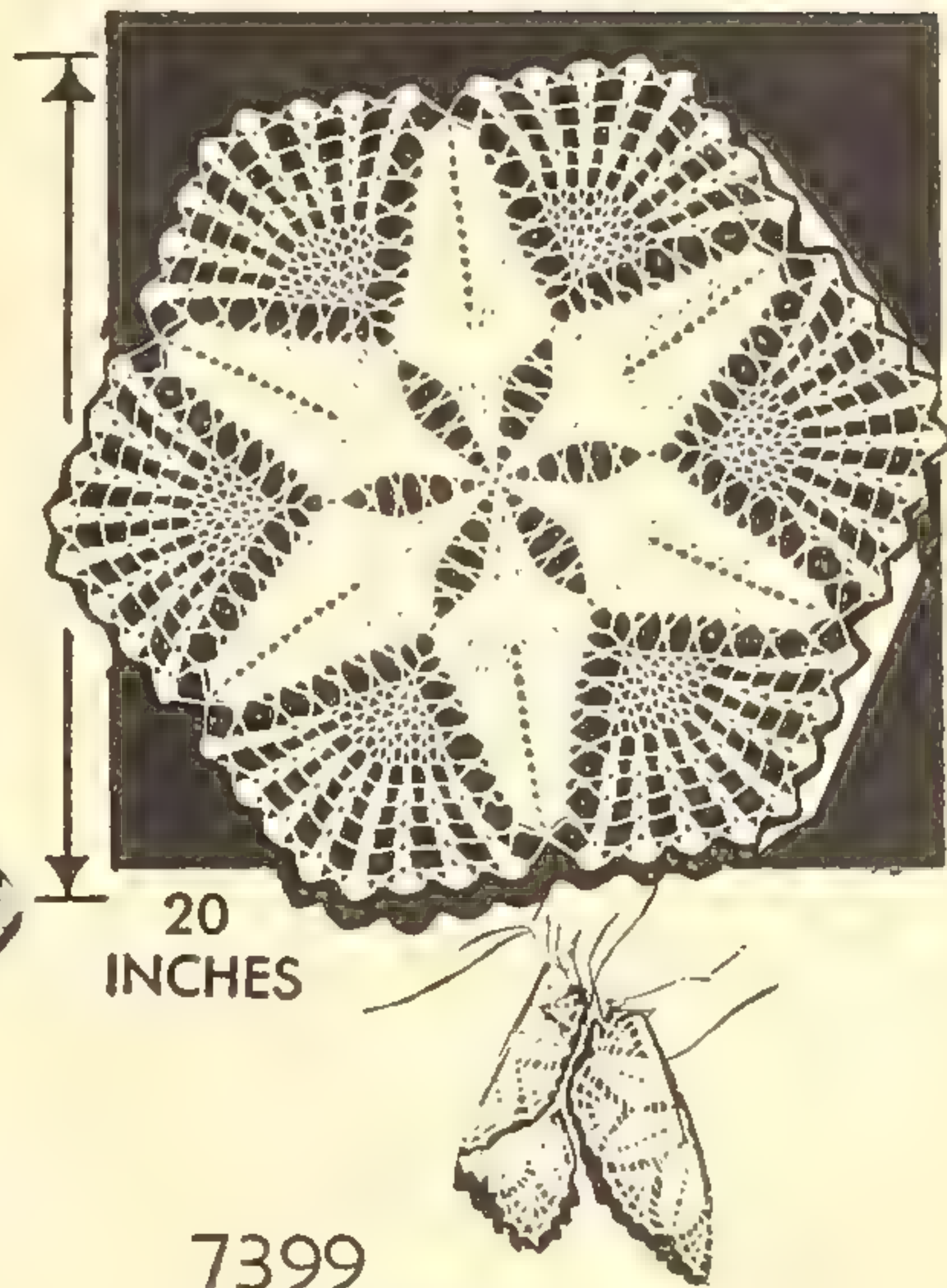
If you want to make Christmas, 1954, the Christmas children the world over will never forget, send your dimes and dollars to: The March of Dimes, New York.

It's the best way I know to say, "Merry Christmas!"

New Designs for Living

649—She's 44-inches tall—and she dances!
(Note the elastic strap that holds doll's feet to your little girl's.) Transfer of 44-inch doll, cutting chart for dress. Use straw yarn for hair. 25¢

7031—This apron is sew-easy—jiffy to embroider. Use scraps. Make two: a bib apron for cooking, half-apron for serving. Pattern pieces, embroidery transfers. 25¢



886



7399—Scarves, centerpieces, tablecloths—picture all the exciting accessories you can make from this basic hexagon. Just seven form a 54-inch circular cloth. Easy directions for hexagon, 20-inches diagonally in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

886—A lucky bluebird chair-set. Crochet it easily in your favorite stitches. Keeps furniture clean. New and popular decorating touch in pineapple design. Crochet directions. 25¢

7108—Lilacs in combination of lavender with green leaves to iron-on linens. No embroidery; washable. Transfer of ten motifs; four, 4" x 5" to 6" x 6¾"; six, 2¼" x 3½". 25¢

7332—She protects your toaster, brightens your kitchen. Make her of scraps—the gayer the prettier. Embroidery transfer, pattern pieces for gay Toaster Doll. 25¢

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN GREEN, LAVENDER



Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to:
TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service
P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York
11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern
for first-class mailing.

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

No "Secret Storm" for Susan

(Continued from page 39)

Susan might create and direct her own social activities and interests.

"In New York," says Virginia, "everything Susan did was planned and supervised. She took riding lessons one day, swimming lessons another, and dancing lessons another. She couldn't roam around the way she can in the country. It was hard for her to make lasting friends, because people shift around so in the city. So I decided the thing to do was to move to the country, where she could lead a normal life and I could commute to work."

Every day now, Virginia makes a seventy-minute ride to New York from the Connecticut town in which she decided to rent a house. She takes the 7:34 in the morning and the 6:02 home at night. In between are performances and rehearsals of her radio and TV shows. Anyone who has an idea that the life of an actress is all milk and honey and glamour should study this schedule, which would be tough for even a husky male.

And Virginia Dwyer is far from husky . . . slim, girlish, red-headed and with a warm human smile, she looks as though she might be a charming suburban wife whose only problem was what to have for dinner. But she doesn't mind her rigorous schedule at all. "Why, just think of it," she smiles. "Susan can get on her bike, ride down to the village, play with the kids next door, go skating with the gang, lead a normal outgoing existence. That's worth everything to me."

"Susan," Virginia explains, "loves people. She's social and gregarious. Not a bit like me. I can spend days by myself, never see a soul, and be perfectly happy. But not my girl! She has to have people around."

Virginia's idea of a wonderful time is to shut herself up in a room and read. The city fascinates her and she finds it hard to believe that Susan prefers suburban life to having art galleries, museums, concerts, right at hand. But this intelligent, sensible mother realizes that people—even children—are different . . . that what is fun for one person is boredom for another. Having discovered what her daughter's interests are, she is determined that Susan will have as happy a life as she can make for her . . . even if it means putting a bit of strain on herself. Not that Virginia will admit that it's a strain. Not for a minute. "Why, I find time to study my parts and read the papers on the train," she declares. "I don't mind it at all."

Susan's own ambition is to live in Peoria, Illinois, and have five children. Why Peoria? Well, Virginia explains it.

"Susan has an aunt living there and, when she visits her, she gets a taste of true neighborhood life—the normal daily routine lived by millions of people in America—and she loves it." Virginia admits that it is not the life for her, but thinks that, if that's what her daughter wants, it is her responsibility to duplicate it as closely as possible. "I have no patience with parents who try to mold their children in their own image," she says intensely. "I think that children must be encouraged to follow their natural bent and that parents have an obligation to provide for their offspring the kind of life in which they are happiest."

Virginia, who thinks that a fatherless household is hard on any child, has never once hesitated between what she thought was good for Susan and what she herself might have preferred. This has not always been easy for this talented, hard-working actress, who takes her job seriously and sees life as an exciting adventure.

But . . . because her own parents were

understanding and sympathetic to her when she was a child—and later on, too, when she decided to try her wings . . . Virginia knows how wonderful a true understanding relationship between parent and child can be.

When, as a young girl, she decided to leave Omaha—where, incidentally, she lived next door to Marlon Brando—her doctor-father thought she had taken leave of her senses. But her mother agreed that, if her bright-haired girl wanted to try her luck in Chicago, she should have the chance.

So . . . without having any definite ideas about what she wanted to do . . . Virginia set forth. Once in Chicago, she was persuaded to try for radio. She had had some experience in the Omaha Playhouse, so she got her chance in a show called *Houseboat Hannah*. After about two years in radio there, she decided to try New York and made a flying visit to look the town over. "I stayed at the swank Hotel Ambassador and saw nothing but Park Avenue on that trip," she remembers, her brown eyes laughing. "I had no idea there was anything more to the city than the cream. So I called my folks when I got back to Chicago and told them I was on my way!" Once again Virginia's father demurred, but again her mother said, "Nothing ventured, nothing accomplished"—and Virginia came to the city of her dreams. She found out that New York was not all Park Avenue . . . that it had its rough side—with which she learned to cope. Long hours spent in casting offices and directors' anterooms took some of the bloom off the city, but eventually she got a break.

She made it herself by stopping a top NBC director in the hall and asking if she might read for her. This director, a woman, had the reputation of never seeing anyone except through channels, but Virginia's naivete and courage appealed to her and she consented. So Virginia got a part—and has been getting them ever since.

A lot of actors and actresses will say that they wanted to act from the time they were in their cradles. Not Virginia—although she does claim that she was always "hamming it up." At the age of five, she'd pretend to faint on the stairs and scare the wits out of every new cleaning woman her mother hired. (Her brothers and sisters cured her of this dramatic idea by drenching her with water.)

Although she is grateful for the talent which has provided a living for her and her daughter, Virginia is something of a perfectionist. She likes acting, but wants to be very, very good—or nothing. She has no patience with "mediocrity," as she expresses it. TV is an exciting medium to her because, as she says, "It gives me a chance to learn to act. Radio can't teach you acting, though of course it can help you learn. But, when you go on the air in TV, you feel the presence of an audience even if there is no one in the studio. It's just like the theater. In radio you don't get the same feeling."

Virginia was working in radio when she got married. Then, for a few years after Susan came, she didn't pursue her career. She finally went back to work when her

correspondent husband went overseas. Because she was serious about wanting to learn to act, she took chances and turned down some top radio roles for a spell at summer stock. She played a whole summer at the famed Elitch Gardens in Denver and then, coming back to New York, understudied Betty Field in a revival of "Craig's Wife" on Broadway.

Of course she'd like to do a Broadway play sometime—"to see how good an actress I am." But Virginia feels that she is not really free to accept a stage role, since it would keep her away from Susan. After all, it would be impossible to commute to Connecticut after midnight each night. And, of course, going on the road would keep her away from home for months at a time. So close is the mother-and-daughter relationship that anything which interferes with it is automatically out.

Virginia and Susan have taken a couple of unusual vacations together. They may get on a Bermuda-bound ship, spend just six hours on that fascinating island, then get back on the ship and head for home. That's because Virginia's time is limited and the round trip to Bermuda can be made almost over a weekend. "This sort of vacation," says Virginia, "gives us each a chance to do what we want. I can spend hours alone lying in a deck chair reading and Susan can find plenty of people to talk to. In fact we have an agreement that we will each do the sort of thing we like best."

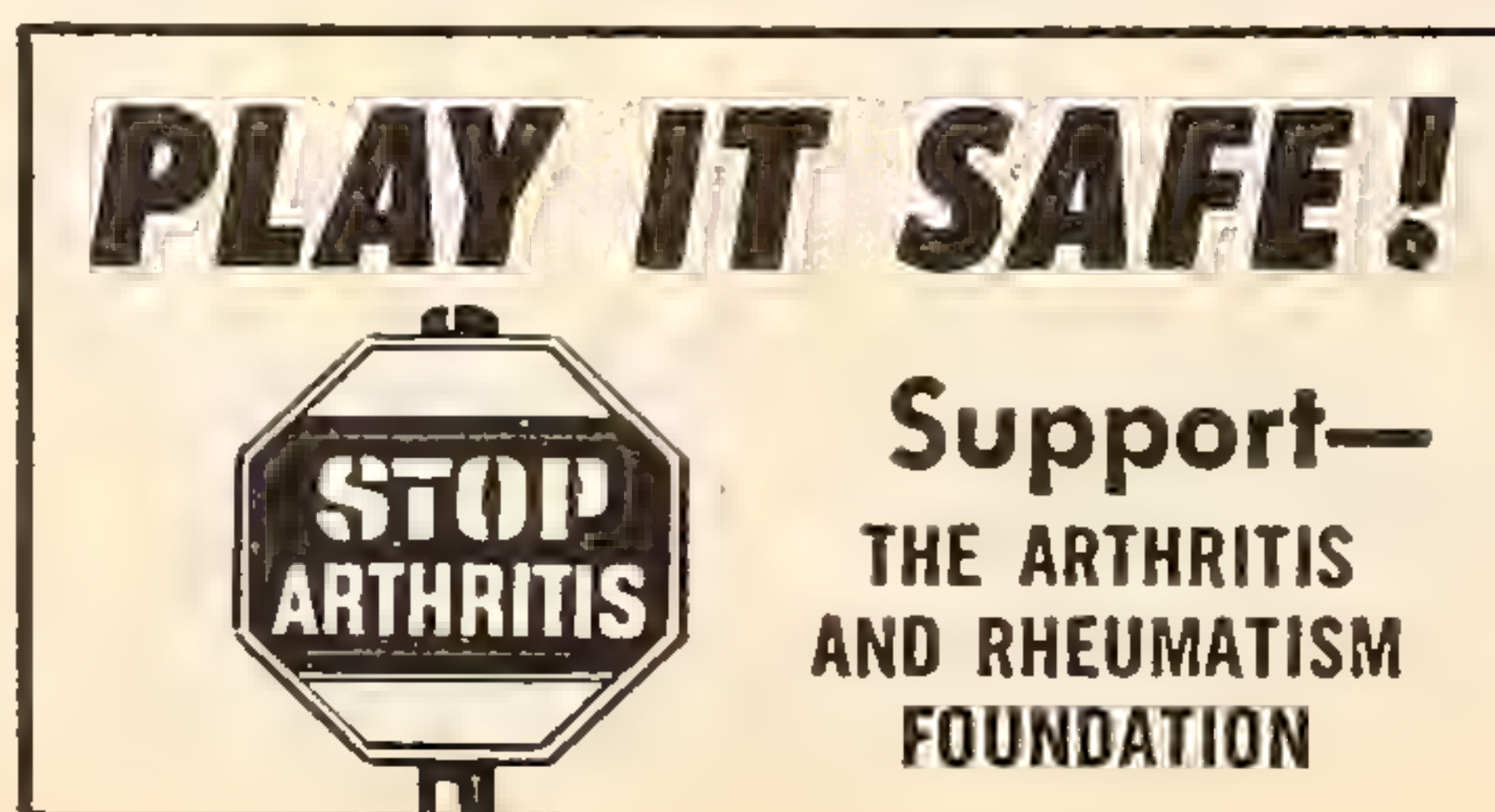
At home in the country, Gertie—their wonderful housekeeper, who likes to work for actors because she thinks they are the "best people"—has things in hand during the week. But, come weekends, Virginia enters the kitchen and tries her skill at such exotic recipes as chicken *cacciatore*, beef *Stroganoff* and eggplant *parmigiano*.

On weekends, while Virginia and Susan were living in New York, Virginia often would pile a bunch of kids in her tiny Crosley car and head for the Museum of Natural History or the Planetarium. "We used to play games at the Museum," she giggles like a child. "We'd try to find the ugliest snake, the most frightening dinosaur and so forth."

Now that they live in the country, the kids come over for picnics, or swimming or ice-skating, according to the time of year. Mother and daughter have a compact. Each is gracious and welcoming to the other's guests. But Virginia doesn't hang around when the kids are there and, in return, Susan, after greeting her mother's friends, leaves the grownups to themselves. In this way, everyone is happy. Virginia disapproves of having a child depend too much on the companionship of grownups. She feels that it makes them adult before their time and robs them of a lot of fun.

Whenever possible, Virginia likes Susan to make her own decisions. "She'll have to when she's adult, so she might as well learn to abide by her own judgment now."

At twenty-one, with a child to take care of, Virginia Dwyer found her life mapped out for her. She has followed what she considers the only possible course of action. She has not always been able to do the things she wanted to do, but she believes that her life has been worthwhile. Her major ambition is to help Susan make the most of herself, so Virginia has never considered that she was making any sacrifices in making her decisions. "Susan's such a wonderful child it would be criminal of me not to help her grow up to be a talented, intelligent girl," says this attractive actress . . . whose career has always taken second place to her daughter's happiness and well being—and always will



Johnny Desmond

(Continued from page 42)

applied to me at a time which was just ahead of the unhappiest period of my life. Like all "ten-day wonders," I woke up on the morning of that eleventh day puzzled and hurt and feeling like the close relative of the grandfather of all hangovers.

But this is a story about a hangover with a silver lining. Basically, I've had a happy life, although in some respects it differed considerably from the life of the average kid in Detroit, especially in its early stages. You see, I was pointed toward the entertainment stage from childhood and, while other youngsters were learning to cover third base, I was learning to cover the C-scale on a piano.

My folks ran a little grocery and fruit store right across the way from one of the public school playgrounds, and any time I stopped on the sidewalk to watch what went on across the way I could usually bet on hearing the same roll of thunder from inside the store.

"Johnny! Sweep the floor! Rack up the fruit stand!"

I don't think that a grain of dust had a chance to stay on that floor for more than five minutes. I never kept track of the brooms that I wore out, but there must have been enough in the course of time to start a nine-hosecart blaze. There was plenty of reason for my helping out. I was one additional set of arms and legs to help a struggling business—and, in my individual case, to help pay for lessons in piano, voice and dancing. Between sessions with the broom and the fruit stand and deliveries to folks who had ordered groceries, I helped add to the family income with a paper route.

Pop was a wonderful cook. I don't know whether he had any professional experience with the pots and pans, but he could certainly make food interesting. Sometimes, in kidding my mother about Pop's cookery, I've said that he had to learn to cook in self defense—Mother always seemed to be so busy with bill collections that the culinary department had to be handled by Pop or we didn't eat. Of course, that wasn't really the case. He liked to mess around in the kitchen and, as long as he had real genius for it, there was no reason why he shouldn't prepare the food. Theoretically, with all that good food I should look like an old-style version of an Italian tenor, but Pop apparently kept the family diet balanced, because I can still tie my shoelaces with no trouble.

I was a little over eight years old when I got my start in the entertainment business. There was a Mrs. Ferguson, who was one of our customers, and she became interested enough in me to get her son Harold to set up an audition at Station KMBC. Harold was an announcer at the station, so it was easy to arrange a hearing for me. I auditioned for the *Uncle Nick Program*, a kiddie show and, at the time I went up to face that microphone, the accompanist was out of the studio, so I had to furnish my own music on the piano.

I'll never forget the song I auditioned: "Just a Little Street Where Old Friends Meet." It had a picture of Arthur Tracy on the back of the sheet music. I don't recall that I was nervous or anything. In a short time, they were billing me as "The Italian John McCormack"—although how that title was supposed to fit a boy soprano, I have never been able to figure out. Uncle Nick's program was on the air during after-school hours, so it didn't interfere with my education or the paper route—or sweeping the floor—or racking up the fruit stand.

I was singing for Uncle Nick and the

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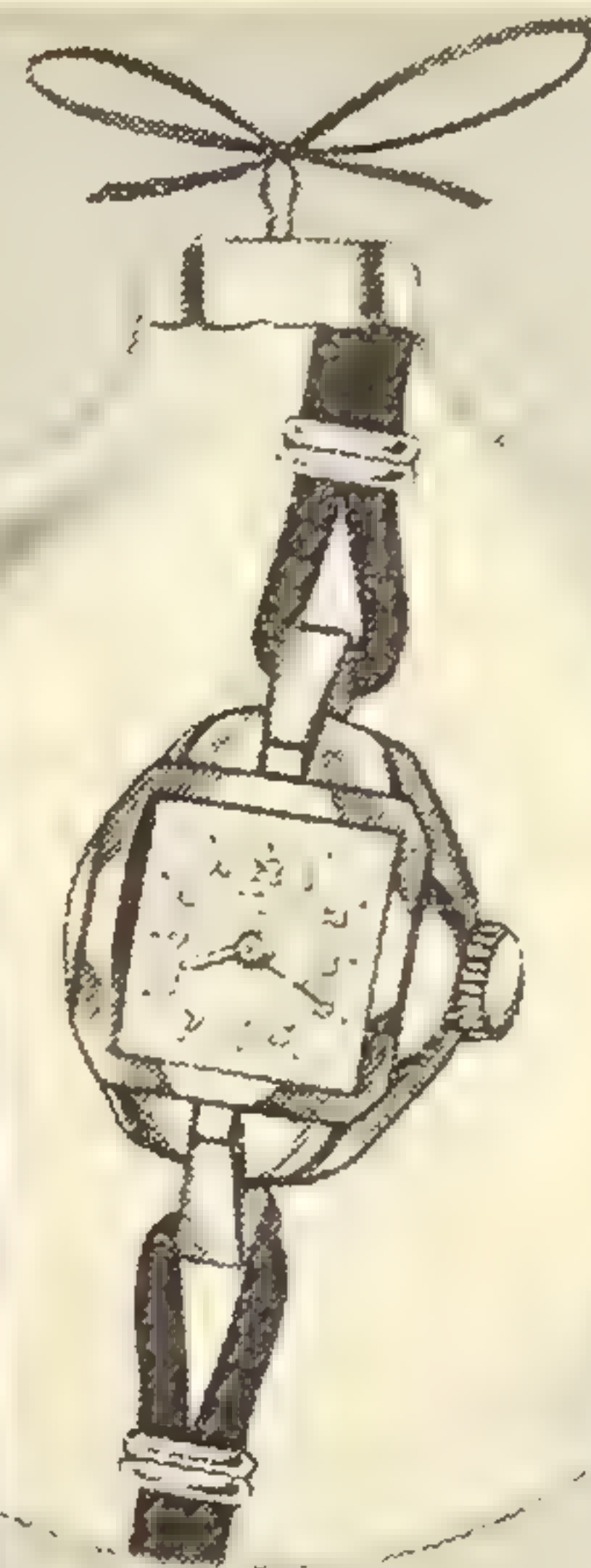
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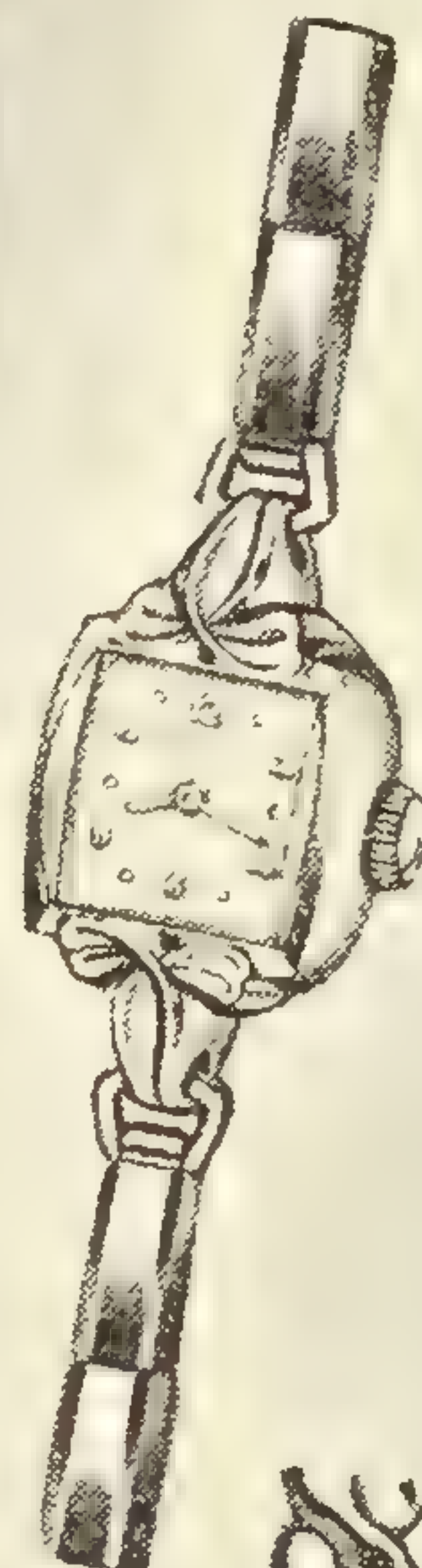
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KMBC audience one day, at the age of thirteen, when I went from boy soprano to nothing—right in the middle of a song. It was a tune called "I'm Laughing." But instead of feeling that it was a laughing matter, I was terror-stricken at the horrible sounds coming out of my voice box. The family was frightened, too, and rushed me over for a consultation with Carl Mann at the Detroit Conservatory of Music. We all thought that the voice was gone for good. All, that is, except Carl Mann. He got a big laugh out of the whole thing and told my folks to calm down. "It's nothing to worry about," he said. "Johnny is just growing up, and it will take him about a year and a half to stop sounding like a duck. He's going to be singing again."

It was that same Carl Mann who eventually taught me everything I know about handling a voice. He was more than a teacher; he was a good friend. He said there were only two ways to sing—good and bad. And, if you wanted to be a good singer, it didn't matter what type of career you chose, classic or popular, the fundamentals were the same. Phrasing is something you have to learn yourself. But, as for the rest of it, the basic principles are something that can be taught by a good teacher.

It has always been my good fortune to bump into someone who was willing to give me help right when I needed it. Carl Mann was one, and in later years, there were Glenn Miller and Don McNeill. But, after my voice steadied down again, there was Jimmy Jewel in particular.

Jimmy had a show on WXYZ called *Radio Playhouse*, and it featured young performers like me. But the most important thing about the show, from my standpoint, was that Jimmy took a very close personal interest in all the twenty-five or thirty kids who appeared on the program. At his own expense, he set up a professional school for us, and brought in experienced coaches and instructors to teach us the things we needed to know about show business.

Clear back there in the late '30's, Jimmy Jewel was getting us ready for television. If we had to do a dramatic sketch, he had the lines pounded into us before we went on stage—and then picked up the scripts before the show so there would be no peeking at lines during the performance. He was great for the kids and great for me, and I guess he did more to influence my career than any other one person.

Of course, with all that kind of thing going on, I wasn't in much demand to help fill out a sandlot ball team, but I guess I was in every entertainment program they held at Northeastern High School after I started there. I had organized a quartet with Tony Paris, Eddie Levine, and Gilda Maiken, and when Bob Crosby appeared at Detroit in 1940, we managed to wangle an audition. We must have been pretty good, because there we were with a contract in our fists—and a new group name, The Bobolinks.

Somewhere along the route of those one-night stands which followed, Gilda began to get homesick, and by the time we got to Salt Lake City we were looking for a new girl member. I guess we auditioned every girl singer in Salt Lake and finally settled on Ruth Keddington. I didn't realize at the time that I was also settling on something for life, but that's the way it worked out. She turned into Mrs. Johnny Desmond a couple of seasons later in New York. The quartet had broken up in the meantime, and I was in the East, working for Gene Krupa, when I wired her in Salt Lake to come a-running if she still wanted to. She did, bless her.

But there was a war on. Ruth and I talked it over and decided that the best

thing for me to do was not to wait for it to catch up with me but to enlist right then. So, six months after our marriage, I was headed for the Air Force at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and Ruth was heading for Salt Lake and her people. There's one thing about my military life which has always pleased me, although I don't suppose that particular side of it would have been so impressive to the average fellow. The Air Force taught me how to play baseball! All during my childhood there had never been time for sports, but the Air Force athletic program changed all that, and how grateful I am for it.

Since I had musical training, they stuck me in the post band, too—although not with any piano. It was my job to beat the tar out of a bass drum for parades. Of course, I used to sing at post entertainments and things like that, too, and this part of it had some bearing on what happened next.

I happened to be reading a magazine one day and saw a story about Glenn Miller's decision to break up his band and join the Air Force. There was a lot of talk about stars Miller planned to assemble from the various military branches. Apparently, he was going to be given free choice from among the musicians who were in uniform. It sounded like a great idea to me, and I spent two whole days composing a letter to him. Nothing happened—for three of the longest weeks in my life—and then along came a letter from Glenn telling me to come ahead.

It wasn't quite the easiest switch in the world. I was in the Flying Command, and Glenn was in the Technical Command, and—under military regulations in wartime—a transfer is pretty rugged to get. Fortunately, some of those singing chores I had done at Fort Sill had made an impression on the commanding officer, and he helped speed things up as far as the paper work was concerned. My end of it was completed in short order, but the official stuff from the other end got lost somewhere. Days slipped into weeks and into months. I had abandoned all hope of the Miller assignment, so one day I applied for a singing part in "Winged Victory," the service show which was shaping up at that time in New York.

As part of the transfer, they shifted me to Chanute Field, Illinois, and I was supposed to leave there and head in for rehearsals. For some reason or other, there was a ten-day delay, and I had a chance to go home and visit the folks in Detroit. I had just about settled down for a good old-fashioned visit (with no sweeping the floor) when I got a telephone call from one of Miller's aides asking where in the outer fringes of Tophet I had been. Glenn wanted me to join him in New Haven. Cancelling out the "Winged Victory" thing, getting me returned to Rantoul, getting me reassigned to Miller, and kindred military feats of magic, went on in a first-class rush.

For the next two and a half years, I sang for Glenn Miller and about a million assorted G.I's. I think mainly, though, it was singing for Glenn Miller. Like any kid singer, I wanted to get on in the business and be a big, important star. Like any other kid, I was aware of what various top names in the business were doing. I had all their records, and it was simple enough to conclude that, if they were successful with a particular kind of style or phrasing, I could be a success with the same kind of thing. I would toss in a Sinatra slur, or something that Crosby did, or copy a passage straight out of Tony Martin, and think I was doing fine.

I had been doing that for a time when Miller gave me a man-sized mental going-over. "Look, kid," he said, "if I want

somebody to sing like Sinatra, I can probably get Sinatra, or Crosby, or Martin. I want you to sing like Johnny Desmond and nobody else. And if you don't, you're going back to sweeping the barracks at Rantoul!" Sweep the floor again! I took Desmond in hand and made him sing like Desmond.

It was in December, 1944, that a great guy named Glenn Miller headed for Paris in a plane and never came back. He was scheduled to go there a couple of days ahead of the band to set up details, and when we followed him to Le Bourget airfield, we didn't have any idea that he was gone. It was only after the band arrived and sat around at the airport for three hours waiting for Glenn that people began to check up on whether he had arrived or not. They combed the English Channel for days but never found a trace of him.

But Glenn had built it well, and the band was a great sensation in Europe. We even played on after V-E Day, and in August, 1945, were enroute across the Atlantic for Japan. It was on the ship that we heard news of the first A-bomb. Six weeks later, I was out of the service and making the job rounds in New York.

Now this gets back to that "ten-day wonder" phase I was talking about. The band had been a sensation, as I have said, and along with it I had received more publicity than was good for any young singer. In the first post-war rush of enthusiasm, I guess I thought I was pretty important. I was out of the Air Force on a Friday, and the following day I was headlining the *Teen Timers* show on NBC. Two weeks later, I was headlining the stage show at the Oriental Theater in New York, and I had signed an RCA recording contract. Within sixty days, my income jumped from \$72 a month to \$3,600 a week.

In nine months, I was out of a job, and had no job in sight.

I know now that I really wasn't ready for success. I had been a novelty—a ten-day wonder. Now I had to pick up the pieces and find out if there had ever been a possibility for success there in the first place. It was unhappy and it was confusing.

By the end of 1947, I was glad to find a night club date. Between that and theater dates, I had to hustle to make a living. I had a lucky break when the *Teen Timers* show went back on the air and I found myself in a regular broadcast spot again. All of a sudden I realized one day that I was eating regularly, and had been for some time. I realized that Ruth and I had managed to weather a pretty bad storm and that we still had and loved each other.

Besides all that, we had a daughter to be happy about. Diane had arrived on August 30, 1946, and in some respects we had begun to feel like old married folks.

Jumping along a couple of years, I managed to land a good singing role in *Face The Music* on CBS. This was just about the first variety show on television, and I found a lot of that old experience under Jimmy Jewel paying off. It was an exciting thing to do, full of experimental ideas.

It was along in the following year, 1949, that Jack Owens asked Don McNeill for some time off for a vacation, and I was one of the singers called in to take over his chores for a week. That was in February, and at the time I figured that the assignment was just for that one week and no more. I got fooled. In July, 1949, I joined the *Breakfast Club* as a regular member—and I've been there ever since.

I mentioned before that there always seemed to be somebody around to give me the right kind of advice when I needed it. For quite a while after I joined Don, the whole thing had a sense of being temporary for me. Somehow or other, I felt that

I would be going back to New York, or Hollywood, or somewhere. I could hardly wait for the weekends, to get back to the family in the East. But, through all of that period, Don put up with me, gave me encouragement in what I was doing and a back-pat every now and then. One day, after a show, he said something to me that stuck: "Johnny, try to enjoy your work. If you don't, it shows."

All of a sudden it hit me that I was working with a swell guy, and a swell crew, that I had been having a lot of fun and that my career was just as much here as anywhere else. I took Don's advice. I started to enjoy my work.

Funny thing about it—my fan mail took an immediate jump! You can't fool an audience.

New York and Hollywood are easy to get to from Chicago. I do it with a fair amount of frequency. I had to commute all last summer by plane for the Jack Paar show on CBS, but the recording dates have probably given me the most travel. A hit recording is pretty necessary in this business, and I've been rather lucky along that line. I had a hit in "Guilty," which I made for RCA; "C'Est Si Bon" for M-G-M was another big seller; "Heart of My Heart" and "Woman" were successes on the Coral label, as was "The High and the Mighty." I did a duet in Hollywood with Jane Russell in "Backward, Turn Backward," and of course there have been many others with reasonable success.

But, of all the things I do, the one I enjoy most is fooling around with the family. Diane was eight on August 30 this year, and her sister Patti was five last May 19—same birthday as her mother, which makes it handy. Both our girls are in Chicago Latin School. But, when school is not in session, we go biking all over the lot—and oil-painting whenever we get the chance. Sometimes I take them for rides on the motorcycle. I haven't been able to get together with the family on vacations because of being too busy with singing, but we'll figure that one out one of these days, too. Once in a while, we all get a chance to visit Mother and my family in Detroit, and of course that's a great event. Funny thing, my brother Harry and I have all the girls—he has two and so have I. My sister Antoinette has two boys and my sister Joanne has two. I don't know how that distribution was figured out.

Ruth keeps up a strong interest in music and plays the Hammond organ at our apartment for her own and the family's entertainment. Probably as an inheritance from Pop, I make heavy onslaughts on the kitchen every now and then, particularly in the salad department. It seems to me I never make a salad the same way twice, although all of them seem to have wine vinegar, olive oil and oregano somewhere in the dressing. Oh, yes—and garlic!

I really got interested in golf just recently and I think I'm doing pretty well to be playing in the low 90's. That's not too hot by some other *Breakfast Club* standards, but it suits me for now and I figure that I'm going to get better.

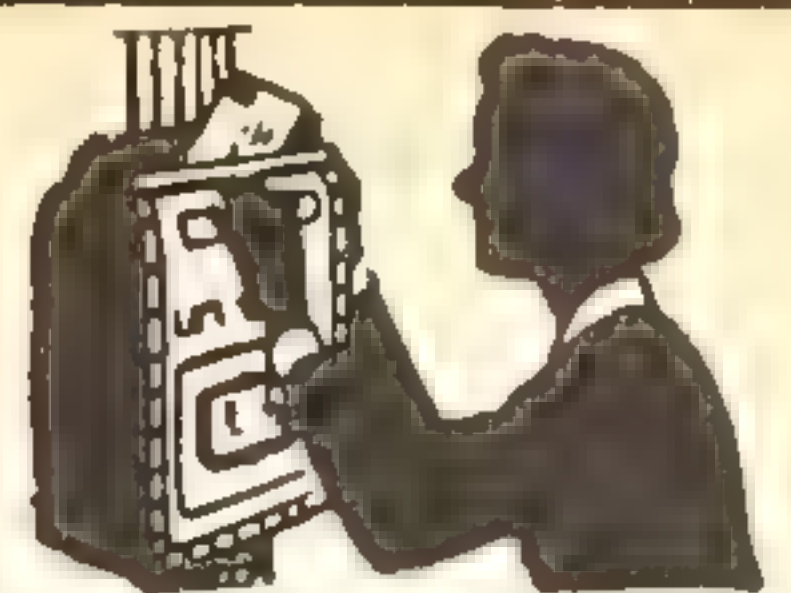
I'm a pretty happy guy these days—certainly a lot happier than I was back there in 1947 when I thought I could swallow all the success there was in one gulp. If I've learned anything from experience, I've learned that there's no substitute for sound training or for an internship at the lowest level of the business.

Everything I have always wanted has been coming my way because there seem to be an awful lot of people who have liked Johnny Desmond on something more than a "ten-day wonder" basis. I'm grateful to them for that, and I hope they keep feeling that way for a long, long time.



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Love for a Lifetime

(Continued from page 51)

working seriously to solve them, and can have fun year in and year out. Never, never to lose that sense of fun seems so important."

At this point, Peggy pauses to laugh a little at herself, a single girl, discussing marriage with such assurance. A popular girl, however, and strikingly pretty, with bronze-brown hair, lovely hazel eyes—a slim, 5' 3", twenty-four-year-old who has already had plenty of chances to ponder this question of what makes a marriage right. Particularly, what will make it right for her.

"For me, even friendship is usually a slow growth," she says thoughtfully. "Then I think of that person as my friend forever. It's the way I believe that love should be, too."

"A girl should be very sure, before she goes into marriage, but all of us have to get to a certain phase of our lives before we can understand this. We have to arrive first at a certain maturity in our emotional development. For me, a very youthful marriage would not have been good, because my reasons for entering into it would not have been important enough. Not thoughtful enough. Certainly, I have believed myself in love, once or twice, but now I am glad I waited." She laughed, hesitated. "I probably wasn't really in love, anyhow, or the thing would have happened!"

One notion, the old one that you can make a man over to your pattern after marriage, doesn't appeal to Peggy at all. "You fall in love with the man and all his traits, even his idiosyncracies. Maybe the qualities that seem so endearing may turn out to be a little annoying when lived with every day, but you have to remember that he takes the same chance with you. I have heard girls talk about the men they were going to marry and mention all the things they expected to change. I don't believe anyone has a right to do this to another person. Perhaps a husband will conform a little more to your ideas as time goes on—just as you will adapt to some of his—but a girl makes a mistake when she begins to build up these things. If they had seemed important enough in the beginning, she would never have married the man."

"I hope, too, that I shall try very hard to avoid that dreadful moment in a marriage, the time when a wife begins to make an issue of really small things. I have seen this happen, and it seems most apt to happen when a woman has no interests of her own. I suppose the way to prevent it is to keep up some of one's own interests, and to be on the alert against it. Even when people really love each other dearly, an argument can sometimes start about something rather important and yet end up with all sorts of petty recriminations. The big thing might have been worth talking out, but it's as if the smaller ones were just brought in for something hurtful to say. It seems so foolish—and often it's even amusing to an outsider, who has had to listen to the quarrel go off on these bypaths. Once in

a while, when Vanessa gets involved in something like this with Paul, I am secretly a little amused—although I know it's not a bit funny to her!"

The one trait that Peggy finds hard to forgive, even in someone who otherwise attracts her, is snobbishness. "I mean the feeling of being above certain other people, by reason of education, or money, or environment, or fortunate circumstances of any kind. Perhaps it is unfair of me to judge, realizing that a man's background and whole way of life may have done this to him. But, by the time he is old enough to look squarely at the world for himself and form his own decisions, there doesn't seem to be much excuse for remaining a snob. I find this hard to overlook. In anyone, for that matter. Man, or woman."

There is something else, too. Because she has always known exactly what she wanted to do, from high school on (there was never anything for her but acting), Peggy feels that her own chances for happiness are greater with a man who is devoted to his work, whatever it may be, and who already has a fairly definite idea of what he wants to accomplish.

"I understand this kind of ambition, this love for the work for its own sake, regardless of what rewards it may or may not bring. That's the way I have always felt about my work. I am sure I would not care what kind of business or profession a man might follow, if he believed in it and was so absorbed in it that he could be happy in nothing else. And I hope I would be willing to live any way, and place, required—continuing in my own work, if that's possible, but willing to make any change necessary. I should dislike to feel that, because of me, he could not gamble on any change or take any chance he thought was for the better."

"Sometimes I have noticed that the best way for a wife to understand a man's feeling about his job is to try to understand something about it herself and the conditions under which he must do it. I should certainly dislike turning into an interfering wife who constantly pokes her nose into her husband's business affairs—I have seen wives like that!—but, if there is an understanding of his problems and he feels free to discuss things that trouble him, it must be wonderful for them both. It would be wonderful for me, I know, to have a part, however small, in anything that interested the man I might love."

One way any wife can be helpful to her husband, to Peggy's way of thinking, is by being a gracious hostess to his business associates and friends. "A pleasant, relaxed atmosphere in the home, where a man can ask the people he wants to entertain, can be of great help. Even the simplest surroundings and the plainest entertaining will make guests feel comfortable—if there's warmth and friendship."

"I think it's important also for a girl to try to like a man's friends, both before and after marriage. And his friends' wives. Some girls begin by pointing out to a man the faults of every friend they meet, even his oldest and dearest ones."

This brings up the question of how a girl can judge a man who begins to show more than a "dating" interest. "These very friends are often the clue to his character, an indication of the kind of person he really is. And you can't judge them by the little flaws. You have to remember he may see faults in some of your closest friends. If neither of you likes the other's friends, however, it may be that your other ideas are just as far apart. You can find out also whether or not he likes children by watching him with the children in your family or his, or with the children of friends."

Peggy is an outdoor girl and, while she adores theater and movies and dancing and going out all dressed up, she feels she would be happiest with a man who enjoys some of these other things she likes to do. She gets up early to ride in Central Park before her *Love Of Life* rehearsals, and she lives outdoors as much as her crowded schedule permits during the summer months. Last summer, with her friend Dolores Sutton (who plays Diane in *Valiant Lady*), Peggy rented a cottage on Fire Island, near New York, where she swam and lived on the beach weekends, and where the girls and their friends put on all sorts of impromptu musical entertainments, writing their own shows, costuming them, acting them out. Summer before last, she had a gorgeous time touring the Pacific Northwest, fishing its rushing streams, riding the steep mountain trails, boating, hiking, loving the scenery and the northern woods.

"It would be wonderful to marry someone who could enjoy these things with me," she says. "A man who likes the excitement of crowds and music and theater, but who also is happy doing some of the simple things. A walk in the woods, for instance. Maybe a picnic along a country road. And even in the city, there are many things to do that aren't along the beaten paths. There are art exhibitions, and quaint little shops, and little restaurants you can feel are your very own discoveries! If you can enjoy some of these things together—or if you can just take a walk along a street and feel you don't have to be filling every moment with conversation, but can let a companionable silence fall between you—it seems to me that might be one of the tests for a happy relationship."

"For me, too, it would be a wonderful thing to find someone who is interested in some of the projects I am always working on—like planning some of the pantomimes I love to do, or dreaming up an idea for a play, or a story. It would be wonderful, too, to work on some of his pet projects—a business he might someday want to start, a dream house he might hope to build, a trip that might be a future reality. I only hope we would both have sense of humor enough to laugh at ourselves when our schemes got too ambitious and out of hand, and yet faith enough to keep on with them when we felt they might someday work."

Apart from such preferences, Peggy doesn't care whether her sometime husband is tall or short, fair or dark. Or, if she does, these aren't the important things.

"I can't help feeling," she says, "that if you are going to spend the rest of your life with someone, it should be someone you can laugh with, you can cry with, you can talk with or be silent with. And if at some point in your going-together you feel very sure this will be true of you—well, then, I guess you know that it has really happened. And that there's an excellent chance that you've fallen in love for a lifetime!"

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Day of Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 61)

optimism, he explained, "I have the strength to work and a wife who loves me. I believe in God and His goodness. Every day is a beautiful day."

Backing his faith with hard work, he became radio's best-known farm expert. He studied agriculture, travelled the country, talked to farmers and broadcast every major agricultural event.

Recognition which meant much to him came in June, 1949, when Illinois' Carthage College conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, citing his work both in promoting better understanding between rural and urban areas and his contributions to the religious life of farm communities.

Thus, when Thanksgiving came that year, he could offer his prayers with heartfelt gratitude, knowing God truly had been good to him, materially as well as spiritually.

Beside him, at that 1949 Thanksgiving table in the gracious white house in Park Ridge, was his wife Mildred, the quiet girl who had grown into a serenely beautiful woman. He had loved her at their first meeting and, like many childless couples, they had grown so close through the years that they could sit silent on either side of a room and each would know what the other was thinking. They looked forward to long, happy years together.

But, by Thanksgiving of 1950, everything had changed. Everett Mitchell, seasoned broadcaster that he was, had to fight to control the break in his voice when he tried to proclaim, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!" By then, they both knew Millie had only a little longer to live.

She died on February 7, 1951. Everett Mitchell was not a man to parade his grief, but his "beautiful day" announcement had lost its ring. Friends wondered how much longer he would be able to force himself to say it. The kindest thing a sponsor ever did was that which occurred when officials of Allis-Chalmers suggested he make a flying tour of Europe.

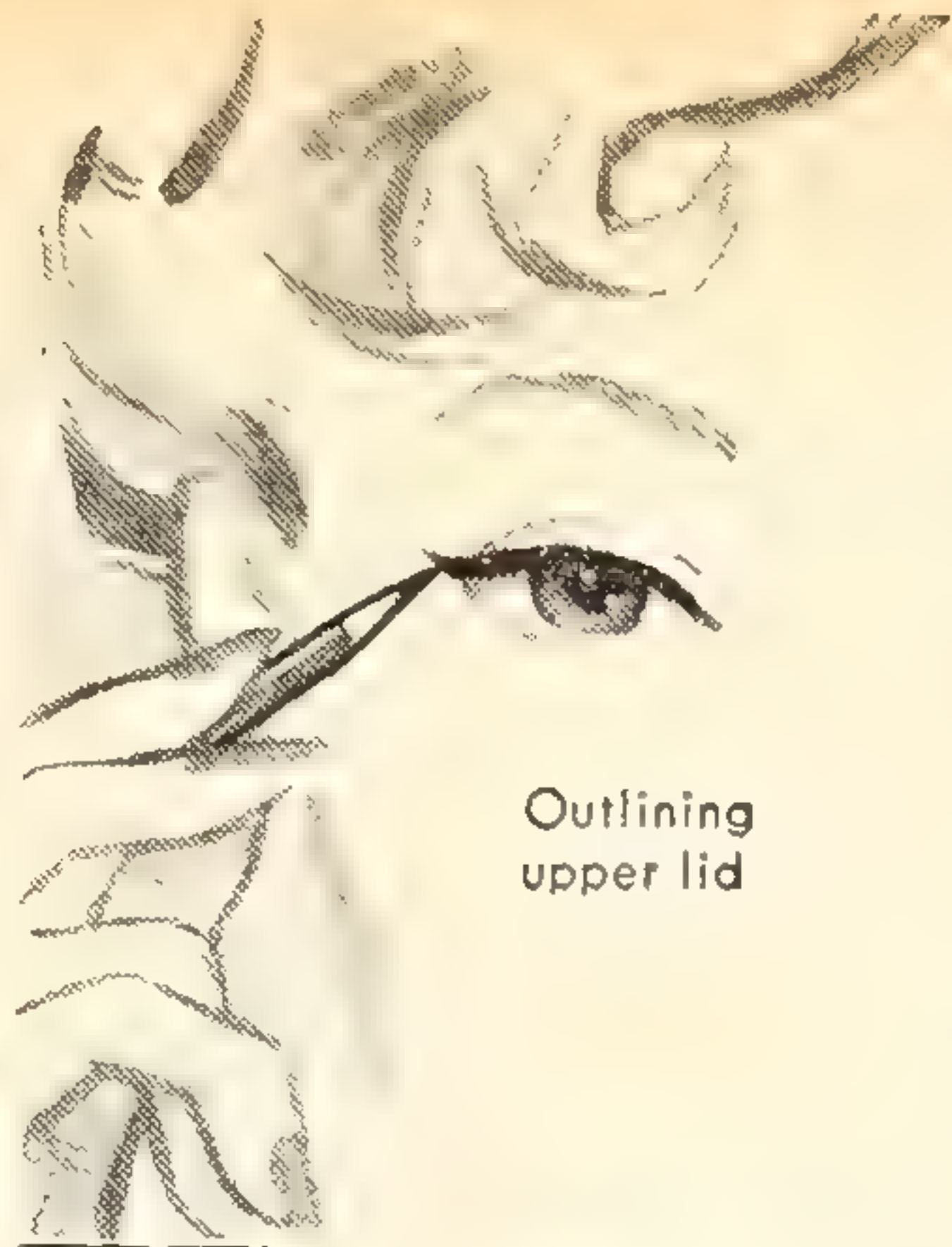
In six weeks, he travelled from the Arctic Circle to Israel, visiting fourteen countries, avoiding cities and official guides to talk directly to farmers. He also sought out the boys and girls who, through the International Farm Youth Exchange Program, were spending the summer working on European farms. Reporting to a group of farm editors on his return, he contended that these young people were the best unofficial ambassadors America ever had.

This admiration led to a constructive outlet for his sorrow. He gave Carthage College thirty thousand dollars to construct a Mildred Mitchell Memorial Wing to the new chapel, and also set up a scholarship fund for needy students.

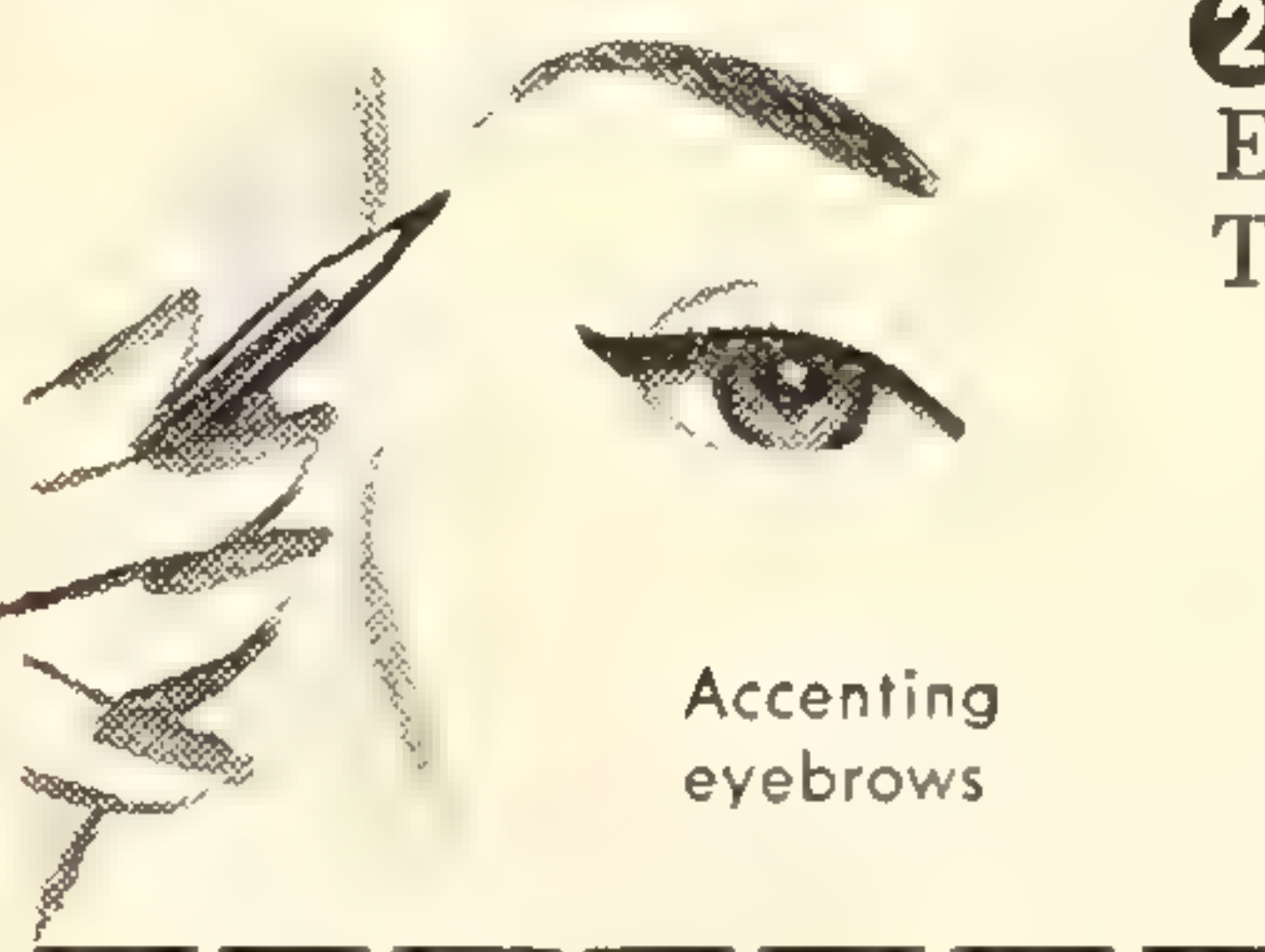
But Thanksgiving, 1951, loomed even more bleakly than it had in 1950. Everett Mitchell faced it by seeking out the only ones who could possibly be lonelier than he was. He went to Korea to interview former 4-H boys on the fighting front.

In March, 1952, he took to travel again, this time to find out about farming in Central and South America. Again, on his return, his attention turned toward young people. He established two annual five-hundred-dollar awards to be presented to the young man and young woman, members of the United Lutheran Church, who, in the opinion of the officers of the Lutheran Layman's Movement For Stewardship, showed evidence of outstanding Christian leadership in everyday life.

Admirable though it may be for a man to give both his worldly goods and his talents to support his ideals, it is no ade-



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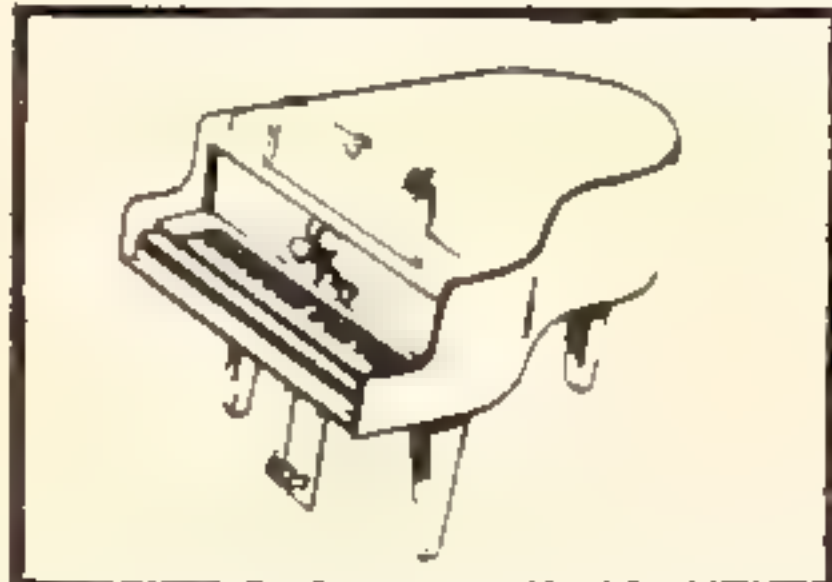
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quate substitute for a home. Love of mankind must have as its counterpart love of an individual.

Everett Mitchell eventually found such love again with petite Clare Christiansen. Clare, a business office supervisor for the telephone company, had long been a family friend and Clare and Everett belonged to the same church.

Perhaps because the families had always been so close, Clare was totally surprised the day Everett called to ask in a this-is-a-date voice, "Will you have dinner with me?"

They both found it a wonderful evening, talking about Everett's trips, their church, their gardens. Repeating the date was even more wonderful, so wonderful that they kept their romance to themselves. Their pastor was actually one of the first to know they were in love. To the surprise of their friends, they were married at St. Luke's Lutheran Church in Park Ridge on July 26, 1952, and left immediately for a honeymoon at Banff and Lake Louise.

November of that year brought back the kind of Thanksgiving Everett Mitchell loved—Clare bustling in the kitchen, her family and friends as guests and Everett, once again at the head of his own table, saying grace before the meal and adding silently his further thanks that, in his mid-fifties, he was beginning a new phase in his life.

His changed attitude was apparent in his dispatches when, in March, 1953, he started his Pacific tour, accompanied by Clare. Where his reports on previous trips had been almost somber, those from Hawaii, New Zealand and Pakistan indicated this time that he was really enjoying the tour.

India proved particularly intriguing. First, a fortune teller predicted he would

live to be eighty-five. In a village, an old woman, deciding he was a doctor, begged him for a cure for her many ailments. When his protests that he lacked medical knowledge failed to discourage her, Mitchell reported he did the only thing possible. "From a package of candy-coated gum, I doled out two pieces and told her to chew and chew and chew. As we left the town, she hobbled up to thank me and said she already felt better."

As Clare and Everett traveled, a new dream was forming—that of a farm of their own. Although as a boy Everett had revolted against the drudgery and back-breaking labor, he now, in an era of agricultural engineering, yearned to test his own learning in the field.

But to pull up roots and buy a farm was a serious decision. For months they talked about it. Finally, Clare said, "It's what you've always wanted. Let's sell this house and do it."

It was then their long search for exactly the right farm began. In eight months, they inspected ninety different places. Says Everett, "We had a million friendly disagreements. Clare wanted Aberdeen Angus cattle. I preferred Herefords. She favored Yorkshire hogs. I wanted Durocs. The one thing we both were certain of was that our farm dog must be a sweet-tempered German shepherd, and we both wanted a rooster instead of an alarm clock."

The place which finally suited them perfectly is near Wheaton, Illinois, west of Chicago. Features which would have deterred another buyer—worn fields and no buildings—to them became assets. Here they could build to suit themselves. Working with United States Department of Agriculture scientists, Everett could experiment with soil restoration. Engineers from his sponsor, Allis-Chalmers, could

guide him in the newest methods of mechanized farming.

Their first crop went in last spring and because, of necessity, they continued to live in Chicago, this became the busiest summer of their lives. Now the first crop is harvested, the barns built, and their new seven-room ranch house will be completed in time for Thanksgiving.

On their table that festal day they expect to have honey from their own hives and sweet corn and other vegetables from their freezer. The turkey must be purchased, but next year they expect to raise their own.

But it has turned out that all this bounty becomes, this year, their least cause for Thanksgiving. The truly important reason is that they expect a new member of the Mitchell family to be born on October 15.

Pleased and proud as both Everett and Clare are, they're still a little shy about finding words to say out loud how much their first child means to them. Everett found it easier to speak of their great joy in terms of the farm.

He said, "The other evening, just at dusk, I had finished my field work and was sorting some sacks of hybrid seed corn. I stopped to gaze at just one kernel and thought: This tiny grain which I hold in my hand will be planted in the proper soil, cultivated and harvested carefully. It will yield corn which will go to feed livestock. From that livestock, man will obtain meat for food, fabric for clothes, medicines to cure his illnesses, even some materials needed to construct his shelter. Here in this tiny kernel of corn, I hold Life."

He looked up, a bright smile on his face. "I felt very near our Creator at that moment and I knew why I had returned to the farm. Here, already, we have found our own beautiful day."

So Glad to Meet Millie!

(Continued from page 31)

an "old"-type family to talk up; even if you do, you'll probably find that you aren't getting your point across—simply because older people are more set in their ways.

But I've learned from Millie that youngsters can talk up to their parents. Millie's relationship with Mama, for example, is like a gasoline-soaked stack of kindling—any second it may explode into a hot fire. The show, of course, is built that way for laughs. Millie slams doors, Mama shouts, and bedlam reigns. But—in talking up, the secret is to do it with a sense of humor.

Take, for example, the weight problem. On the TV show, Florence Halop (Mama) says: "The reason I can't get into my girdle any more is because it's made of metal—and metal, you know, expands in the heat!"

"I see," I say, "but what about your nylon nightie? There's no metal in that and it's still too tight for you. I know you must have a good explanation for that..."

Says Mama: "I do?"

So this is cute patter about a common problem. With humor, in a strict home, children can bring up problems which generally they wouldn't dare mention. Parents aren't always pious and unapproachable. They oftentimes have a lot to learn; and their children can teach them. I took this humor home with me and found it's done a lot of good. I've learned from Millie the fun side of a mother-daughter relationship. Our problems just seemed to melt away when we started to laugh around them.

Millie is also teaching me how to get along with my fans. It's an easy lesson to

learn, because Millie is such a loved person. But, most important, Millie is showing me how unimportant most of our problems are. How? I'll show you.

Suppose I think I have a problem. I brood over it. I'm blue. Then one day I'm walking through the park. You see me, you smile. Laughing, you shout, "Hi, Millie!"

I say, "Hello..." I smile, because no matter how blue I may be that day, I would never let anyone give Millie a smile and not get one back in return. Then presto—because of that smile—my blues are gone! So being Millie is like having a second magic personality, a little genie who knows that unhappiness is an illness which can be remedied with the simple medicine called laughter.

I think, of all Millie's viewers, children are her most devoted fans. They love her. I certainly don't mind this, because I adore children! But my five-year-old son Richard is not so sure about his feelings toward my young fans. He sometimes gets a bit jealous.

I remember, for example, Richard's fifth birthday. He and I partied our way on the boat to Catalina. But, the minute we went aboard, I started signing autographs for the tourists and posing for pictures with the kids. This went on for the two-hour trip.

After a while, poor Richard felt a bit put out, and logically so. He thought the attention should be coming a little more his way. After all, it was his birthday! He finally said to me: "How come everybody is always talking to you? Why is it always Elena Verdugo, or Millie, Millie? What is this, anyway!"

But as soon as the trip was over Richard forgot his peeve. I regret that even for a moment he was made unhappy. It was my fault. I should have known what would happen on the boat. I knew that fans love to have their pictures taken with personalities. Why, I'm a fan, too. I'd love to have my picture taken with Clark Gable!

Point is, five minutes after we docked, Richard got over his peeve. Children are that way about problems. They have them; they face them; they get over them. And, because so many of Millie's fans are children, that's another thing she's teaching me. Children get over their problems; adults tend to pocket them.

Actually, I think children are very "adult" in their approach to problems. At least—they face them! Richard got his problem out in the open where he could examine it, and he was direct about it, too. "What is this, anyway?" he said. Finding out, he discarded it.

I'm sure Richard got over his pique, because the very next day, with no reservations, he came to my rescue. Twice a week, he and I go over to Westchester Park to meet my good friend Joan Shawlee. There Joan and I do yeoman work on the swings and teeter-totters.

We'd no sooner got started on the swings than two sweet little old ladies came up. They'd recognized Joan—who doesn't? She's an obviously attractive girl with red hair. And, aside from being on top TV shows, Joan is active in her local church group and is the sheriff of her community.

"Oh, Miss Shawlee!" the ladies said making such a big fuss. "We watch you on the Colgate show every week, Miss Shawlee, and you're just so wonderful!"

And, with my bandana on my head, they didn't know me from Eve! So, after about two minutes of this, without anyone giving me a moment's attention, my understanding son, Richard, turned around, saying: "Do you have to go to your *Meet Millie* rehearsal today, Mommy?"

The little ladies didn't even hear—they were too thrilled with Joan (as they had every right to be). But I knew what Richard was trying to do. Just five years old, he was looking out for the professional welfare of his bandana-wrapped mother! I'll admit, my little St. George's gallantry touched me. I had tears in my eyes all the way home. Finally, I was able to ask him: "Baby, why did you do that?"

And he said, "Because I think you're a very good actress and Joan isn't the *only* one on TV!"

I'm also learning from Millie how to work with just plain folks. You know, the gas-station man, the laundryman, and the fruit-stand man—the people who make the country tick.

Everybody feels, because Millie is such a friendly person, that they can chew my ear off. It's not like I was a Miss Someone or Other—not a set-apart beauty, nor a great dramatic actress that you look at from afar but don't dare approach. None of that! I'm just *Millie*.

No matter where I go, it's always: "Say, listen, why did Mama do thus-and-so?"

It was so cute, in the market the other day. The fellow from the fruit stand came over to me, while I was picking out the tomatoes, and said, "You know, I've been watching the show a long time, Elena (it's always *Elena* or *Millie*), and I want to ask you something."

"Yes?" I said. "What's that?"

"Well, come on over to the delicatessen and we'll have some coffee . . ."

So I said, "Okay." We went over and sat down. He ordered my coffee, and started asking me about the show. "What about Marvin Kaplan?" he asked, and we talked about the show for five minutes. Then he got to the question he was *really* interested in: "You know," he said, "I've been watching the show a long time. I *thought* Mama was a young girl. By George, I read where she had a baby! Isn't that right?"

"That's right," I said.

"That's what I told my wife," he said, paying for the coffee. "Listen, by the way, don't take those tomatoes: I got some fresh ones in the back . . .!"

So—being *Millie*—no matter where I go, I no longer have to have an introduction. There's always someone to speak with, in friendly fashion. I think it's because she's such a normal human being in the eyes of the public—or rather because she's just so *human*.

It's really wonderful to have so many friends everywhere. You know, so many people are embarrassed when they go into a new group. They hang back. It's hard for them to make friends. Before *Millie*, I was a little like that myself. So, when *Millie* paves the way for me, it's really a blessing.

So these are the things I'm learning from *Millie*: that, within the family, children can be recognized as individuals . . . more often than not, they can contribute to the unity and strength of the family . . . when they talk up, it's because they're hep to the problems of the day . . . and, with humor, they can laugh around a problem until it melts away. I've learned that unhappiness is an illness which can be remedied with the simple medicine called laughter . . . that children have their problems—and they get over them right away . . . as an adult, I'm learning from *Millie* to do the same thing. And, finally, I'm learning from *Millie* to overcome my embarrassment. Wherever I go in the good old U.S.A., I find friends.

This is what I'm learning from *Millie*.



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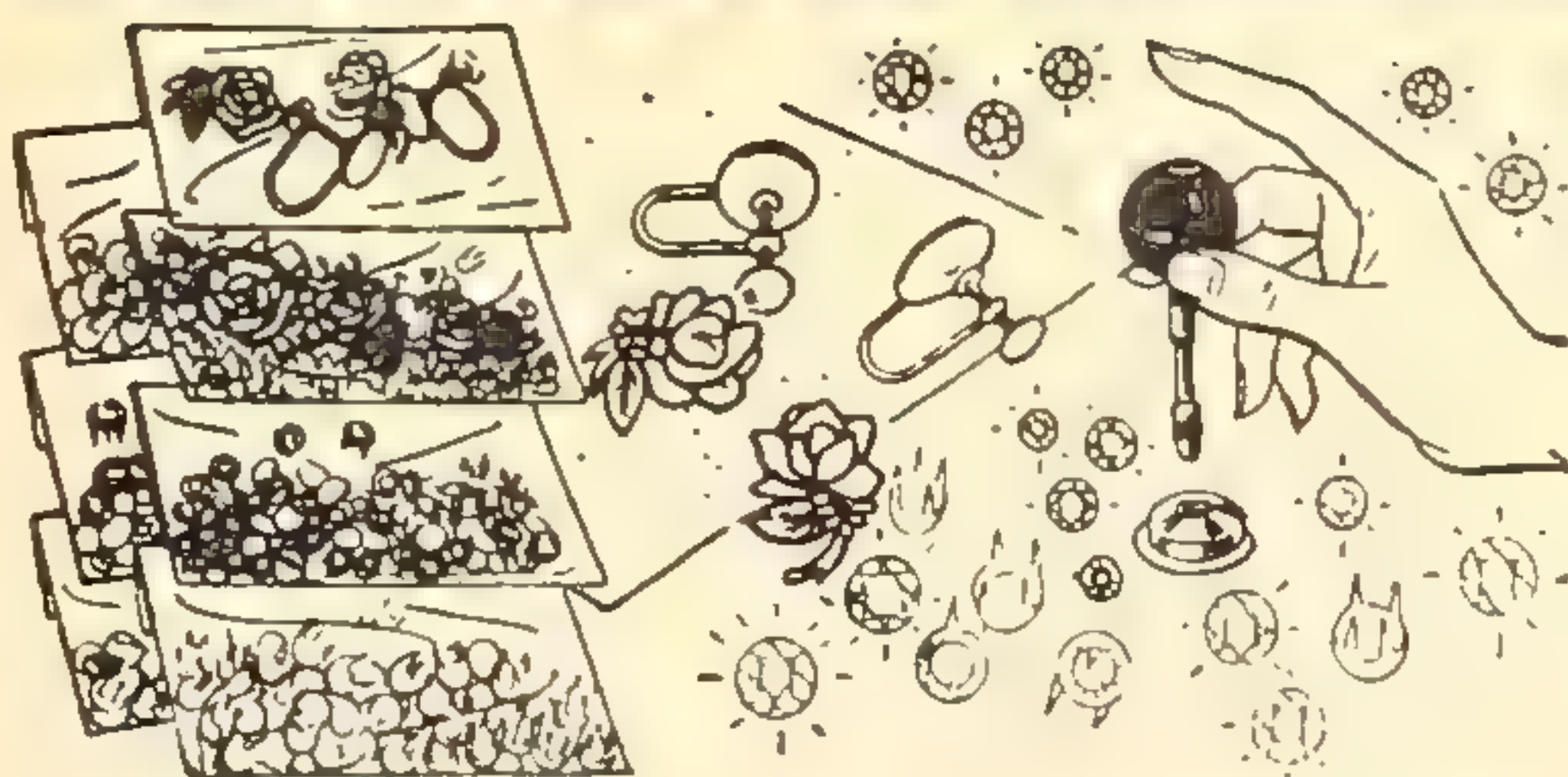
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Sweetheart of the Crosbys

(Continued from page 49)

"In California? What for? Besides, my friends might think I was taking myself too seriously. Save your money, son."

After Dad died, Mom had to have someone do her driving because she had never learned and felt it was a little too late to try. She refused a big car with a uniformed chauffeur, insisted that her driver pilot a modest vehicle and wear a business suit while conducting himself as much as possible like a sixth son.

She knows that life has been materially good to her children, but she still believes that caution is the better part of capacity. When Mom was going over her European itinerary with sister Catherine, who accompanied her on the jaunt, she noted that she and Catherine were scheduled to occupy a suite in a New York hotel for one night, preparatory to embarking on the *United States* the following day. The price for this brief lodging, she tapped with a disapproving forefinger, was forty-five dollars. "Why don't we find ourselves a nice room somewhere for five dollars and just pocket the extra forty?" she asked Catherine. She was only half-kidding.

We gave Mom a bad time about her passport. You see, none of us has ever really known exactly what Mom's age was, and certain positive pointers indicated that she intended to keep her secret. When we consulted the family Bible, we found that the page stating her vital statistics had been removed.

During a family reunion, one night, we told Mom that her mystery was about to be solved. Securing a passport would make it necessary for her to divulge her age.

She holds certain suspicions about her sons in cases of this kind. She searched our faces, then turned to me. I'm supposed to be the transparent one. "Is what they are saying true?"

I looked as solemn as possible and said it was.

"I'll not go," she said, lifting her chin.

When time narrowed down to a few months and passport steps *had* to be taken, she postponed revelation by saying, "I'm not sure how old I am. I have never been certain—something about the records."

Well, we said, she must have known how old Dad was when they were married and how old she was. We had statistics as to the time that had elapsed since, so an accurate figure could be reached. "I was much younger than your father," she said in the light, thin tone of the child bride.

What about her school friends, we asked. Many of them are still her buddies; they should be able to assure certain government officials as to their chum's accumulated experience.

She rejected this suggestion with the simple explanation that "I was much younger than the other girls of my age."

Finally we pinned her down with the date of Dad's birth: 1865, and suggested that she think of a date in that vicinity. That was a dirty trick, because she struck out wildly, cutting away time on the wrong side of the century. "All right, say I was born in 1813," she announced.

Naturally we howled. "In other words, you were just four years younger than Abraham Lincoln," I said, remembering the only historical date of which I'm sure: 1809.

That ended the conversation for that night. "I didn't say it," she said, and pointedly changed the subject. I'm not exactly sure how the passport problem was resolved; Catherine and Mother made several top-secret trips to see the officials, Mother acquired certain documents, and before she left she seemed to keep her purse within easy reach at all times.

I don't believe that women like Mom should be confined to mathematics; perhaps it would be better to catalogue them like furniture: Victorian, Regency, Georgian, Empire, Early Grand Rapids, Jazz Velours, Morris Chair, and Contemporary. Mom is strictly Contemporary.

When Bing (whom Mom has always called "Harry") left home, he made Mom a promise. It went like this, "I will never contemplate anything important in my life without talking it over with you. I will never do anything until you have given me an opinion." He spoke for all of us. Mom is our central dispatch bureau, our radar, our inter-communicating system.

Ted and I are not in any way connected with Bing Crosby Enterprises. Larry, Everett—and, of course, Bing—are. Still, occasionally we hear things about the operation that would bear watching, or we hear of an opportunity that might bear investigating. With whom do we discuss it? With the Crosby Unofficial Vice-President in Charge of Everything: Mom. She channels the info to the proper person.

Sometimes I have thought that the most difficult task facing any mother of seven children is that of maintaining absolute equality among the family, of behaving every day, day after day, as if each child were unique, of vital importance in his own right, but no different in that respect from any other member of the brood.

Our Mom has managed it. From childhood unto this day, I have never felt that Mom had a greater tenderness for one of us beyond what she held for any other. I remember one time that someone congratulated Mom on an achievement of Bing's, and she said with her wonderful air of calm but grateful acceptance, "I'm a fortunate woman; each of my children is gifted, each in his own way."

She has preserved this status of no-favoritism by remaining at all times the family chief executive. We're all afraid of her, right to this day. We defer to her and revere her for her straight-thinking, no-nonsense approach to life's problems.

Sometimes her built-in rules of justice may make her seem a bit austere. For instance, when she sends my family Easter cards, or postals while she is away on a trip, she addresses one communication to "The Crosby Boys," which takes in Chris, Bob, Jr., and Steve, and one to "The

Crosby Girls"—Cathy and little Malia.

For a long time, I had been trying to get Mother to appear on my daily CBS-TV show, first because I knew what a kick I'd get out of it, and second because literally hundreds of viewers have been interested enough in the matriarch of the Crosby clan to write to me asking when I was going to have her as a guest star.

I invited her regularly, month after month, but she always said no. "It's not my place," she would rule with her characteristic kindly calm. At another time, she intimated that if she should appear on my program she would have to even things by appearing on Bing's program and thereafter she might find herself launched mildly in show business—an activity for which, she said, she had neither leisure nor aptitude.

However, she must have confided her invitations to some of her girl friends and a certain amount of old school pressure must have been brought to bear, particularly in view of her going to Europe for the summer. She telephoned my business manager one afternoon and announced that she had given due consideration to my request and had decided to appear. "I've been thinking it over, and I believe that, for Bob, I ought to come down to the show," she said.

Gil Robin is not only my business manager, but one of my long-time friends (he used to play very fine sax with the Bobcats), so he has known Mom for years. He told her, chuckling, that she needn't exert herself, that Bob really wouldn't be disappointed, etc., etc.

She cut him short with a quiet ultimatum: "I have made up my mind. At what time should I be there? Catherine will bring me."

She and sister Catherine were on hand at the proper time. I introduced them to the TV and studio audience and told a little about their trip. Since then, I've received a flock of letters suggesting that Mom appear again, so it's obvious that she made a hit.

That night she telephoned me (usually the children make the calls to her, so this was a departure) and said that several of her friends had telephoned to say that she made a fine appearance.

Obviously, Bing was right there in the room (she moved in with Bing and took up the management of his home after Dixie passed away), and I gathered that her conscience was jabbing her. She felt she had to make some sort of left-handed explanation to maintain equality in the family. She said, "Son, I only meant to be in the audience. I didn't have any idea at all that I was going to be on television."

It was a big kick for me to have Mom on the program because, in a way, she has been responsible for my daytime TV show. When the spot was offered to me, I hesitated. I have an elephant-sized respect for entertainers who can leave a platform, move down into the audience and conduct an informal but highly entertaining show. The minute a performer leaves his spotlights and the stage, he needs a big "plus" in talent, wit, and clear-thinking. I admitted to Mom that I didn't know whether I could meet the challenge.

Now, Mom knows about show business only what she has picked up from hearing her gang yak it up around the house, and from watching plays, pictures and TV, and from listening to radio. She said slowly, "If you feel that way about it, why don't you bring your guests, your contest participants and people like that, up onto the stage with you? That would maintain your status and it would inspire them to become performers, too."

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At this point, I recall another time when Mom gave me advice which I have followed ever since. This took place during a formative period when a couple of coins to rub against one another in the pocket felt like the Comstock Lode to me. I was given thirty-five cents to have my hair cut, and was dispatched toward the tonsorial emporium. However, I had a gimmick. I knew where there was a barber college that would cut hair for free. Not good—I didn't say that. But definitely for free. So I hied me down to this flying-scissors field and stood in line for attention. Got it, too. The neophyte nipped my ear and I thought I was going to bleed to death before coagulation set in.

When I reached home, bloody but "unbroke," my wound was noticed by my ever alert family and my father had some dealings with me toward the back of the lot. At that time my mother said simply, "Don't ever do it again, Bob."

Normally, discipline was handled on a step-down basis. If Everett got out of hand, Dad managed him; if the miscreant was Larry, Everett handled the situation. Larry kept an eye on Ted, Ted supervised Bing—and darned near everybody supervised me, though Bing was Top Supe.

This same chain of command served as champions for our two sisters. As a school girl, our sister Mary Rose was comfortably upholstered. This roundness, plus her name, made her joke fodder. A favorite canard was, "Little Mary Rose sat on a tack. Little Mary Rose." Whenever she came home, crying as a result of this publicity, one question was asked, "How big was the boy who said it?"

A brother of the appropriate size was sent out to issue an admonition. If he came home, himself admonished, the next size larger brother was dispatched. I don't remember that the entire quintet ever became involved, but I imagine Dad—a rugged gentleman and a great handler of emergencies—might have wished for such a situation to develop.

To all intents and purposes, Mom never knew about such things. We protected her sense of decorum, along with the girls' sensibilities. I suppose she must have smiled to herself often, because our platinum-blond girl friend does not lack for a sense of humor.

This spring, while we were discussing Mother's trip to Europe, I asked if her ship docked in England first, or went on to France. She said she would dock in France, go direct to Paris. I shook my head and said, "That's bad, you know. Our family is always getting into the newspapers for one reason or another, and you'll probably inspire the tallest headlines of all. You, in Paris, along with Porfirio Rubirosa."

She played it very straight. After a moment's consideration she said, "I doubt if I'd meet him."

Someone else—Larry, I believe—carried it on by hazarding a guess that Señor Rubirosa might like to take Mom out.

"You're pretty enough," I told her.

"That I am," she agreed with alacrity, "but I haven't enough money for him."

Who could top that?

Probably in closing I should mention that Mom was born Kitty Harrigan and that my dad used to play a bit of mandolin, especially as accompaniment to an old love song—you've heard it almost as often as we did in our home—called "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

Each one of us always takes Kathleen home with us, in our hearts.

(And I'm a-tellin' ya, Mom, me darlin', it's not blarney, not a bit of it, if you'll excuse me for contradictin' ya, just this once.)

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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Local Program Gabriel Heatter ¹ 8:55 It Happens Every Day ²	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker [†]	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Wifemaker Johnny Olson Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Smith Show	Cecil Brown Kenny Baker Show News	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:45	Break The Bank	10:35 Madeleine Carroll's Story- time	When A Girl Marries	
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling With Tom Moore 11:25 Holland Engle	Modern Romances Ever Since Eve	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Queen For A Day	Thy Neighbor's Voice Three-City Byline	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank Capitol Commentary with Les Higgle 12:20 Down At Holmsey's	Valentino Frank Farrell	Wendy Warren & The News Aunt Jenny
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Ted Steele Show	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Betty Crocker [†] 2:35 Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45		Wonderful City		This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Mary Margaret McBride 3:05 Women In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Mike & Buff's Mailbag
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Tony Martin's Quiz	Reed Browning Show 4:25 Betty Crocker [†] Treasury Bandstand	
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Bruce & Dan	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson ² (Sgt. Preston) ¹ Wild Bill Hickok ² (Bobby Benson) ¹ 5:55 Cecil Brown ¹ T-TH ² M-W-F	Musical Express ¹ George Antell ² Art & Dotty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez ¹ M-W-F ² T-TH [†] T, Th—Sheilah Graham	News 5:05 John Faulk Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe

Monday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Lowell Thomas Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Best Of All	Top Secret Files Broadway Cop	Henry J. Taylor American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	Meet Corliss Archer Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Reporters' Roundup	Music By Camarata 9:25 News Sammy Kaye	Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Two In The Balcony	News Manhattan Crossroads Distinguished Artists	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

Tuesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith	Lowell Thomas Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Dragnet	Treasury Agent John Steele, Adventurer	Jack Gregson Show	People Are Funny Stop The Music
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Lux Radio Theater Lux Theater (con.)	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ends 9:55 Lorne Greene	America's Town Meeting Of The Air E. D. Canham, News	Stop The Music (con.) Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Listen To Washington	News Manhattan Crossroads State Of The Nation	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Lowell Thomas Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra	Squad Room	Jack Gregson Show	FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards, News 21st Precinct
8:30 9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Walk A Mile You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Family Theater	Sammy Kaye Whiteman Varieties	Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Keys To The Capital	Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads Sounding Board	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith	Lowell Thomas Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Bob Hope Show	Official Detective Crime Fighters	Jack Gregson Show	Suspense 8:25 Doug Edwards, News Nightwatch
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Spend A Million	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Author Meets The Critics	Sammy Kaye Ralph Flanagan	Rosemary Clooney Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Jane Pickens Show	News Manhattan Crossroads Musical Caravan	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Lowell Thomas Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Friday With Garroway	Counter-Spy Take A Number	Jack Gregson Show	Crime Photographer 8:25 Doug Edwards, News Godfrey Digest
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Garroway (con.)	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Have A Heart	Sammy Kaye	Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Boxing—Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Highlights	News Manhattan Crossroads Fall Out	Rally Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Egbert & Ummly	Local Program	News Summary	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Egbert & Ummly (con.) Eddie Howard Sings	News	News 9:05 No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Eddie Howard (con.) Roadshow	Travel Guide Kite Flight	No School Today (con.) Space Patrol	 Galen Drake
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Roadshow (con.) Roadshow (con.)	Kite Flight (con.)	11:05 Platterbrains All League Club- house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm And Home Hour Roadshow (con.)	Farm Quiz New England Barn Dance	12:05 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Stars Over Holly- wood 12:55 This I Believe
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Roadshow (con.) Roadshow (con.)	Fifth Army Band Ruby Mercer Show	Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital 1:25 Galen Drake News 1:35 Peter Lind Hayes Show
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Football	Football— Notre Dame Games	Football	Let's Pretend Football Roundup
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	News 3:05 Football (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	News 4:05 Football (con.) 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Roadshow (con.) Roadshow (con.)	Teenagers Unlimited Brickhouse, Sports 5:55 News	News 5:05 Paulena Carter Horse Racing 5:55 News	Football (con.) Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News H. V. Kaltenborn On The Campus	Musical Almanac Men's Corner 6:55 Cecil Brown	6:05 Pan-American Union James Crowley Reports Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Roundup Capitol Cloakroom
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Stars From Paris Heart Of The News	Sam Levine, Kegler Report From Washington Keep Healthy 7:55 Globe Trotter	Bob Mills, Show Tunes Three Suns Dinner At The Green Room	Juke Box Jury Sammy Kaye
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Conversation Boston Symphony	True Or False Magic Valley Jamboree	Victory Dance	Gunsmoke Gangbusters
9:00 9:15 9:30	Boston Symphony (con.) Grand Ole Opry	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	Victory Dance (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dude Ranch Jamboree Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Orchestra	News, Schorr 10:05 Country Style (con.) Dorsey Brothers Orch.

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup Carnival Of Books	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup The Music Room Organ Music 9:55 News
9:30 9:45	Faith In Action Art Of Living	Back To God		Church Of The Air
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air (con.)
10:30 10:45	Collector's Item	Voice Of Prophecy		Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Collector's Item (con.)	Frank And Ernest John T. Flynn Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Collector's Item (con.) The Eternal Light	Studio Concerts News, Bill Cunning- ham Tune Time	Pan-American Union The World Tomorrow	News, LeSueur Howard K. Smith, World Affairs News Report
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Citizens At Work Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Global Frontiers Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Man's Right To Knowledge Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Youth Wants To Know	Bandstand, U.S.A. Tune Time Merry Mailman	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philhar- monic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekend	U.S. Marine Band Tune Time CBC Symphony	Sammy Kaye Hour Of Decision	New York Philhar- monic-Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend (con.)	CBC Symphony (con.) Flight In The Blue 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News, LeSueur 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Music From Holly- wood	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries 5:55 Cecil Brown	Youth On The March Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, LeSueur

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	American Forum Music	Nick Carter On The Line, Bob Considine Wisner, Sports	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News George Sokolsky Quincy Howe	Gene Autry Hall Of Fame
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Radio Spectacular	Rod And Gun Club Wonderful City	Highway Frolics	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dr. Six Gun Barrie Craig	Heartbeat Of Industry Enchanted Hour	Highway Frolics (con.)	Our Miss Brooks My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	We, The Abbots Easy Money	Army Hour London Studio Melodies	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant Your Voice Of America	Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Meet The Press	Manion's Opinion News, Hazel Markel Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey, News George Combs Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Mahalia Jack- son, Gospel Singer UN Report

See Next Page→

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 NOVEMBER 9—DECEMBER 7

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ② Morning Show—Wake up to Paar
④ & ⑧ Today—Away with Garroway
8:00 ⑦ Good Morning—With cute Scotty Scott
9:00 ② Skinner Show—Real George variety
④ Herb Sheldon—Genial AM chatter
⑦ Don McNeill's Breakfast Club
10:00 ② Garry Moore—Blues-chasing variety
④ & ⑧ Ding Dong School—TV nursery
⑦ Ern Westmore—Beauty advice
10:30 ② Godfrey Time—Artfully yours
④ & ⑧ Time To Live—Serial
⑦ Nancy Craig—Fem interviews
10:45 ④ Three Steps To Heaven—Serial
11:00 ④ Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
11:15 ⑤ Morning Chapel
11:30 ② & ⑧ Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy
⑤ Susan Adams—Tempting cookery
12:00 ② Valiant Lady—Serial
④ & ⑧ Betty White Show—Gay gal
12:15 ② & ⑧ Love Of Life—Serial drama
12:30 ② & ⑧ Search For Tomorrow—Serial
⑦ Morey Amsterdam—Laughs
12:45 ② (& ⑧ at 2:30) Guiding Light
1:00 ② Portia Faces Life—Serial
1:15 ② The Seeking Heart—Serial
1:30 ② & ⑧ Welcome Travelers—Interviews
⑦ Maggi McNellis—For women only
2:00 ② & ⑧ Robert Q. Lewis Show—Quite
⑨ Allen Prescott—Wife-saving tips
2:30 ② Linkletter's House Party—Fun!
⑤ Journey Through Life—Real stories
⑨ Ted Steele Show—Lively music & talk
⑪ Liberace—Valentino of the keyboard
3:00 ② & ⑧ Big Payoff—Mink-lined quiz
⑤ Paul Dixon Show—Musicmimics
3:15 ④ Golden Windows—Serial
3:30 ② Bob Crosby Show—Musical variety
④ & ⑧ One Man's Family—Serial
3:45 ④ & ⑧ Concerning Miss Marlowe—Serial
4:00 ② & ⑧ Brighter Day—Serial
④ Hawkins Falls—Rural serial
4:15 ② & ⑧ Secret Storm—Serial
④ First Love—Serial Drama
4:30 ② On Your Account—Win Elliot, banker
④ World Of Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles
6:30 ⑪ Liberace—At the piano
7:00 ⑦ Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Fun in fantasy
7:15 ⑦ John Daly—News
7:30 ⑨ Million Dollar Movies—First-run TV features, starring Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters, et al. Second show at 10:00 P.M. each night.
7:45 ② Perry Como—Mon., Wed., Fri.; Jo Stafford—Tues.; Jane Froman—Thurs.
④ & ⑧ News Caravan—Swayze reports

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 ⑤ China Smith—Adventures
⑦ Jamie—Brandon de Wilde stars
8:00 ② & ⑧ Burns & Allen—Very funny
④ Sid Caesar Show—Whopping laughs
8:30 ② Talent Scouts—Godfrey's showcase
⑤ Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
⑦ & ⑧ Voice Of Firestone—Concerts
9:00 ② & ⑧ I Love Lucy—The very "Desi" Arnazes
④ The Medic—First-rate documentaries
⑤ Pro Boxing—Preliminary events
9:30 ② & ⑧ December Bride—Delightful Spring Byington stars in light comedy from Hollywood.
④ Robert Montgomery Presents
10:00 ② & ⑧ Studio One—Fine dramas
⑦ Boxing From Eastern Parkway
10:45 ⑦ Wrestling From Hollywood

Tuesday

- 7:30 ⑤ Waterfront—Preston Foster stars as resourceful tugboat captain.
⑦ Cavalcade Of America—Dramas
8:00 ② Red Skelton Show—Red-headed riot
④ & ⑧ Milton Berle Show—alternates with Bob Hope and Martha Raye
⑤ Life Is Worth Living—Bishop Sheen
8:30 ② Halls Of Ivy—Ronald Colman stars
⑤ The Goldbergs—Hilarious and heart-warming
⑦ Twenty Questions—Panel game
9:00 ② Meet Millie—Doings of dizzy dame
④ Fireside Theater—Dramas
⑤ Studio 57—Varieties of drama
⑦ Make Room For Daddy—Danny Thomas in beguiling comedy
9:30 ② & ⑧ Danger—Spine-chillers
④ Circle Theater—Dramas
⑤ It's A Mystery
⑦ U.S. Steel Theater—Elgin Theater
Excellent, sixty-minute dramas each week
10:00 ② Life With Father—Comedy series
④ & ⑧ Truth Or Consequences
10:30 ② See It Now—Ed Murrow's editor
④ It's A Great Life—Great big laughs
⑦ Stop The Music—Parks sparks quiz

Wednesday

- 7:30 ⑤ Counterpoint—Off-beat dramas
⑦ Disneyland—Full hour of thrills
8:00 ② & ⑧ Godfrey Show—Hour variety
④ I Married Joan—Domestic ding-dong
8:30 ④ (& ⑧ at 9:30) My Little Margie
⑦ Stu Erwin—Funny family stuff
9:00 ② & ⑧ Strike It Rich—Hull's quiz
④ Kraft Theater—Full-hour drama
⑤ Chicago Symphony—Fritz Reiner
⑦ Masquerade Party—Panel game
9:30 ② I've Got A Secret—More of Moore
10:00 ② & ⑧ Blue Ribbon Boxing
Nov. 10 & Dec. 8, Best Of Broadway 90-minute star-cast comedies and dramas
④ This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards
⑤ Down You Go—Clue catchers
⑦ Colonel March—Boris Karloff
10:30 ④ Big Town—Mark Stevens stars
⑦ Foreign Intrigue—Espionage series

Thursday

- 7:30 ⑤ Royal Playhouse
⑦ Lone Ranger—Horse opry
8:00 ② Meet Mr. McNulty—Ray Milland
④ & ⑧ Bet Your Life—Madman Marx
⑤ They Stand Accused—Trials
⑦ Postal Inspector—Adventures
8:30 ② Climax—Outstanding, hour dramas.
Nov. 25, Shower Of Stars—Musical
④ & ⑧ Justice—Police dramas
⑦ T-Men In Action—Active T-Men
9:00 ④ Dragnet—Webb's slugging dramas
⑤ What's The Story?—Panel
⑦ So You Want To Lead A Band?—Sammy Kaye with his musical game
9:30 ② Four Star Playhouse—Dramas
④ & ⑧ Ford Theater
⑦ Kraft Theater—Full-hour dramas
10:00 ④ & ⑧ Lux Video Theater—Full hour
10:30 ② Name That Tune—Cullen's quiz
⑦ Racket Squad—Reed Hadley stars

Friday

- 7:00 ④ Guy Lombardo—Heavenly music
7:30 ⑤ Royal Playhouse
⑦ Rin Tin Tin—Canine adventures

- 8:00 ② & ⑧ Mama—Enchanting comedy
④ Red Buttons Show—Impish clown
⑤ Front Page—Ed Lowe, mellerdramers
⑦ Ozzie & Harriet—So wonderful
8:30 ② Topper—Hocus-pocus comedy series
④ & ⑧ Life Of Riley—Bill Bendix stars
⑤ Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
⑦ Ray Bolger Show—Riotous Ray
9:00 ② Playhouse Of Stars—Dramas
④ & ⑧ Big Story—Compelling drama
⑤ One Minute, Please—Different
9:30 ② Our Miss Brooks—Light-hearted fun
④ & ⑧ Dear Phoebe—Peter Lawford
⑦ The Vise—English-import stories
10:00 ② The Line-Up—Police stories
⑤ Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
10:30 ② Person To Person—Interviews
⑤ Time Will Tell—Quiz, Ernie Kovacs
⑦ Mr. District Attorney—David Brian

Saturday

- 12:55-2:25 ⑦ & ⑧ College Football—11/13, Georgia Tech vs. Alabama; 11/20, Ohio State vs. Michigan; 11/25, Maryland vs. Missouri; 11/27, Army vs. Navy; 12/4, Notre Dame vs. SMU.
7:30 ② Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
④ Ethel And Albert—Domestic cyclone
⑦ Dottie Mack Show—Fem musicmimics
8:00 ② Jackie Gleason Show—Laugh revue
④ & ⑧ Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
⑤ Pro Football—11/13, Balt. vs. Green Bay; 11/20, San Francisco vs. Pgh.; 12/4, Balt. vs. Los Angeles.
8:30 ④ & ⑧ Place The Face—Cullen, emcee
9:00 ② Two For The Money—Shriner quiz
④ & ⑧ Imogene Coca Show
Nov. 20, 9:00-10:30, Max Liebman presents Spectacular
9:30 ② My Favorite Husband—First-rate
④ Durante-O'Connor Shows
Jimmy, Nov. 27; Donald, Nov. 13 & Dec. 4
10:00 ② That's My Boy—Eddie Mayehoff
④ George Gobel—Gobs of laughs
⑦ Stork Club—Sherm Billingsley's bistro
10:30 ② Willy—June Havoc comedy
④ Your Hit Parade

Sunday

- 2:05 ⑦ Pro Football From Chicago—11/14, Cleve. Browns vs. Bears; 11/21, Wash. Redskins vs. Cards; 11/28, LA Rams vs. Bears; 12/5, Bears vs. Cards.
5:00 ② Omnibus—Very fine entertainment
④ & ⑧ Hallmark Theater
5:30 ⑤ We Love Dogs—Pet show
6:00 ④ Meet The Press—Newsmaking panel
7:00 ② Lassie—Co-starring Tommy Rettig
④ & ⑧ People Are Funny—Linkletter
⑦ You Asked For It—Baker's oddities
7:30 ② & ⑧ Jack Benny—Alternates weekly with Private Secretary, with Ann Sothern
④ Mr. Peepers—Wally's whale of fun
Dec. 5, 7:30-9:00: Max Liebman presents Spectacular
⑤ Opera Cameos—Live from NYC
⑦ Pepsi-Cola Playhouse—Polly Bergen
8:00 ② & ⑧ Toast Of The Town—Sullivan
④ Colgate Comedy Hour—Variety
9:00 ② G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
④ & ⑧ TV Playhouse—Hour dramas
9:30 ② Honestly, Celeste—Celeste Holm
⑤ Life Begins At 80—Sprightly talk
10:00 ② Father Knows Best—Robert Young
④ & ⑧ Loretta Young Show—Dramas
⑦ Break The Bank—Parks' \$\$\$ quiz
10:30 ② & ⑧ What's My Line?—Job game
⑦ Victory At Sea—Superb documentary

Love Story for Today

(Continued from page 57)

long engagements," Debbie has said frankly. "I'm a great believer, in that you don't know anybody really unless you've known them a long time." And Eddie has agreed that he's a believer, too. "That's the only way you get to know each other. The only way to find out if it would be the right thing for both of you. True—there's the matter of the distance between New York and Hollywood. At times, a million miles at least. That's the thing, of course." And he added that this might be good, too. Good to test just how much they care, he meant.

One thing sure, to those who know them: Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher have been one of the nicest things that ever happened to love in Hollywood . . . on or off the screen . . . two attractive young people who deserved each other and had been conditioned by life for each other and for whatever challenges the future might bring.

For their story begins years before the fateful day when Eddie Fisher went on a sound stage at M-G-M . . . and saw Debbie Reynolds rehearsing with a harp in her hand . . . and found his own answer to "How do you speak to an angel?" (A question he'd long voiced musically.)

Theirs is the story of a pretty little pixie with a rare gift for making laughter for those around her, whenever they needed it most, and of a serious-faced, thin kid, with a shock of black hair and intent brown eyes, who was born with a song in his heart which no degree of poverty or struggle could still.

Although the settings differed, their backgrounds were fundamentally the same. Their story begins with the Depression years, when both families were charter members of the W.P.A. Mary Frances Reynolds, daughter of an unemployed carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad in El Paso, Texas, was born in a little rock house back of a filling station where her father labored fourteen hours a day for a dollar.

Eddie Fisher, born on Philadelphia's south side, is one of seven children his father Joseph Fisher was always struggling some way to feed. Finally, when there were no other jobs to be had, Joe Fisher got himself a horse and cart and "huckstered" vegetables up and down the street—with young Eddie calling them out melodically. His father gave him the name his family and friends use. Inspired by his regard for Al Jolson, after Eddie was born, he'd look into those serious brown eyes and say, "He's Sonnyboy, our Sonnyboy."

The music inside Eddie Fisher softened the shoddiest of surroundings for him. The heat from the steaming pavement, the smell of the wilting vegetables, were all blotted out by the music he made and by the happy faces he saw at the windows whenever he sang.

"From the time he was born, the music always came out from his heart," his father says now. "People always liked to hear him sing then as now. God has gifted Sonnyboy with something and I am happy and proud. But every song he ever sang was a hit with us. And we were proud of him when he sang for a box of candy in an amateur show."

His dad was so proud he bought a secondhand piano at a department store—and "paid it out, ten dollars a month, as a surprise for Sonnyboy."

But, no matter how tough the times, his mom and dad never suggested he quit singing and go to work, try another job. "We always encouraged him. 'You have to try and try again. If you like it, if it's

in your heart,' we'd say, 'you will do it.'"

Eddie dreamed then of the day when he would say, "Mama, you will have a house, a beautiful house with two bathrooms." And to his father, "Papa, you've worked too long, now you must rest."

Eddie was self-taught, because there was no money for voice lessons, but a coach who heard him sing early advised him that he would have to deprive himself of many things a boy liked to do—football, baseball, many things—and put the time on his voice, if he wanted to make good, and he did. Eddie Fisher was in love with music, with his whole heart. As he put it, scuffling along the sidewalk—homeward bound from a Bing Crosby movie, with his pals Joey Forman and Bernie Rich—"If I didn't sing, I'd rather die."

To sing would be worth whatever price he would have to pay. However long the hours and however discouraging. However small the financial reward, his reward then was in the smiles on the happy faces and in the hearts he could lift.

His friend Joey Forman, today featured in Mickey Rooney's television series, had no doubts Eddie would make it. "We always had big dreams of being stars," Joey says. "How we used to listen to all the records in the music library at WFIL—and we'd sometimes go to three movies in one day! I always felt then that Eddie would make it. Once, when we were sixteen years old, Eddie, Bernie and I saved our money, packed our bags and went to New York for a weekend to see the big town. We walked up and down Broadway looking at the bright lights and dreaming it up a bit. There were a few times later on, of course, when we were lucky if we had thirty-five cents between us. We'd go into the Automat for three orders of beans."

One April Fool's Day—just about the time his grandmother was singing folk songs to Eddie Fisher—the girl who was to bring April not only into his own life, but into lives the world over, was born. When she was eight years old and the family was moving bag and baggage in a Model-A Ford to Burbank—where her father had a job as carpenter for the railroad again—twelve-year-old Eddie was singing on Skipper Dawes' *The Magic Lady Supper Club* and *Teen-Age Time* shows on Philadelphia's Station WFIL, walking the thirty-five blocks between home and station, both ways, with no complaints.

By the time Eddie was eighteen years old and singing at the Grossinger Hotel, Mary Frances Reynolds was graduating with honors from junior high, wearing her mother's dresses made over for school proms, and being heartbrokenly turned down for any part in a school play. But the dream of making laughter remained. "I gave my speech at graduation on happiness," she recalls. "I wanted to be a comedienne. I never thought how I would achieve it then, I just knew I'd like to make people laugh."

By 1950, Debbie Reynolds had signed with M-G-M and was on her way to becoming the little comedienne she'd always dreamed of being some day. This same year, too, on the opposite coast, Fran Warren had to cancel a date at Bill Miller's famed Riviera in New Jersey, and the Fishers' telephone rang with the big news that Eddie was going to fill in. "I'm going on tonight," he said. "Pray for me." Five minutes before he was to go on, his mom and dad walked into the dressing room of the club. "He was standing there, waiting to be called, a little afraid," his dad remembers now, "then he saw us coming and he let go. We said, 'Sonnyboy, you go out there and give it to them.' And he

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did. When he started singing, the glasses and the spoons, the ice, all the noises stopped. They wouldn't let him leave. The next day, the critics said a new star was born. We felt so proud and so happy for him, his first show . . . our Sonnyboy—and all those people loving him."

So both were on their way to realizing the big dream. When Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds first met, Eddie had two hit recordings behind him—"Anytime" and "Wish You Were Here"—and a string of offers whenever Uncle Sam released him from contract. "We met at the Walter Reed Hospital. Debbie was making personal appearances in Washington, D.C., and playing a program at the hospital. I was doing a thing with the Army band on the show. It was just a quick hello. I thought she was a great performer. She did a tremendous job," Eddie says proudly.

Through the months that followed, the memory of Debbie Reynolds had a way of staying with him, too. By now, Debbie was the favorite of GI's everywhere, the girl they were all coming home to. And thousands of miles away in Korea, Private Eddie Fisher did a little dreaming of his own. He sat down and wrote Debbie a letter, suggesting that she come over there and entertain the GI's. He didn't have her home address, and he sent the letter off with a wing and a prayer. Eventually, the letter reached her. But—by the time Debbie got an answer back to Korea and told him she was coming over there with a troupe to spend Christmas and New Year's with the boys—Private Eddie Fisher was on his way back home.

At the peak of two careers . . . when Debbie Reynolds was one of Hollywood's brightest star comediennes and Eddie Fisher was the country's most popular young baritone . . . they met again on a Hollywood sound stage. He was visiting the M-G-M lot.

"Eddie called me the next night for a date, but I couldn't go. He called again, and I couldn't," Debbie recalls. "When he returned to New York, he called me and asked for a date the evening of June 17th. This was a long way off. I said I'd be happy to see him again, and I marked the date on my calendar. Then one morning I was reading in *Variety* all about Eddie Fisher's big opening at the Cocoanut Grove on June 17th. I nearly died. When I'd put it down on my calendar, I hadn't realized what the seventeenth was. I said, 'Mother, I've got to have a dress. I'm Eddie's date for his opening at the Grove. I can't go dressed in just any old thing.'"

And as her mother, who makes most all of Debbie's clothes ("I'm not even a size.") recalls, her daughter went even further than that. "Frannie said she'd have to have something super-colossal. She went shopping and paid \$10 a yard for some red lace Cellophane. I made it with spiraling ruffles. She said she had to have something super-colossal. And she did."

During the weeks that followed, Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds made their own music and their laughter. Eddie began catching up on a few of those green years he'd been singing about, the laughs, the young parties, the fun times, the romancing he'd missed during the feverish struggle for recognition as a singer.

Eddie leased his first house in California, a picturesque white-columned Colonial place on Benedict Canyon, and his father joined him there.

Together Eddie and Debbie swam, played tennis, went for long moonlight drives, and talked and talked. Never one for outdoor sports before, he was pretty proud of himself at Lake Arrowhead when he discovered he could water-ski—"It was the first time, and I stayed up all the way." But he was less successful when they went

sailing with Axel and June Stordahl.

Eddie and Debbie were both deathly ill and spent the entire voyage swallowing pills, munching crackers like mad, and trying to find a smoother spot on the boat.

One evening they made up a family-like party and took in a movie, with the usual discussion about what movie to take in. Eddie and Joey Forman and Bernie Rich held out for "Apache," but Debbie and her mother wanted to see "Magnificent Obsession." Eddie's father, Joe, settled it gallantly with, "What the ladies want—the ladies should have."

But, when Debbie invited Eddie to a "Roaring Twenties" birthday party being given for her "adopted brother," ex-GI Paul Lillard, the mere thought of putting on a fancy outfit almost stopped him cold. "I'd feel like a goon," he said. "If you go in regular clothes, you'll really feel conspicuous," Debbie's mother pointed out, "with all the others in costume." Then, when Debbie brought home his ensemble from the studio, Eddie took one startled look at the blazer and knickers and beanie, and almost backed out again. "Look at me," her mother said. "I'm in costume—and nobody can look more foolish than I do. Dad's in costume. Even Grandmother's in costume. . . ." Eddie went along. He watched from the sidelines for a long time, as they bore down on the Charleston. But gradually he relaxed and had a great time.

When Eddie Fisher made his smash appearance in the Hollywood Bowl, Debbie and her parents were down front in a box, along with his dad and Irving Berlin. For Joe Fisher, remembering the little "Pied Piper" and his audience as he sang out the vegetables along a Philadelphia street . . . remembering all the struggles through the years . . . this was a mighty proud moment. All he could think was: "That's my Sonnyboy." It all seemed like a beautiful dream. And as Eddie put it later on, "It was a very exciting evening I'll never forget. It looked like all of California was up there on that hill. . . ."

The week before the concert, Eddie and Debbie and her mother had "scouted" the Hollywood Bowl and he'd felt no alarm. He'd played to larger audiences than this before. There'd be no worry here. But that night, sweating it out before time to go on, it was another whole story. He kept pacing nervously back and forth. Finally, Debbie and Eddie decided to take a look at the crowd through a peek-hole backstage. Their eyes traveled up a hill solid-packed with humanity—and with scores who couldn't get regular seats sitting on the sides. "Well, Edwin, is the room intimate enough for you?" cracked Debbie. Her sense of humor was one of many irresistible qualities, he was discovering. . . .

The day he took an early-morning plane for Europe, Debbie overslept and broke all the speed laws in a wild dash to the airport, even side-swiping a car en route. If the plane hadn't departed fifteen minutes late, she'd never have made it. As it was, with airport cops clearing the way for her, she got there just in time to say "Goodbye." Running for the plane, she saw Eddie standing there holding a tiny fluff which, when liberated, turned out to be a dog. The little poodle trotted to Debbie, as though knowing this was the girl to whom she belonged. The pup was a surprise for Debbie and, until her breathless appearance, an anxious Eddie was beginning to worry whether the small creature would be happy, 'way off in New York. "The name's Fanny?" he said, questioningly, hoping she might name her pet after the hit show and the hit Fisher recording. "Fanny Fisher," she agreed.

By this time, they'd arrived at what two such young old-fashioneds would term "an understanding." They made a pact not to date others while he was away.

And they kept it. At Hollywood openings, Debbie's escort was Joey Forman, Eddie's best friend. And, in Rome, Eddie made a wish—and flipped the fourth coin in the fountain. He brought Debbie back a "good conduct medal" on a red polka-dot ribbon—and a quart of Arpège perfume.

Any thought that their romance might be harmful to their fan following has been blitzed, not only by their mounting fan mail, but receptions such as that tendered them by the fans in New York. Debbie and Eddie have the same age-group of fans . . . the teenagers, both feminine and masculine . . . and these swarmed them wherever they appeared. "Are you really fond of Eddie?" they would ask Debbie—adding, "We think that's just great."

Eddie Fisher has shared their enthusiasm—and then some. That she shared his own feeling for warm family ties, lived with her parents in their Burbank bungalow, had kept her school-day friends—who call her "Mary Frances"—and has never made like a movie star . . . these things proved Debbie Reynolds to be a girl after his own heart. As he puts it, "She hasn't changed. She has both feet on the ground. She's sincere. She's honest. She's fun. Just say she has everything. She's just a wonderful, wonderful girl."

Debbie admires Eddie's "great zest for living. His gayety and great sense of humor. He's not a gay blade. He's a thoughtful and deep person."

Her favorite Eddie Fisher records are "How Do You Speak to an Angel" and "The Green Years." He calls her Mary Frances. And she calls him Edwin Jack. They're very alike in temperament . . . no fine tempers, and easygoing most of the time. According to Eddie, they have many things in common. "We like to do all the same things. We like to swim and play tennis and ski. We like the same music. And we have our business in common."

However close their jobs—geographically, they're a nation apart. Their marriage could mean many problems to be faced. Debbie is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's top box-office stars, and her career is in Hollywood. Eddie's television shows and recording sessions—and Tin Pan Alley—are in New York. He's under contract to his present sponsors for another year. And, no matter how many fabulous offers Hollywood producers make him, he can't accept. But he's reading scripts like crazy now. Debbie and Eddie have agreed that his first picture must be a musical smash built just right for him.

However, distance shouldn't defeat these two. Nor, in fact, should anything else. To Mary Frances Reynolds and Sonnyboy Fisher, challenge is a very old friend. Meanwhile, Debbie has admitted, "I would love to do a Broadway show . . . if anybody wants me to. I've loved working on a stage in front of live people. And—the theater would put me in New York." And, when asked whether he can't do his *Coke Time* show in Hollywood, Eddie has said, "We're going to try to arrange it. . . ."

As for Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds today, as a team, Eddie best sums them up when he sings, "Heaven Was Never Like This." The girl who dreamed of making laughter and the boy who lived to make music have found love is the happiest music there is.

When asked if she would give up her career of making laughter if she were married, Debbie said, "I wouldn't give it up entirely. But I wouldn't be involved as I am today. What with dancing lessons and interviews and layouts and making movies—I'd be lucky to see my husband every other Wednesday!"

Every other Wednesday—for Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds—wouldn't be enough. It could take a lifetime.

The Phrase That Pays

(Continued from page 47)

scrubbing, and she concentrates on whipping up wonderful things to eat."

Rhoda Brown didn't start out to be a career woman and doesn't really consider herself one, even now. She works on Ted's two broadcasts from the house because they don't take her away from her kids. She got started because she made herself Ted's helper, did some of the planning and contributed ideas—the program is practically all ad-lib—and began to show a gift for imitating voices and making amusing comments about everything that went on. She was too shy at first to appear on the show . . . until one day, a few years ago, Ted caught a bit of her humor on a recording and played it back on the next day's program. From that time on, she was part of the act, but she still hides behind the voices she simulates on the show, even though Ted has begged her to do "just one line, so people will know how nice you really sound."

Son Tony is already radio- and TV-minded and helps select the records for the evening show. ("Keeps the money in the family!" says Ted.) Tony has his own special brand of drollery, but is more interested in directing or producing—when he grows old enough to take a job—than in performing.

Because of the three shows, the Browns' social life is limited. Anyway, they like being at home. They have a few friends in, they sometimes go out visiting, and reserve Saturday nights for the theater. Mostly, they like to dress up in costume, pretend there's a big party going full swing, and take home movies. They take movies of everything—especially of birthday parties and holiday festivities.

If this coming Christmas is anything like the preceding ones, everything will be all set and ready on Christmas Eve and they will be so pleased that all is in order for the morning excitement. Presents will be piled up. Everybody will try to act as if the gifts aren't there at all, except that now and then someone will walk around the stack of packages and finger a box or a bit of ribbon expectantly, then pretend to be completely indifferent about the whole thing.

Suddenly, someone—probably Ted—will suggest: "Let's open just one." An hour later, the discarded wrappings and tinsel ribbons from many, many packages will be floating around the floors and sofas and chairs and tables in a medley of green and red and gold and white and silver. Nobody seems to mind next morning, when they gather in the big bedroom around the fireplace—although they always promise that next year they will wait.

Ted attributes to Rhoda a great deal of the joy he takes in his jobs. "Whenever I haven't been entirely happy on a program, or doing some particular work, Ro has always said, 'Leave it. Take a chance on doing something else. I don't care what we have, or haven't. I want you to like what you're going and feel you're getting somewhere in it. That's all that matters.' And so I have been able to try new things and make greater progress than I might have made without her encouragement and her willingness to take a chance with me."

Rhoda listens regularly to *The Phrase That Pays*, tells him what she likes about the day's program, and what she doesn't—if she doesn't. He believes she has developed into one of his best critics, with her knowledge of radio now and her understanding of some of its problems, and with her ability to remain objective about his work. Like all couples, they sometimes get into arguments—and it sometimes happens

on their informal morning or evening programs. Ted will say something Rhoda considers unfair, and she will end up by leaving him at the microphone to talk himself out of that one! Then the letters begin to arrive, from the listeners. From the women, to Ted: "You brute, to talk that way to this wonderful girl." From the men, to Ted: "You're the boss of the family, my boy. Stay that way." By this time, both Ted and Rhoda read the letters and feel completely detached about them, because they have probably forgotten even what the argument was about!

Their romance began when Ted walked into the studio where Rhoda was visiting before a broadcast started. The emcee of the program introduced them. Ted had a package of gum, Rhoda reached for a piece—"You might say that's how she got stuck with me."

They stood in a little hallway, talking, Ted getting more and more interested in this cute redhead with the lovely figure. Their mutual friend, the emcee, must have noticed, for he suddenly called out, "Come back in here. What do you think we're running, a marriage bureau?"

Rhoda wasn't immediately attracted to Ted. At least, she didn't think so at the time. They began to go out together, and gradually to think about a future together. Ted had a good job even then, enough to support a wife, but it took a \$300 windfall to precipitate the wedding date. Someone had given him a tip on a horse, and he put ten dollars on it. "Make it twenty," Rhoda suggested. The horse paid off and won them the three hundred dollars. Deciding it was a lucky omen, they got married as soon as they could get the license and the other details arranged, then started house-keeping in a little apartment in Greenwich Village.

Although Rhoda had never thought of a career in radio, Ted had thought of little else from high school days on. At college he put in his free hours, apart from the football and basketball teams and swimming meets, acting in the school plays and running a disc jockey program at the local radio station, doubling as announcer and learning the radio business. War broke into his plans for continuing in radio and finishing college, and he found himself on a B-17 as staff sergeant, radio operator and gunner. Nineteen missions went fine, then something happened on the twentieth. The ship was shot down, near Berlin. He was one of two men who got out alive; the other eight were killed.

Fifteen months followed, as a prisoner in the famous Stalag 17. Difficult months he doesn't like to talk about, even now.

Back home and out of the service, Ted got himself a job in Philadelphia radio, asking first for a month of leisure. Meantime, in New York, he was offered a much better job, so he resigned from the one he hadn't yet started. Very soon he was in demand, particularly as an announcer on some of the big shows with Bert Parks, Kate Smith, and Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney. But he kept on thinking how much fun it would be to have his own shows and do his own brand of comedy, and Rhoda kept on urging him to try, until he decided that the time had at last come.

This is why he is so content now with his two music-and-nonsense shows and the swift-paced *Phrase That Pays* quiz. On these, he can be himself—a fellow who is fast with a phrase, any time and any place. Who is always lavish with laughs. Who, underneath all this, is wonderfully serious about the things that he believes are important. Things like happiness in his home and contentment in his job.

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Santa Claus, Home Style

(Continued from page 37)

Working in the fields, wearing shirts his mother made from flour sacks, Eddy had refused to let hard times daunt him. He sang as he plowed or picked cotton and, when a cousin gave him an old Sears-Roebuck guitar, his ambition was shaped. His mother taught him the chords and later, at a cost of seventy-five cents each, he took four lessons from an itinerant musician. At eighteen, he found a job with a small band at small pay. To augment it, he worked for an undertaker, driving the hearse and assisting at funerals. He felt he had really arrived when Pee Wee King took him into the Golden West Cowboys, playing for dances and broadcasting over Station WHAS, Louisville.

Swaggering just a little with his newfound importance, Eddy wandered one day into a dime store and, back of a counter, spied pretty little dark-haired Sally, who had recently arrived from LaGrange, Kentucky, and was working on her first job.

"I couldn't tell at first whether she was uppity or just shy," Eddy recalls, "for she sure said no lots of times before she'd even let me take her to the movies. Later, she took great delight in keeping me guessing. That was all right with me, because I was sort of going with another girl in another town at the same time. Sure, I liked them both, but I didn't want to be serious with anybody. I had it in mind that I first had to get somewhere with my music. I wasn't ready to get tied down."

Sally apparently felt the same way—until the evening she and Eddy joined another bandsman and his girl on a double-date. Ordering sodas, they encountered a waitress who was both unusually attentive and unusually pretty.

"So I winked at her," says Eddy. "And you should have seen Sally flare up. Sally is cute as the dickens when she gets mad. Her eyes get real big and black. She really did give me what-for."

It was quite a little spat while it lasted. Then, to make matters worse, the band went on tour before Eddy and Sally could really patch things up.

Shortly, Eddy was singing the sad, lonely songs best. "You know," he says, "that really started me thinking. I wondered how much Sally did care for me and whether I cared so much for her I'd never want to look at another girl. Finally, I knew the answer, so I called her up long-distance and asked her to marry me."

When the band finally settled down to regular broadcasts over Station WSM in Nashville, Eddy was able to offer Sally a home as well as his heart. He has his own way of emphasizing her importance to him. "Like any man," he explains, "I'm great at forgetting dates I should remember. But I can tell you exactly when we were married. It was on Friday, November 28, 1941, at 7:30 P. M."

The date and hour marked the start of a marital partnership which has brought a goodly portion of fame, fortune and enjoyable living, for in the intervals when they were so often apart, Sally, too, came to understand that her own dreams were matched by Eddy's devotion. "We can laugh about Eddy's winking at the waitress," she says, "but I think it did make us realize what we each wanted from the other. I also think it was my last jealous moment. If a woman has any sense, it doesn't take her too long to know what her man is really like. I've just never had cause for jealousy."

Sally's faith in Eddy has also influenced his career. Its first test came shortly after

they were married, when Eddy had to decide whether he would play it safe or gamble by seeking his own program. While his salary as a sideman in the band did little more than cover the expenses of his own home and the support of his mother, it did have the advantage of being secure and steady. Sally, when he discussed it with her, elected to gamble. With unshakeable confidence, she said, "Now I'm sure the station manager will give you your own program and that you'll make good at it. Why, one day's program alone, at scale, will be as much as you earn with the band in a whole week. There's just no doubt about it."

Bolstered by Sally's encouragement, Eddy tried it and won. His *Tennessee Plowboy* program went on six days a week over WSM. In 1945, RCA Victor brought out his first recording. In 1946, he topped the country music polls with his first big hit, "That's How Much I Love You."

While, in the parlance of the music business, Eddy is classified as a "country singer," his songs actually range from ballads of long ago to modern love tunes, children's novelties and sacred music. The high sales of his records indicate that he not only pleases the country-music fans but also appeals to people who would not ordinarily have a hillbilly tune in the house. He went into the million-record class with "I'll Hold You in My Heart," "It's a Sin," and "Bouquet of Roses." By the time he scored again with "Anytime," other singers had decided that tunes which he introduced were often good bets.

For Eddy himself, the slow years on the way to success were not wasted. Just as he took time to decide what kind of husband he chose to be, before asking Sally to marry him, so he matured and was able to decide what kind of man he chose to be, even before achieving nation-wide attention.

Essentially, the "Tennessee Plowboy" has now become the country squire. While he is still capable of cussing a team of mules through a cotton field, Eddy now—between broadcasts, recording sessions and in-person appearances—gets a kick out of hitching a tractor to a wagonload of corn and wheeling it up to the feeding pens for his Herefords.

For Eddy and Sally have chosen as their home a setting very similar to that which they both knew as children. "I gotta have room," says Eddy. "I can't stand being shut in."

With the aid of a tenant, the Arnolds farm 107 acres of rolling land, "twenty minutes" from Nashville. Their shopping town is Brentwood; "Two filling stations, a supermarket, a drugstore and my office," Eddy enumerates. There the children—Jo Ann, who is eight, and Dickie (Richard Edward Arnold Jr.), who is five—attend school, and Eddy and Sally take active part in church and community affairs.

Family projects, however, take precedence over any outside activity. Each one has a horse, and together they love to ride through the hills. Fishing trips are also a big event. So are Sally's hunts for antiques. She started by collecting cut glass and now also searches for the lovely old furniture which can still be found at country auctions. Her pride and joy is a cherry-wood secretary which is displayed in their living room.

Even cooking turns into a partnership job. Eddy makes a specialty of broiling thick steaks on their outdoor charcoal grill or, during winter, at the fireplace. "And he's forever hanging around the kitchen," says Sally, "that is, until it comes time to do dishes. Then, I've noticed, he always

teases me until I get so cross I run him out."

Teasing Sally, one soon learns, is a way Eddy has of showing his affection. "I get the biggest kick out of seeing her get mad," he confesses. "The maddest she ever got was the time I let her think I had forgotten her birthday. She scarcely spoke to me all day. Then, when she was positively sizzling, I drove up the new car I had bought for her and parked it right in front of the kitchen window. When I walked in and handed her the keys, you should have seen her break up."

They're so inseparable that, when Eddy's "on the road," Sally always tries to accompany him one week out of each month. She recognizes when he's lonely by the way he sounds on the telephone. "He calls me every day," she explains, "but a time will come when he gets a real sad tone to his voice. He'll start by saying 'Oh, hello. How are you? What are you doing? What's Jo Ann doing? What's Dickie doing?' He talks slower and slower with each question. Then I know I'd better pack up and join him, or he'll have a miserable time for the rest of the tour."

Whatever the financial inducement offered, it is virtually impossible to persuade Eddy to accept any booking at Christmas time, for that is the most important of their family festivals. The celebration starts with a tour of their own woodlands to find the perfect pine tree. After setting it up in the living room, they all pitch in to decorate it.

Christmas Eve dinner is prepared at the fireplace. They wrap potatoes in aluminum foil and place them in the hot ashes to bake, then broil mammoth steaks over the cheery flames. Bedtime comes early, for the youngsters are bursting as they try to keep secret, for just a few hours longer, the presents they've gotten for Eddy and Sally—likewise, they are exploding with curiosity, eager to find out what surprises their own stockings will hold. They wake before daylight and with happy cries dash into their parents' room to open their treasures.

This year, when friends drop in during the holidays, there will be a special concert waiting, for Eddy has made a set of new Christmas recordings. One platter carries "Christmas Can't Be Far Away" and "I'm Your Private Santa Claus." The second—on which his daughter Jo Ann joins him and thereby makes her professional debut—is slanted toward the small fry, with songs titled, "I Want to Sit on Santa's Lap" and "A Present for Santa Claus."

Eddy Arnold's sincerity has given his singing a wide and universal appeal which makes him an equally welcome entertainer at a livestock exhibition or a smart supper club. RCA Victor, crediting him with doing more than any other artist to popularize country music, will celebrate his tenth anniversary with the company by designating January "Eddy Arnold Month" and releasing a special album of his songs.

Shortly, too, his TV show, *Eddy Arnold Time*, will be ready for broadcast. It is significant that the show will be filmed and that his daily radio program, which runs on approximately a thousand stations, is transcribed. No amount of money can tempt Eddy to stay away very long from his hillside farm. His managers know that, in the midst of even the most successful of tours, inevitably they will hear him say, "I'm getting real downright lonesome for my wife and kids back home." And that, shortly thereafter, Eddy Arnold will be heading back to his Sally and riding the hills with Dickie and Jo Ann.

Portrait of Aunt Jenny

(Continued from page 34)

values and virtues are the old-fashioned kind.

"I've stuck to one rule throughout my career," she says. "I have never taken a role in any production that would take me away from home or interfere with the welfare of my family."

The proof of the pudding is in a marriage which has lasted twenty-seven years, in a daughter who is a friend and companion, and in a husband who still admires and loves his wife. The home itself speaks eloquently of family life, for the maples and pines have the warmth of use.

Agnes Young learned about housekeeping and cooking at an earlier age than most girls. Her mother died before she reached the age of four. Her grandparents kept house for Agnes and her younger brothers and her father, who worked in the Port Jervis (New York) post office. By the time Agnes was thirteen, her grandparents had passed away. The town was too small to provide a housekeeper but her father didn't expect Agnes to keep house. The little family had simple breakfasts and lunches at home and, in the evening, they had dinner out.

I very soon decided it was time to take over the role of lady of the house," Agnes recalls. Ever since the day she made that decision, Agnes has been cooking and her reputation among her friends is considerable. On her kitchen wall is a framed print—a drawing of San Pascal Baylon, the patron saint of cooks.

"It's quite appropriate," her husband Jimmy Wells says, "whether you're talking about Agnes Young as Aunt Jenny or Mrs. Wells."

But Agnes isn't satisfied merely with proving that the Spry recipes work for brownies or tollhouse cookies. The Wellses actually make their own bread and have an efficient bread-mixer.

"We put wheat germ in it, and molasses and unbleached flour, and even send away for mill-ground whole wheat."

Agnes makes one loaf a week—but it is about two feet long, keeps well, and lasts the week.

"It's so full of vitamins and proteins we dare eat only one slice a day," daughter Nancy explains. "Eat two slices and you'd fly away like Superman!"

Nancy is a gay, pretty blonde who has been acting professionally for five years. For a while, she and her mother shared clothes, but Nancy is now topping her petite mother's five-foot-one.

"Nancy has a wonderful disposition," says Agnes. "She has always been as much a companion as a daughter."

Nancy and Agnes have similar mannerisms and their voices are much alike. This isn't unusual for parent and child, but it is odd that they both came to choose acting as a career under similar circumstances. Agnes, whose grandfather and father were musicians, had been steeped in music as a youngster. But she never had the faintest ambition to be an actress until her senior year in high school. That year, she won an oratory contest and played a lead in the class play. She decided overnight to go on the stage.

"Nancy had nothing special in mind all through school," Agnes recalls. "Her senior year, she was collecting catalogues from dozens of colleges."

Then Nancy tried out for her senior play, was cast in one of the leads, and also made an overnight decision. She enrolled in a dramatic school rather than a college. At twenty-three, she has stock, network radio and television experience to her credit—but it hasn't been without some

tough sledding and disappointments.

"She knows what she's getting into," Agnes says. "She has no illusions of a glamorous world."

Nancy, however, has a good idea of the happiness and satisfaction her mother has found in both her professional and private life. Nancy enjoys her home so much that, when she finished her fourth season in stock last summer at the Holyoke Theater, she told her father she would start the trip home right after the last performance. She had the family car.

"You're not going to drive all the way down from Massachusetts at midnight?" her father asked.

"I'm just that anxious to get home," she explained.

The Wellses live in New York, on a street in the borough of Queens where trees crowd the curbs and apartments lean over the trees. It's a city street but a street of family living, where early morning finds men on their way to work and children on the way to school, where women go out in mid-morning to do their shopping, where quiet falls in the evening and lights burn warmly in living rooms. On this street, Agnes and her family have a fourth-floor apartment which is very handsomely furnished.

"Some of this furniture goes back to the day Jimmy and I were married, and some of it goes back to the days our parents were married," Agnes tells you.

The living room is a big forty feet. The chairs, cabinets, and whatnot, which holds porcelain figures, are all Colonial. There is a huge dish cabinet made by the Pennsylvania Dutch which fits in well with the Early American. In keeping with the period, Agnes has hung criss-cross curtains instead of drapes. There is a spinet piano which all three play, and bookshelves line the walls on either side of the fireplace. The floor is covered by a half-dozen large, oval, braided rugs. Agnes herself made the green and brown afghan which is thrown over the sofa.

"I get a lot of my needlework done at the studio during rehearsal," she says.

She has made two afghans in the last few years. Each is the size of a bedspread, crocheted in individual squares which are then sewn together. These brightly colored squares have become a familiar sight in the studios where Agnes rehearses and performs—familiar, and yet strange to many a masculine eye.

On one occasion, Agnes had just finished one square and started another, when an actor friend walked up to her.

"How many of those are you going to make?" he asked.

"All together, two hundred and forty," she said.

He looked at her as if she were crazy, and finally exclaimed, "What will you do with two hundred and forty pot holders?"

On the kitchen wall over the breakfast table is another example of Agnes' needlework—a sampler inscribed, "Old friends are the best." It is the only sampler Agnes has made, but it is meaningful. The Wellses have many friends, and every weekend is devoted to them.

"We usually have people in on Saturday nights," Agnes says, "and always Sunday afternoon for dinner and the evening."

So most of the baking and heavy cooking is done Saturday and Sunday. Main courses are usually something special, like barbecued chicken or spareribs. Sometimes Jimmy pitches in, for he's handy with a skillet and can turn out a loaf of bread on his own, if the women aren't around.

"Mostly we share the work and the fun," Agnes says. (Continued on page 86)

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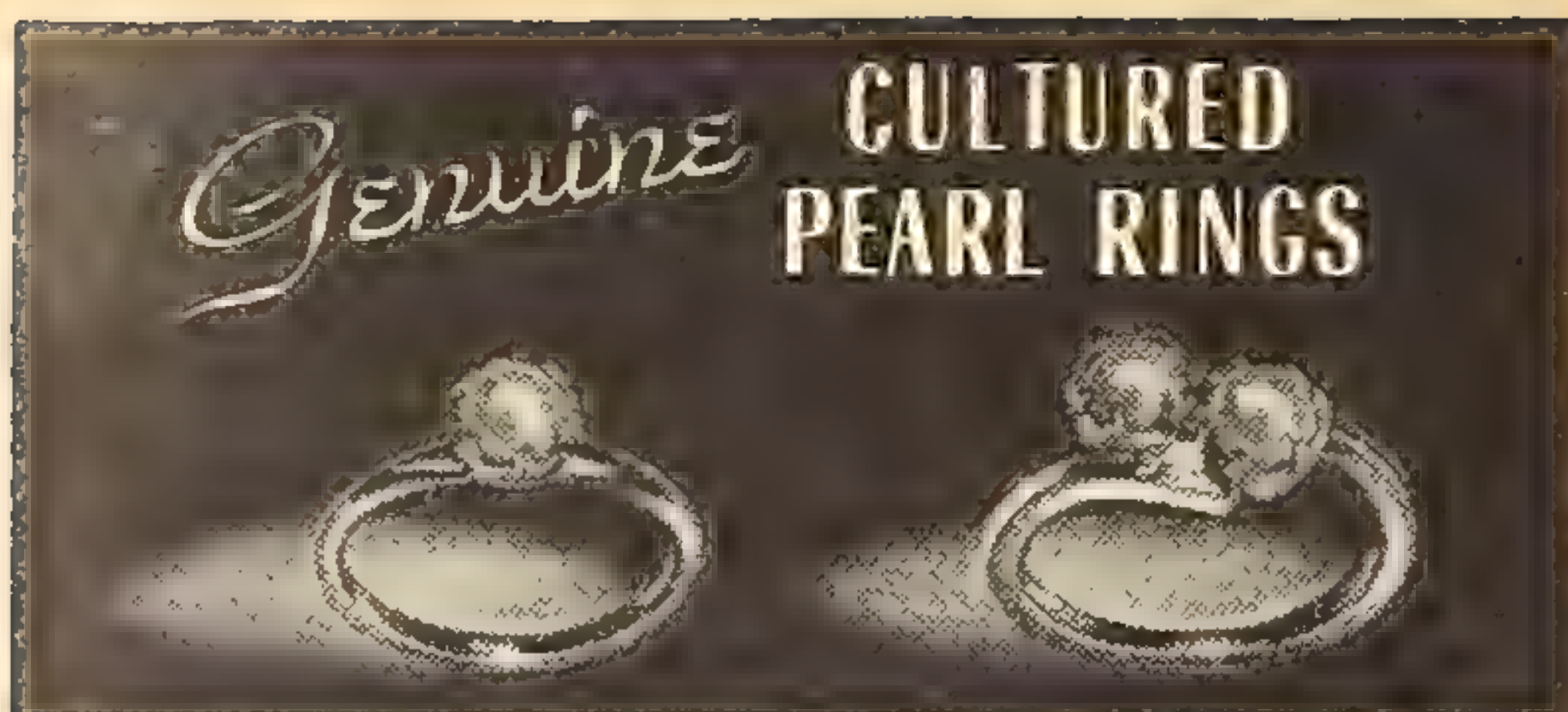
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Actually, her role as Aunt Jenny is not so demanding that she finds herself too busy to give proper time to family chores. She is in the studio for about an hour and a half each day, Monday through Friday.

"They sound like banker's hours, I know," she says, "but think of all the years of work before I got them!"

Nevertheless, she is up at seven-thirty in the morning. While Jimmy is a coffee-only man and immediately gets off with the morning paper, Agnes and Nancy have a simple breakfast of juice and coffee and one slice of the super bread.

"And they gab and gab and gab," says Jimmy, "until one screams, 'Look at the time!' then they rush all over."

The two women both attend to light housekeeping and their personal laundry and some ironing. Nancy, too, goes into the city every day. Agnes herself is at the studio from eleven to twelve-thirty. She may then have rehearsals for another show. Her schedule permits her some additional work, and she acts in both television and radio. (She has done thousands of different broadcasts and it is doubtful that there is a single person with a radio who hasn't heard her at one time or another.) Usually, however, she is at home by four in the afternoon, with plenty of time to shop and prepare dinner.

"And you know she is very neat," says Jimmy. "Our closets are as orderly as a safe deposit vault."

Agnes has a possessive yen for strong suit boxes and, when she acquires one, it is Jimmy's job to cover it with pretty paper. Then Agnes packs it, labels it and puts it in the closet.

"I only pack and label logical things," she says. "Winter stuff in the summer and vice-versa."

She is also a thrower-outer. She likes to get rid of things that have no or little use.

"I think it runs in the women in my family," she says.

She remembers her grandmother was always getting rid of her grandfather's ragged, yellowed souvenirs.

"Trouble was that Grandfather intuitively got at the ash cans before the garbage collector," she says, "and he always brought them back."

But the only time a closet has been messed up in the Wellses' home was the day the cat locked himself in. How he did it no one knows. He's a very beautiful,

rare Bluepoint Siamese named Barnaby.

"Before Barnaby, we had just ordinary cats," Agnes says, "but he was a special present for Nancy."

Barnaby is in love with the Wellses and is jealous of most visitors. When guests come in for the evening, he withdraws to a corner and feigns sleep. The moment they leave, he is as wild and fast as lightning. He streaks down the hall, leaps to the sofa, sails onto the television set, whirls about and scoots forty feet back to the other end of the room.

"I think Agnes is Barnaby's favorite," her husband says, "and I can understand that, for she has a special kind of outgoing warmth. She may look cool and calm, but inwardly she reacts to misfortune or injustice, regardless of how remotely she knows the victim. She has an awareness of the needs of others."

He was thinking of a young actor who had brought his wife and child to America. They were having difficulty finding an apartment and, when the holidays rolled around last year, they were in a hotel.

Agnes and Jimmy have always observed Christmas as a day of holiness, first of all, but they make it a day full of joy, too. They have steamed date pudding and instrumental music, as well as carols. Jimmy spends a half-day making a manger in the fireplace with loving skill and care. It's a big day in the lives of the Wellses, and so Agnes invited the young actor and his family to share it with them.

Late that evening, when the guests had gone, Agnes confided to Jimmy that she had been worried, at first. "I was so afraid that they wouldn't enjoy themselves," she said. "I was so afraid it would just be enough to make them homesick and sad."

The family Christmas was a great success, of course—as always. But that's Agnes, forever concerned about the needs of others, forever planning on ways to ease their heartaches.

Jimmy tells the story, and adds a significant footnote of his own.

"You know, in twenty-seven years of marriage you see a lot of a woman. In our marriage, we've had our share of hard times, we've had a house burn down, we've had accidents and our share of hospitals. I've seen Agnes in a lot of real-life drama." He pauses, then concludes simply, "I wouldn't have any other leading lady."



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Ever in His Heart

(Continued from page 52)

the day, though I don't mean by that he's irresponsible. It's just that, whether we were flush or flat broke, he's made the best of what we had."

Vaughn isn't an ambitious man. Or is he? He was on the road as bandsman and bandleader over twenty years—working seven nights a week, traveling five hundred miles a day in every kind of weather. And Vaughn's schedule now, without the band, is nothing short of terrific—what with personal appearances at supper clubs and theaters all round the country, in addition to his continuing commitments as "the Voice of RCA" on all TV programs sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America.

"How does it figure?" Vaughn says grinning. "I like doing what comes naturally—and, with me, that includes anything to do with music." He adds, "Marian is a brilliant executive and should take credit for my good fortune. We're a combination."

Marian and Vaughn grew up in Jeanette, Pennsylvania. They were high school sweethearts—although, even in those days, Marian Baughman was usually on the dance floor with someone else, looking up at Vaughn and his cornet.

"That was quite an exercise watching Marian and the music," says Vaughn. "I had the most nervous eyeballs in the county."

Vaughn's ambition was to become a concert singer, and he went on to study at Carnegie Tech. Marian entered Pennsylvania College for Women, also in Pittsburgh. Vaughn earned part of his tuition with his cornet and played with the best of the local bands.

"When I was on a school dance committee," Marian remembers, "I always saw to it that we hired Vaughn."

"Even when she was getting chummy with a basketball star," Vaughn notes. "I was up on the platform making beautiful music for a rival—and getting paid for being jealous."

Vaughn got out of Tech in the Depression, and his hope of continuing to study voice was put aside to earn a buck. He was a fine musician and joined up with Larry Funk, who had a popular dance band of the day.

During the next nine years nothing happened, except that Vaughn drew good money in the brass section and saw lots of the country from the inside of a bus. What he saw around Boston he particularly liked, especially the New England Conservatory of Music, where he could resume voice study. So he quit the Funk aggregation and signed up with a Boston society band led by Jack Marshard.

Marshard and Vaughn became fast friends. Marshard admired Vaughn's musicianship; he appreciated Vaughn's charm on the bandstand. Soon he had Vaughn fronting bands in New England and, during winters, in Florida. The orchestras were small and played "businessman's music," a kind of unobtrusive, lets-you-close-a-deal style.

In the winter of 1940-41, Vaughn and Marshard, noting the trend to big bands, decided to put in their bid for the big time. Vaughn was to lead and run the band, and Marshard started to organize it in Boston while Vaughn finished out his Florida engagement.

Marian was still in Pittsburgh and still Marian Baughman. She and Vaughn corresponded and saw each other occasionally, but there had been no proposal.

"I didn't feel as if I were getting any-

where," Vaughn says. "I mean, in terms of security, the kind of feeling a man wants when he gets married."

Maybe it was the plans for the new band that did it. One night Marian phoned Vaughn at the Florida Club and the call came in at the bar. It was noisy, and Vaughn crawled under the bar for privacy. The bartender thought this was kind of funny and couldn't resist slapping his rear. Under these ideal circumstances, Vaughn shouted, "Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she said. Then, considering the noise at the other end of the phone, she added, "But don't worry. I won't hold you to it."

Vaughn went to his room, put the proposal into writing and signed his name, noting that at the time he was of sound and sober mind. They married in April.

"Now, let's get this straight," Vaughn says seriously. "The turning point in my life is dated from the day I married Marian. Not only did she make a good home, but she got out and made my career."

From the wedding day on, there was a third person present when Marshard and Vaughn conferred, and that was Marian. Marian had gone on to Pitt to get her master's degree in business administration. She had worked for two big firms. She excuses her interest in business by terming herself a "frustrated businessman," but she has nothing to excuse.

The new Vaughn Monroe band opened outside Boston at Ten Acres. They were good—so good that negotiations were soon under way for a recording contract with Victor and a network outlet.

"We were suddenly big fish, and guess how much we made—\$32.50 a week, and I had to sign a note for that," Vaughn recalls. "A few months earlier, we were nobodies and yet—between Marian and me—we'd been making \$250."

Vaughn's sweatshop salary is easily explained. A big band is a big business, with big payrolls and expenses. Vaughn, as the boss, had to keep the business going, and so only the "change" that was left over was his and Marian's.

"And we couldn't have been happier," Vaughn says. "Marian and I were having the time of our lives."

There was only one rough spot in that first year and it had to do with Vaughn's singing. For ten years he had worked with dance bands, and for ten years he had refused to sing pop tunes. Marshard kept pleading with him to vocalize but Vaughn just laughed at him. He wasn't going to ruin his voice.

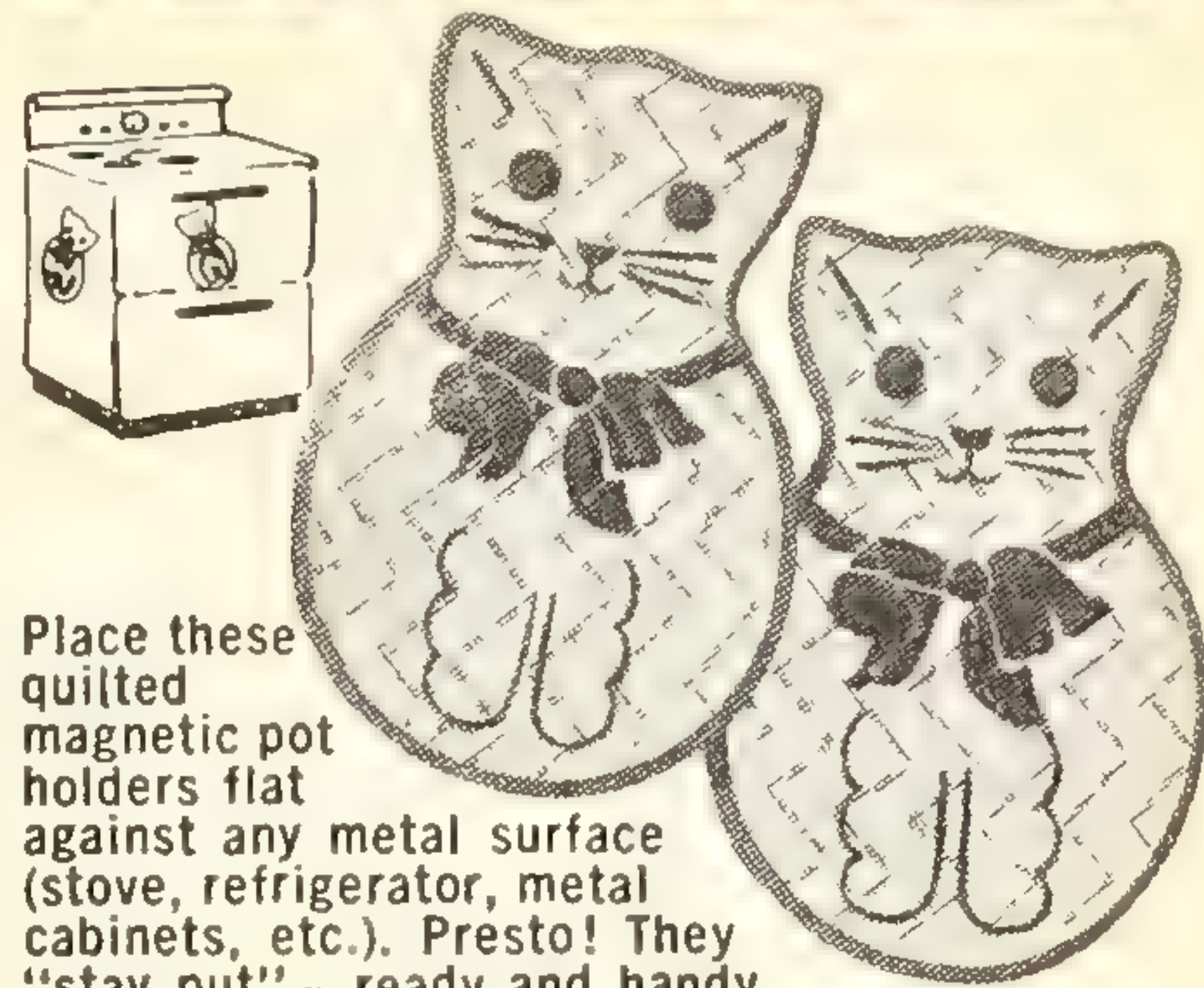
Vaughn blows a mighty fine horn, and he was willing to feature that. But when he formed the big band, Harry James was already famous. You can't carve your way to the top when people think of you as an imitator. So Vaughn agreed to sing, and Marian went along with the decision. He worked with a voice coach, hours every day, for four months.

"It broke his heart to unlearn everything he knew about concert singing," Marian remembers. "But it turned out to be the right thing."

That first year, his recordings caught the public ear and started the phenomenal climb which has since put several Vaughn Monroe discs past the million-sales mark.

But that was well after his Ten Acres engagement ended. Before that, Vaughn got another break. Bert Stambro, manager of Boston's Statler Hotel, brought Vaughn's band into his club room. Bert wasn't sure that he liked the band, but he liked Vaughn and believed in him. A friendship grew which has continued

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through the years. And Vaughn's music was so successful that he stayed at the Statler six months, a record for any band at the hotel.

The band was still on trial when it got a great chance at the Commodore Hotel in New York. "We weren't famous," Vaughn says. "We had no following outside of Boston. You might say we were a risk to a big-city hotel."

It turned out to be a good risk. The orchestra was a smash success and repeated at the hotel for six years. And the personnel was just about the same when Vaughn disbanded the group in May of 1953.

"Vaughn can't say this, but I can," Marian tells you. "The men loved Vaughn."

A band is on the road nine months out of a year and travels tens of thousands of miles, sometimes going four or five nights sleeping in a bus. Nerves get raw and tempers ruffled. But Vaughn was a phenomenon among bandleaders for his even disposition.

"Once every six months, he'd get up on the bandstand and blow his top," Marian says. "He'd get everything out of his system, then go on nice and easy for another six months."

The musicians expressed their sentiments by paraphrasing the famous lines of the postal service:

"Through rain, sleet, ice and snow
We'll carry on with Vaughn Monroe."

"His decision to break up the band was personal," Marian says. "Our daughters are growing up and they resented his being away from home so much."

Vaughn is the kind of father who is hopelessly in love with his children. He plays with them not by the hour but by the day when he gets the chance.

For instance, there was the time when he was about to open a two-week engagement at The Meadows, a place he owns himself. Nine hundred guests were expected that night. There were a hundred details that Vaughn could have been worrying over, at The Meadows. But Vaughn spent the whole day out in the yard with the kids. He built a picket fence for the girls' toy poodles, to keep them out of the street.

"Vaughn is essentially a homebody," Marian says. "He just doesn't abide by the rules and regulations of show business."

Candace, now almost thirteen years old, was born on a Friday night when the weekend crowd jammed the Commodore. Vaughn couldn't be with Marian. He phoned the hospital every time the band took a break. There was no news. The floor show went on and Vaughn was in the spotlight singing. Then Vaughn saw the headwaiter holding up the telephone and gesturing.

Vaughn walked right out of a sustained high note and the show came to an abrupt halt. Vaughn got details of Candy's birth and assured himself that Marian and the baby were doing well. Then the show went on.

The Monroes moved to Boston in 1948. They call their comfortable, four-bedroom house "the place that 'Ballerina' bought." In the basement, Vaughn has a workshop where he repairs electric toasters or toys for his family and neighbors. He built a handsome cobbler's bench for the den. He is a member of the National Railroad Club and tools his own model trains to scale.

The den is a colorful room, jammed with mementos. Over the fireplace is a plaque holding Vaughn's first cornet. On the mantels are two lamps he made using trumpets for the bases. There are a number of gold-plated records on the wall that Victor gave him for his recordings which

sold a million or better. He has a fine collection of hunting arms and a few collector's items, including dueling pistols and an English fowling piece.

Marian collects antique silver and she has a magnificent display of George II period in the dining room. Through the dining-room window, they can look out on a golf course. Vaughn plays a lot of golf.

The family as a whole participates in ice skating. Sundays, after church, they go to the rink for lessons in figure skating. The girls, Candy and Christy, love it, too. They wouldn't be there otherwise, for Vaughn and Marian carefully restrain themselves from pushing the children. Although Marian plays the piano and Vaughn's life revolves around music, no one has ever suggested the girls take music lessons.

Candy, the older one, once asked to take piano lessons.

"Go right ahead," Vaughn said, "but remember, no one is going to force you to practice."

In a year, she quit—and that was that.

The girls have good voices but are strictly bathtub sopranos. They will harmonize for no one but their parents—and not often for them.

They are beautiful children. Christy (Christina, ten) is mad about Vaughn and horses. Candy dotes on her father and has the run of his workshop and has turned out some serving trays and bookends.

"We live quietly," Marian says. "I don't think we've given more than two formal parties since we married."

But Vaughn and Marian are still a combination, and still a winning one. The proof is their highly successful enterprise, Vaughn Monroe's Meadows, a dine-and-dance restaurant in Framingham, Massachusetts, Route 9 on Boston Turnpike.

"Over the years Vaughn has worked thousands of clubs," Marian says. "This represents what he thinks a club should be."

The Meadows is a handsome frame structure, red and white, cut to the lines of early New England architecture. The rooms are pine-panelled, warm and comfortable. The Monroes have made it the kind of place where a man can bring his family for Sunday dinner or which he can recommend to his teen-age children for dancing. There is a lollipop tree for the kids and, on Sundays, a pony and cart for youngsters.

Marian has taken on the job of running The Meadows, and her success is evident in the club's reputation for delicious food and fine music. Last Thanksgiving, she served over 1900 meals with only two complaints—a couple of plates had cooled off before they got to the table. Vaughn stars in the floor show a few weeks each year.

"Vaughn and I would like to hire Vaughn Monroe, the singer, oftener," Marian says, "but we just can't afford it."

Vaughn, as a star entertainer, is still away from home quite a bit. Aside from his TV shows, there are night-club and theater engagements which may take him to California, Nevada or Florida, at a moment's notice.

But, between rehearsals or shows, you most likely will find the romantic baritone "de-glamorizing" in his dressing room. He will be reading, or writing a letter, or tinkering with a new car for his model railroad. On the table is a picture of the family. And, when the engagement is over, Vaughn is racing, not with the moon, but for home.

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Marriage Can Be Fun

(Continued from page 33)

don't know why, but we both still remember what we had to eat that day.) Lunch and the interview completed, I went back to the office, wrote the story, got a note later from Mr. Stang thanking me, and that was that . . . for a year, anyway.

Then, one day the following summer, I was having lunch with some friends in a mid-Manhattan restaurant and who should walk in but Mr. Stang with some mutual friends of ours. We all sat down together and had coffee and that, officially, was the beginning of, as Arnold says, "our—you should pardon the expression—courtship."

I was living in New York then, doing publicity work, and Arnold was busy with the Milton Berle and Henry Morgan radio shows. So we saw a great deal of each other and had ourselves a gay time, gadding about to the theater, parties and such. Arnold hadn't known how to drive a car, but he soon learned, then promptly bought himself a red convertible.

As the weeks turned into months, it became obvious to both of us that we were falling in love. But there was one major obstacle that always seemed to prevent us from making the final step toward marriage. Every time we got to the properly serious stage, Arnold would have to dash out to California for something like an appearance on the Eddie Cantor show, or a part in a movie such as "Let's Go Steady" or "So This Is New York." We carried on a heavy correspondence, of course, but letters are never a substitute for the one you love. And, each time Arnold returned from the Coast, we had to start our "courtship" practically from scratch. As far as I was concerned, I'd had my fill of getting tearful on the station platform every time Arnold's train pulled out—and being known as the girl who cried at the train.

Our "ricochet romance," as it were, went on and on until the end of 1948. Then Arnold and I attended a New Year's Eve party with our good friend, Phil Silvers. Phil, in addition to being such a great comedian, is a wonderful, lovable man. He thought Arnold and I had dilly-dallied long enough, and that night he decided to do something about it. After the party had gotten into full swing, Phil came over to me and said, "You know, JoAnne, Arnold's very discouraged. He thinks you don't want to marry him." Slightly stunned, I quickly assured Phil that this was *not* the case. He smiled, patted my hand, then walked across the room to Arnold. I saw him put a brotherly arm around Arnold and whisper something to him. Suddenly, Arnold stiffened, then whirled around and stared at me, wide-eyed. The next thing I knew, he had rushed over to me and *zoom!* we were announcing our engagement. (I later found out from Arnold that Phil had made the same speech to him as he'd made to me.)

Once we'd finally cleared the engagement hurdle, we drifted through the spring and on into the summer of 1949, planning to be married late in the fall when Arnold could manage to get a week or two off. Meanwhile, we apartment-hunted—which, at that time, was a rugged sport in New York. But, by August, we had gotten our fill of making long-range elaborate plans and decided to get married right away. We intensified our search for an apartment, and finally found a suitable one in a building so new it was still under construction when we moved in.

Because of our hasty plans, we decided not to tell most of our friends about the wedding. Then, too, since Arnold had rehearsals and the Henry Morgan show to

do, we knew it would have to take place in a hurry. One friend we did let in on our "secret" was Wally Cox. Wally had just begun to be successful in night clubs, but was still working part-time as a silversmith, and he made us two beautiful gold wedding bands. Finally, on September 21, 1949, between the afternoon rehearsal and evening performance of the Henry Morgan show, Arnold and I went down to City Hall and were quietly married.

Because everything had happened so suddenly, we decided we'd like to keep our secret for another week or so. But we just couldn't bring ourselves to take off our wedding rings, and hoped that no one would notice them. I went to the studio with Arnold that night and, after the show, Ruth Steiner, the wife of the show's agent, came over to say hello to me. She took one look at my left hand and let out a shriek of glee which reverberated throughout Rockefeller Center.

Needless to say, our secret was no more. That night, Henry Morgan gave us a lovely party at Toots Shor's. I don't know how the chef whipped up a wedding cake on such short notice, but he did. The whole affair couldn't have been nicer or more exciting. It was truly the happiest evening of my life. I still have a box full of mementos of the party up in our attic—a few of the flowers, champagne corks, and one of Toots' menus with everyone's name scribbled on the back. In fact, since we've been married, I've saved so many things—we both have—that Arnold keeps saying we should set aside a big trunk and mark it "Sentiment, Etc.," to accommodate them all. We have every letter, note or card we ever wrote to each other, and the collection is big enough for separate quarters.

Arnold and I never did get the honeymoon we'd planned on for so long. As a matter of fact, we'd hardly become used to being newlyweds when we became parents. Our first child, David Donald, was born the following July, just ten months and four days after we were married.

I'll never forget the morning I told Arnold we were officially "expecting." I had been to the obstetrician the previous day for a rabbit test, and his nurse called me that morning to tell me the test was positive. When I relayed the happy news to Arnold, he muttered something like "That's nice, dear," went into the bathroom to take a shower—and fell on his head in the tub! He said the news was just too much for him.

I would like to explain here that, although much humor has been attached to the "expectant father" routine, for Arnold it was one of the most important and happiest times of his life. I think a home and family mean so much to Arnold because he never really had the opportunity to enjoy them before. He's been on the go, back and forth across the country, in show business for twenty-one years.

Actually, Arnold was first discovered during an audition of the radio show, *The Children's Hour*. When he was eleven, he sent in a post card from his home town of Chelsea, Massachusetts, with hopes of becoming a serious performer. But his nervous performance amused the radio directors so much that they hired him for a comic role. Arnold was a hit right from the start, and soon he'd received so many offers to appear on radio shows that his family moved to New York and he finished school there.

Because he was so busy, Arnold missed the usual fun of growing up and participating in teen-age activities. Instead of sports, dances and dates, his days were

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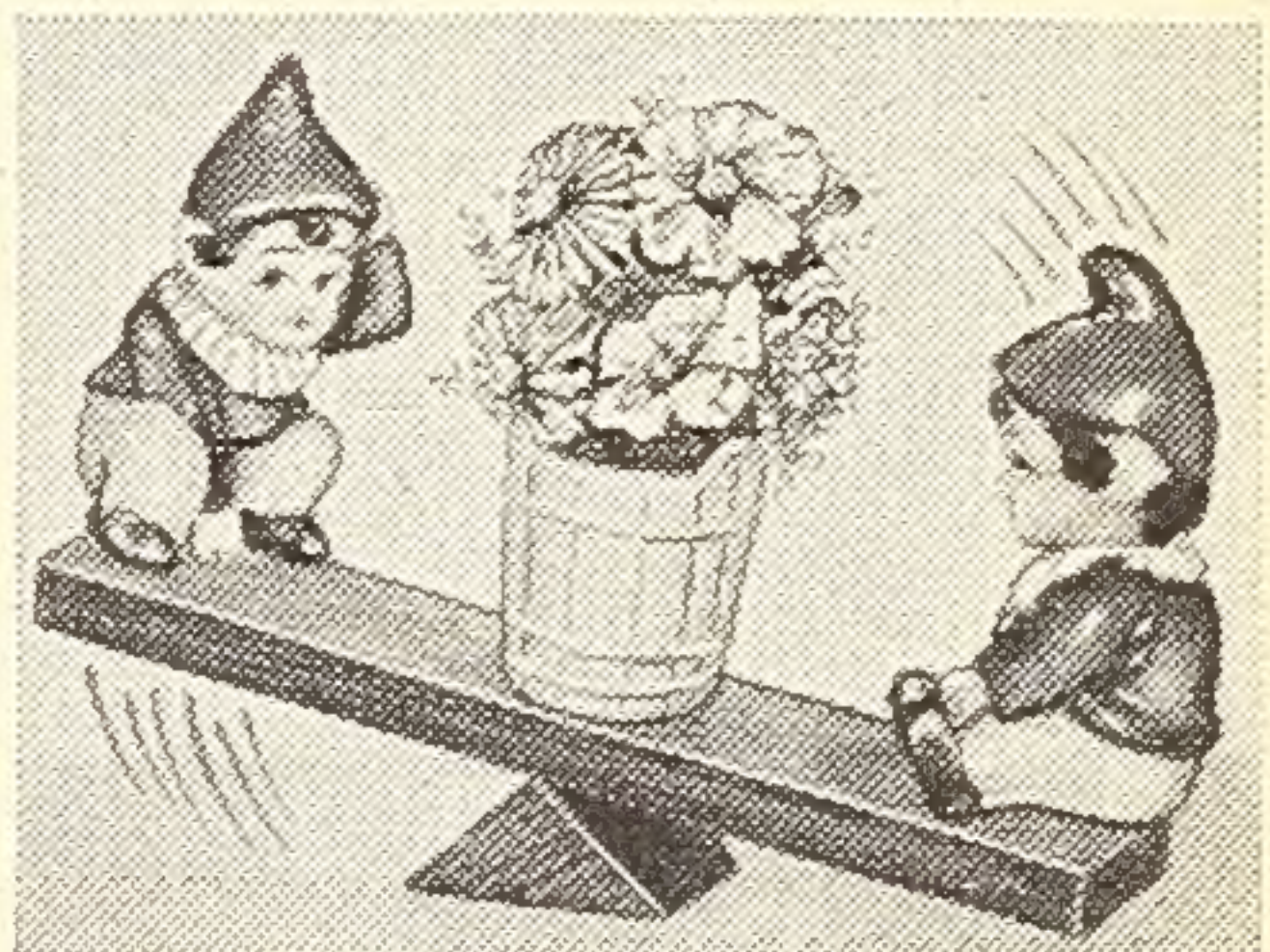
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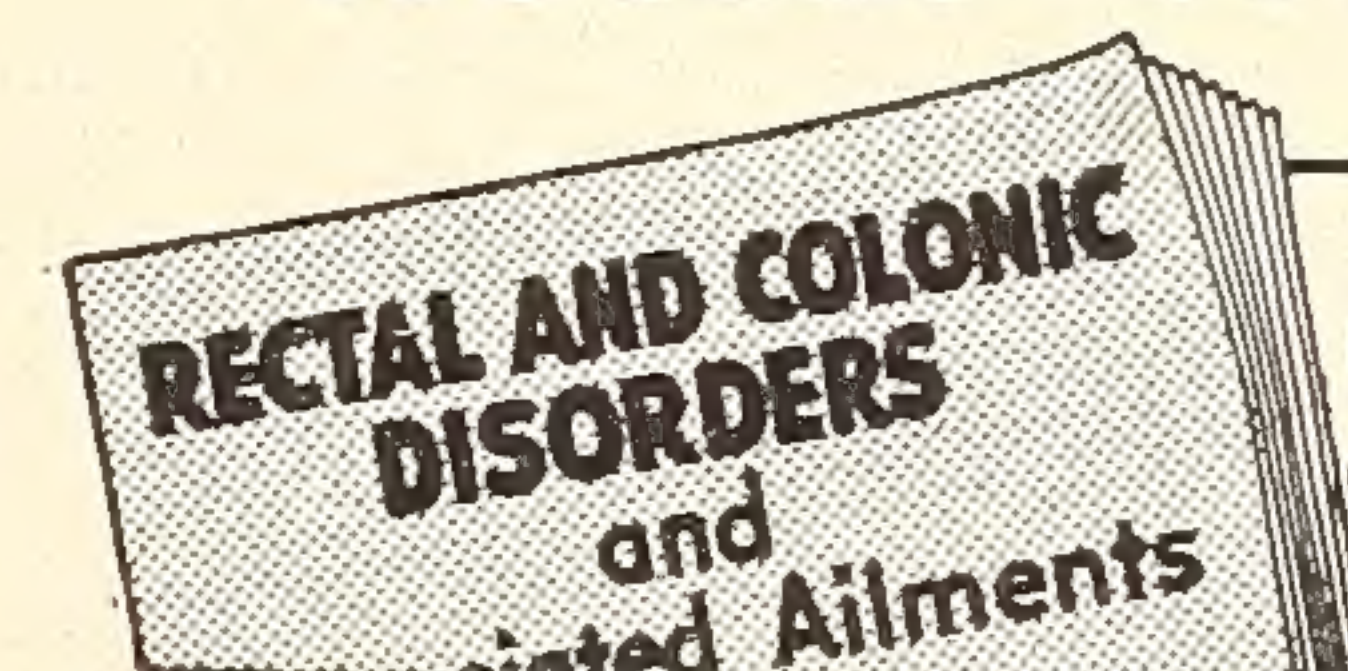


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filled with rehearsals, radio shows and making movies. You may remember hearing him as Seymour on *The Goldbergs*, or seeing him with Rosalind Russell in "My Sister Eileen" and with Bob Hope in "They've Got Me Covered." And, of course, he was a "steady" with Milton Berle and Henry Morgan on radio, in addition to appearing with Bob Hope, Fred Allen, and on shows such as *Duffy's Tavern* and *That Brewster Boy*.

As I mentioned before, Arnold actually wanted to be a serious actor and, although he's done comedy more than anything else, he did get to play some dramatic roles on *The Theater Guild On The Air*, NBC's *Great Plays* series, plus a series with Tallulah Bankhead. He also won several awards as a serious actor. However, since he is known primarily for his comic roles, you might have the tendency to think he's a bit like the sassy characters he portrays. Nothing could be further from the truth, for Arnold is really rather quiet and reserved. He has a wonderful sense of humor, but there isn't a trace of sarcasm or impudence in it. He's also very thoughtful, a devoted husband and father, and particularly enjoys the simple things in life. I would say his favorite diversions, in order of preference, are good conversation, good theater, and the *New York Times* crossword puzzle—which he always completes without batting an eyelash.

Since he's been appearing on television, first with Henry Morgan, and now as Francis, the impudent stagehand on Milton Berle's show—in addition to guesting on shows like *The Name's The Same*—Arnold's life has become more complicated, because people recognize him so easily. Some performers may enjoy getting attention wherever they go, but to Arnold, although it is flattering, it makes him feel self-conscious and prevents him from doing the ordinary things he used to do—like riding in buses or window-shopping. Still, I'm sure he wouldn't have it any other way.

Getting back to our home and hearth, Arnold and I were still living in our city apartment when David was born. We soon decided, however, that now we were three we would rather have a home in the suburbs. So we took a garden apartment as a stop-gap measure while we house-hunted in Westchester. By the time we finally found what we wanted, our second child was about due to arrive.

The house, which is a thirty-year-old farmhouse on just under an acre of land in New Rochelle, needed a lot of changes. It had an old-fashioned front-and-back-parlor arrangement and, since we have modern furniture and like the feeling of openness and space, we decided to remove the wall between the two rooms and make one large living-dining room out of it. The house had also been painted in rather sombre colors, but we soon changed that. Now it is done mostly in primary colors, with white and yellow the predominating shades. There's still a lot more work to be done—installing cabinets, finishing off the attic and basement—but we're doing it gradually, so it will be just what we want.

Outdoors, we have what to us is a miniature orchard. There are lots of wonderful fruit trees—apple, pear, peach and quince. And, in the spring, the air is fragrant with the smell of blossoms—tulips, lilacs, daffodils and roses. Before we moved, Arnold had never thought much about gardening and scarcely knew a petunia from a snapdragon, but now he's head over heels in love with it.

Our second child, Deborah, was born just a week after we moved into the house, and gradually we settled down to what we thought would be peace and serenity. But we were wrong again. Ten months later

we were off—to California, no less, where Arnold was scheduled to do a TV film series with Billie Burke and Eddie Mayehoff. As it turned out, nothing ever came of the series, but, since Arnold was under contract, we had to remain in Hollywood for ten months. During that time we managed to live in three different places. The first house we rented for a couple of weeks, until we could get situated. Then we moved into a house in the San Fernando Valley for a month and a half. That was when the film series fell through. We had our bags all packed and were ready to leave, when Arnold was told he had to stay. That meant we had to find *another* place to live, in less than two days. We finally found a house in Beverly Hills.

When we returned to New York in March, 1953, we were again faced with the problem of where to live. We couldn't move back into our own house, because we had leased it until the following August. So we spent one month in a hotel, then moved into an apartment on lower Fifth Avenue. When at last we "regained" our house, it figured out to be the tenth move we had made in less than four years.

It's been just a little over a year now since we settled down for what we hope is a long time, and—except for the fact that Arnold keeps such odd hours and doesn't get home for dinner as often as he'd like to—our life has become much like that of any other suburban Westchester family. On the days when he has a show to do, Arnold drives into the city. But, other mornings, the children and I drive him to the station to catch the train.

Weekends, we can usually be found in dungarees and old shirts, working around the house. As I said before, there's plenty to do and, fortunately, we both enjoy doing it. After having lived in hotels for so many years, Arnold now finds no end of excitement in his own home. Time was, not so long ago, when he couldn't even drive a nail into a board. But now he's practically an expert at major and minor repairs. He's especially proud of the shelves he installed in his den and the playtable he made for David's room.

During the weekend—Saturday and Sunday nights—we generally play host to a small horde of friends who come up from the city to have dinner with us. Very often, an unexpected group arrives, but, since informality is always the keynote of our home life, they always know they are welcome. Each week, I have one day out—Thursday. I leave the children with our wonderful nurse Bessie (Mrs. William Hand), who has taken care of them since they were born and from whom they have inherited a trace of Scotch burr. Since Thursday is my only free day, I usually have to cram in visits to the dentist, a week's shopping, and any other necessary activities before meeting Arnold for dinner and perhaps the theater or a movie.

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Arnold and I don't particularly care for night clubs, so we very rarely go to any.

As you have no doubt surmised, Arnold and I do not lead a "high" life, but it is the kind we love, and each day makes us more grateful to be alive and able to share all the many things we like. One of the qualities I admire most in Arnold is his devotion to the children. When little Deborah was born, David was still a baby, and there were a million things to do in the new house. As a result, I was swamped with work, which soon became obvious to Arnold. Finally, one evening after another impossible day, he said, "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Sure," I replied with a grin, waving at the piles of baby bottles on the kitchen counter, "you can make the formula from now on."

And he did . . . every single day, until she was put on whole milk, Deborah's daddy made her formula. Even on the nights he'd had a show, and had spent the whole day rehearsing, Arnold would come home, roll up his sleeves and go to work sterilizing bottles, with never a complaint.

Nowadays, whenever he has a rare day at home, Arnold spends every free moment with the children. If the weather is nice, they walk down the road to where there's a brook with some ducks in it. The three of them make quite a picture, investigating all the nooks and crannies which are so fascinating to children.

Although the children are still too young to understand fully their daddy's appearance on television, David takes it quite matter-of-factly. On rare occasions, he is allowed to stay up late enough to see Arnold on the Berle show. One particular night when David saw the show, Arnold appeared in one sketch as a judge, complete with one of those long white curly judicial wigs which are still used in England. David seemed to enjoy the show as much as any child of four can, but he made no comment about it until the next morning at breakfast. Then he said, "I saw you on television last night, Daddy."

"You did?" Arnold asked eagerly.

"Yes," David answered seriously, "and you looked just like Mary Hartline."

Like any other married couple, Arnold and I don't see eye to eye on everything, and we have our share of disagreements . . . usually about the same thing—skiing, which I love. Every winter, when the snow begins to fall, the arguments start. A few years ago, I injured my back from a bad fall while skiing. Now I have one of those slipped-disc arrangements, which means I have to be careful about lifting and bending. But when I see that snow, all painful memories are forgotten. The temptation is too much and I start talking about how I'll just go down the *little* slopes and be *very* careful. But all I get in return is a stony look and a vehement "No!!!" Arnold has now won that argument for four years.

Another family bone-of-contention is hats. I love them, but Arnold literally hates for me to wear them. He gets the better of me on this one, too, by saying, "By all means . . . wear one of your hats—and I'll wear one of mine." His "hats" are all of the costume variety—loud checkered caps, an oilskin fisherman's cap, a space helmet, and so on. I guess mine look as silly to him as his do to me. Anyway, it usually ends up with neither of us wearing one.

If I've made life with Arnold sound pleasant and enjoyable, then I have succeeded in getting across my point. Life with Arnold is wonderful—for us both—and I am sure it's only a prelude to even nicer things to come. We have a lot of happy plans for the future, most of which revolve around doing just what we're doing right now . . . raising a family, and having fun just being together.



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